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THE

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED:

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS;

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR,

GROUNDED ON

ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTICK DOCUMENTS;

AND

A COLLECTION OF HIS LETTERS,

THE GREATER PART OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

By EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

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PREFACE

TO

THE TRANSLATION

OF

OVID'S EPISTLES:

FIRST PRINTED IN OCTAVO, IN 1680.

PREFACE

TO

THE TRANSLATION

OF

OVID'S EPISTLES.[1]

THE Life of Ovid being already written in our language, before the translation of his

[1] This translation, which was made by several persons, was first published in 8vo. in 1680. Our author translated two epistles; Canace to Macareus, and Dido to Æneas. Helen to Paris was translated by him and the Earl of Mulgrave. Another translation of the Epistle of Dido was subjoined to our author's, which was the production of Mr. Somers, then a young man; afterwards the celebrated Lord Somers.

"In 1680, the epistles of Ovid being translated by the poets of the time, it was necessary (says Dr. Johnson) to introduce them by a preface; and Dryden, who on such occasions was regularly summoned, prefixed a discourse upon translation, which was then struggling for the liberty it now enjoys. Why it should find any difficulty in breaking the shackles of verbal interpretation, which must for ever debar it from elegance, it would be difficult to conjecture, were not the power of prejudice every day observed. The authority of Jonson, Sandys, and

Metamorphoses,[2] I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally formed.

The cause of his banishment[3] is unknown, because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason than what was pretended by Augustus, which was the lasciviousness of his ELEGIES, and his ART OF LOVE. It is true they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome; yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of

Holiday, had fixed the judgment of the nation; and it was not easily believed that a better way could be found than they had taken, though Fanshaw, Denham, Waller, and Cowley, had tried to give examples of a different practice."

[2] By George Sandys; first published in folio, in 1626.

[3] The place of Ovid's banishment was Tomos, (now *Tomeswar*) a maritime town in Lower Mœsia, on the coast of the Euxine or black-sea; about thirty-six miles from the most southern mouth of the Danube.

love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the Emperor who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain epigram[4] which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Antony the Triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's Life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband, then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a poet.

There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason; they will have him banished for some favours, which they say he received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna[5] in his Elegies. But he

[4] Vide Martial. lib. xi. epigr. 21.

[5] This notion, as Bayle has observed, is very ancient, being suggested by Sidonius Apollinaris, who lived in the fifth century. But that this conjecture is unfounded, is proved, (as Aldus Manutius has shewn,) by Ovid's saying that his exile was owing to two causes, his writing amorous verses,

who will observe the verses which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which for ought he knew might be by her own husband? or indeed how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank? or

and his having been an undesigned spectator of the guilt of others; by his banishment not having taken place till he was fifty years old, though his acquaintance with Corinna commenced when he was about twenty; and by his avowed attachment to Corinna, even in those verses in which he deplores his misfortune and disgrace: circumstances utterly inconsistent with the suggestion, that he had a criminal intercourse with Julia, and that Julia was shadowed under the name of Corinna.

" *Perdiderint cum me duo crimina, carmen et error,*
" *Alterius facti culpa silenda mihi est:*
" *Nam non sum tanti, ut renovem tua vulnera, Cæsar,*
" *Quem nimio plus est indoluisse semel.*"

It may be added, that Julia had incurred the displeasure of Augustus A. U. C. 752, nine years before Ovid's banishment, which took place in the year of Rome, 761. From her daughter indeed, the younger Julia, who was banished in the same year with Ovid, and died twenty years afterwards, (Tacit. Annal. iv. 71.) he might have received favours; but she could not be shadowed under the name of Corinna, being not born, when Corinna was first celebrated by Ovid, A. U. C. 731.

if it were before her marriage, he would surely have been more discreet, than to have published an accident, which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and beside, an immediate punishment must have followed.

He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses:

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis. [6]

Namely, that he had either seen or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied that this was the incest of the Emperor with his own daughter; [7] for

[6] TRIST. lib. ii. el. 1.

[7] That Ovid had detected Augustus committing incest with his daughter, was long since suggested by the Jesuit Briet, and the Abbé Marolles; and Bayle informs us, that this circumstance is mentioned in a Latin fragment of Cecilius Minutianus Apuleius, quoted by Rhodiginus, professor at Milan, who was born in 1450: "—pulsum quoque in exilium, quod Augusti incestum vidisset." Th silence of Suetonius, however, with respect to any such charge against Augustus, (for the opprobrious invective of Caligula, recorded by him, does not amount to a charge,) and Ovid's frequent allusions to the fact, of which he had been an eye-witness, whatever it was, (particularly the

Augustus was of a nature too vindicative to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment, and would certainly have secured his crimes from publick notice by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have histories given us any sight into such an action of this Emperor: nor would he, (the greatest politician of his time,) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words *sine veste Dianam*, agree better with Livia who had the fame of chastity, than with either of the Julias,[8] who were both noted of incontinency, The first verses which were made by him in his youth, and recited publickly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not until the age of fifty; from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it: nay he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of errour only, not of wickedness; and in the

words above quoted, *ut renovem tua vulnera, Cæsar,)* strongly militate against this solution of the mysterious cause of his disgrace.

[8] Julia, the daughter of Augustus, by his second wife, Scribonia; and Julia, his grand-daughter, the daughter of the former Julia and her second husband, Marcus Agrippa, to whom she was married A. U. C. 733.

same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome,* though it be left so obscure to afterages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so incertain, and to write somewhat more authentick of this poet. That he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *cavalierement*. Add to this, that the titles of many of his elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.[9]

If the imitation of nature be the business of a poet, I know no author who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all

* "*Causa meæ cunctis nimium quoque nota ruinæ*
"*Indicio non est testificanda meo.*"

[9] Trist. l. iv. Eleg. 10. Ovid was born in the year of Rome, 711, and consequently in 735, when Virgil died, was twenty-four years old.

passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit: so that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age; for why else should he complain that his Metamorphoses was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him; *nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere:* he never knew how to give over when he had done well; but continually vary-

ing the same sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloys his readers, instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father.

This then is the allay of Ovid's writing, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him; and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries,[1] it will be found that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set

[1] Ovid, as has already been mentioned, was born A. U. C. 711, and died in the fourth year of Tiberius, January the 1st, 771, on the same day with Livy. Tibullus was born, A. U. C. 691, and died in the year of Rome, 734, a year before Virgil. Propertius was born, A. U. C. 705, and died in the same year with Horace, 746.

out to ostentation, yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus latè qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,—

as Horace says; though the verses are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in this work of his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is EPISTOLÆ HEROIDUM, the Letters of the HEROINES. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom, as the masters of their learning, the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writers, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet thesefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas *ibat.*

But sure he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men or heroes, as namely Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it.—Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus,)

I remember not any of the Romans who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning this work of the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars. First, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect piece of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines, and lovers. Yet where the characters were lower, as in Œnone, and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak sometimes as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon

us in divers Letters. But of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the poet; whom you find translated by divers hands, that you may at least have that variety in the English, which the subject denied to the author of the Latin.—It remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to me most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost; but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both, as he sees occasion: and taking only

some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres:—
Nor word for word too faithfully translate;

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham, to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the PASTOR FIDO:

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line:
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations, and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the Latin, a most severe and compendious language, often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity or the narrowness of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English:

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What poet of our nation is so happy as to express

this thought literally in English, and to strike wit or almost sense out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is encumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider at the same time the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man may shun a fall by using caution, but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected; and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger, for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek poet.

———*brevis esse laboro,*
Obscurus fio:

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has indeed avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's Odysses, which he has contracted into two:

Dic mihi, Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.

Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted: Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλαγχθη.

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called by the latter of them, imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other, and therefore their reasons for it are little different, though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches; for in the Pindarick Odes the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar;

because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connection, (I mean as to our understanding,) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and Sampson-like he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's, was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original, but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design, though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place: yet he who is inquisitive to know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation; and it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt.

To state it fairly, imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to shew himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham, who advised more liberty than he

took himself, gives this reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second Æneid: "Poetry is of so subtile a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided; and therefore when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating poetry, who besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language, and of his own. Nor must we understand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves; to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed. But since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay some-

times nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words: it is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension, which are the image and ornament of that thought, may be so ill chosen, as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is therefore a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business

to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise, that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest; but the same answer will serve for both,—that then they ought not to be translated:

——————————— *et quæ*
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject, against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time it seems to me, that the true reason why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few who have all the talents which are requisite for translation; and that there is so little praise and so small encouragement for so considerable a part of learning.

To apply in short what has been said to this present work: the reader will here find most of the translations, with some little latitude or variation from the author's sense. That of Œnone to Paris, is in Mr. Cowley's way of imitation only. I was desired to say, that the author, who is of the

fair sex,[4] understood not Latin: but if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be ashamed, who do.

For my own part, I am ready to acknowledge, that I have transgressed the rules which I have given, and taken more liberty than a just translation will allow. But so many gentlemen, whose wit and learning are well known, being joined in it, I doubt not but their excellencies will make you ample satisfaction for my errours.[5]

[4] Mrs. Aphra Behn.

[5] "The affluence and comprehension of our language (says Dr. Johnson) is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translation of Ancient Writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity. Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word; Feltham, his contemporary and adversary, considers it as indispensably requisite in a translation to give line for line. It is said that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the best versifier of the last age, has struggled hard to comprise every book of his English Metamorphoses in the same number of verses with the original. Holyday had nothing in view but to shew that he understood his author, with so little regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verses; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by understanding them. Cowley saw that such *copiers* were a *servile race;* he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly, that he left his authors. It was reserved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us just rules and examples of translation.

"When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impossible that the same modes of expression should always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the closest translation may be considered as the best; but when they divaricate, each must take its natural course. Where correspondence cannot be obtained, it is necessary to be content with something equivalent. *Translation therefore*, says Dryden, *is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase.*

"All polished languages have different styles; the concise, the diffuse, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English: rugged magnificence is not to be softened: hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed, nor sententious affectation to have its points blunted. A translator is to be like his author: it is not his business to excel him.

"The reasonableness of these rules seems sufficient for their vindication; and the effects produced by observing them were so happy, that I know not whether they were ever opposed but by Sir Edward Sherburne, a man whose learning was greater than his powers of poetry; and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the spirit of Seneca, has introduced his version of three tragedies by a defence of close translation. The authority of Horace, which the new translators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not Horace to support it."

Sir Edward Sherburne, in his Life of Seneca, prefixed to his translation of three of that writer's tragedies, 8vo. 1702, after quoting from Horace the lines referred to by our author in p. 15,

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumve moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres—

observes, that these " verses duly read and considered, are so far from admitting the sense these men would put upon them, that they clearly infer a quite different and contrary meaning, which yet I would not have them take from me, but from the illustrious Huetius, in his excellent Discourse *de optimo genere interpretandi*, remarking upon this place: " *Hujus loci ea mens est;* (says he,) *in materiam ab aliis occupatam, et publici juris, non ita esse involandum, ut verbum verbo reddatur, quasi fidi interpretis officium exequatur poeta; sed ut argumentum et rerum descriptionem exprimat, tum insignia delibet ornamenta, verba prætermittat:* i. e. The mind of which place is this,—As to the matter already assumed and published by others, a poet may yet justly make the subject his own, if he fall not so upon it, as to render it word for word, by executing the part of a faithful interpreter, but endeavour to adorn the argument with new embellishments of fresh invention, and pass by the words of the first writer.—This is the exposition the learned Huetius makes of this place; and it will be more than difficult to find an interpretation given thereof by any commentator, (from Acron and Porphyrio to the last that ever animadverted upon Horace,) dissonant from that he hath here delivered.

" By this passage of Horace, thus truly explained, the reader may clearly perceive, first, that Horace gave no rules for translation, and therefore cannot be said (as some have styled him) to be *of that art the great lawgiver:* for doubtless he thought it below him. Next, that according to the judgment of Horace himself, it is the duty of a faithful interpreter to translate what he undertakes, word for word: *illud ergo ex Horatii sententiâ fidi interpretis munus est, verbum verbo referre; quod calculo suo confirmat* Helenius Acron, says the said judicious Huetius."

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND PART OF

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.[6]

For this last half year I have been troubled with the disease, as I may call it, of translation. The cold prose fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in The History of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in

[6] The first volume of the collection of poems, generally known by the name of Dryden's Miscellanies, was published in 1684, without any preface or introduction. The second, which was entitled "Sylvæ, or the Second Part of Poetical Miscellanies," appeared in the next year: the third volume, which bears the title of Examen Poeticum, was published in 1693, and the fourth, which was called The Annual Miscellany, in 1694. And here ended our author's concern with this collection; for the two remaining volumes were not issued out till after his death, viz. in 1703, and 1708.—In 1716, Jacob Tonson, the proprietor, published a new edition of this Miscellany, which differs very much from the former collection, containing many additional pieces, not in the original Miscellany, and on the other hand, omitting several poems which are found there.

this volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but that the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking: but there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse,[7] which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is like a seeming demonstration in the mathematicks; very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanick operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no

[7] This Essay was first published in 4to. in 1680; the second edition, *corrected and enlarged*, appeared in 1684. A commendatory copy of English verses, by our author, is prefixed to both editions; and before the second, one in Latin, by his son Charles Dryden, then a student of Trinity College, in Cambridge.

Lord Roscommon died in January, 1684-5.

less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made examples to his rules. Yet withal I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discovered some beauty yet undiscovered by those pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration,—that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English: and where I have enlarged them, I desire the false criticks would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colour-

ing itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original: much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets, whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern

not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critick in his mother tongue, before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough, to give his author's sense, in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts,

but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different: yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter,[8] that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself, more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil, as a succinct and grave majestick writer; one who weighed not only every thought,

[8] Sir Peter Lely. He was born at Soest, in Westphalia, in 1617; came into England in the year 1641, and died of an apoplexy, as he was drawing the portrait of the Duchess of Somerset, November 30, 1680.

but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles different from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of musick in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always as it were upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalephas, or cutting off one vowel, when it comes before another in the following word; so that minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty.—But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalephas, and concludes his sense in the middle

of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatick wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition (which is the vice of Lucan). I drew my definition of poetical wit[9] from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the original is close, no version can

[9] Here, for the first time, it is observable that our author has restrained and qualified his notion of *wit*, by adding the word *poetical* to it; and if he had done so in the former passages, where he has introduced the same topick, (see vol. i. p. 412, and vol. ii. p. 151,) his definition of wit, would, perhaps, have been less exceptionable. It is clear, that by *wit*, he means that sharpness of conceit (as he elsewhere calls it) and splendour of imagery, which is suited to poetry; and it is remarkable that he here informs us, he had VIRGIL particularly in view, when he gave this definition of *poetical wit;* the very author whom Addison has named for the purpose of shewing the impropriety of this definition of wit, when considered in its ordinary acceptation. Their reasoning on this subject, therefore, resembles the game of cross-purposes.

reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian,[1] is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the Æneids; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet, and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line, is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which by reason of its monosyllables is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroick.[2]

[1] The best edition of Annibale Caro's version of the Æneid, according to Baretti, is that of Trevisa, printed in 1603, in quarto. There are many more ancient editions of the same work. Annibale Caro died at Rome in 1566.

[2] Surely there is a great impropriety in talking of the *feet* of an English verse. English metre is regulated, not by feet, but by the number of syllables in each line, duly accented.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it: so that Virgil studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own, that endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able, I have performed that episode too literally; that giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that version which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only that I have done both better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my sad example, from the sacrilege of translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excells all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue; which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest

to the Roman in its majesty; nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be copied; and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus, I cannot so easily excuse. They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press; the second is this:

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight, but I am convinced for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he

please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

> Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
> As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it;[3] and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies; for the method of the Georgicks is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books: which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verse he has likewise followed, in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation.[4] If I am not

[3] Lucretius died in the year of Rome, 699, when Virgil was fifteen, and Horace ten years old.

[4] Vide MACROB. l. vi. c. 1. 2.

mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury.[5] This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercised by Lucretius; who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them, whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of

[5] Thomas Hobbes, who was born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588. He died at Hardwick, in Derbyshire, on the 4th of December, 1679.

argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same firy temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct in his System of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power: in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and skepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unsupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially

when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that it is hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be uncapable of punishment after he is dead! If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sense of them. Powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem, which I have turned into English, not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others: these and many other reasons so pathetically urged, so beau-

tifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the *prosopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her children with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author: at least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

It is true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my englishing the Nature of Love, from the fourth book of Lucretius: and I can less easily answer why I translated it, than why I thus translated it. The objection arises from the obscenity of the subject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verses. In the first place, without the least formality of an excuse, I own it pleased me: and let my enemies make the worst they can of this confession. I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my author's antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most philosophical account both of the disease and remedy, which I ever found in any author: for which reasons I translated him. But it will be asked why I turned him into this luscious English, for I will not give it a worse word. Instead of an answer, I would ask again of my supercilious adversaries, whether I am not bound when I translate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage?

If, to mince his meaning, which I am satisfied was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wronged him; and that freeness of thought and words being thus cashiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, physicians must not study nature, anatomies must not be seen; and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books which, to avoid prophaneness, I do not name: but the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain that barefaced bawdry is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me: the one is the ESSAY ON POETRY,[6] which I publickly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Roscommon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: the other is no less than our admired Cowley; who says the same

[6] The Earl of Mulgrave's ESSAY ON POETRY, he tells us himself, was written in 1675; but, according to Antony Wood, was not printed till 1682. Probably, according to the fashion of that time, it was shewn about in manuscript, soon after it was written, and without the author's name, who was then but twenty-seven years old. In 1676 Dryden dedicated his AURENGZEBE to this nobleman.—It is not quite clear, whether he means,—before he was acquainted with Lord Mulgrave, or, before he knew by whom the Essay was written.

thing in other words; for in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it:

> " Much less can that have any place,
> " At which a virgin hides her face:
> " Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
> " The author blush, there, where the reader must."

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay; for he asserts plainly that obscenity has no place in wit; the other only says, it is a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of wit, which has nothing more to support it than barefaced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: for in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me: in the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanliest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther than the philosophical exacted.—There is one mistake of mine which I will not lay to the printer's charge, who has enough to answer for, in false pointings: it is in the word, *viper:* I would have the verse run thus,

> The scorpion, love, must on the wound be bruis'd.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a

verbal slip; though Horace would instruct them better in true criticism:

> ——— *non ego paucis*
> *Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,*
> *Aut humana parùm cavit natura.*

True judgment in poetry, like that in painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the faults, concludes for the poet against the little judge. It is a sign that malice is hard driven, when it is forced to lay hold on a word or syllable: to arraign a man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill-natured generation of scribblers, there is always justice enough left in mankind, to protect good writers: and they too are obliged, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each other's cause, against false criticks, who are the common enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius.[7] I have not here designed to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done; which

[7] Thomas Creech, to whom our author has addressed some encomiastick verses, prefixed to the second edition of his translation of Lucretius, which was published in 1683.

became an interpreter of the whole poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him; that his reputation is already established in this poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world.[8] If I have been any where obscure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming

[8] This surely is a high strain of courtesy. Creech was now but twenty-four years old, and had only been known as a poet for about the same number of months.—Our author, however, may have meant, not to speak *generally*, but only to say—my reputation *in this poet* is to make its fortune in the world.

of a pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's AMINTA and the PASTOR FIDO of Guarini.[9] Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts: but Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *mai esce del bosco*; that he never departed from the woods; that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. The same may be said of our Theocritus; he is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own

[9] Guarini and Tasso were contemporaries, but the former, who was born in 1538, was six years elder than the latter. Tasso died in 1599, Guarini in 1613. Baretti has preserved the following anecdote concerning their pastorals:—"It is said that Torquato Tasso, on seeing the PASTOR FIDO represented, looked vexed, and said, *If* Guarini *had not seen my* AMINTA, *he had not excelled it*. If this is true, Tasso was as much in the wrong as Milton, for preferring his PARADISE REGAINED to his LOST," [of which, by the by, though it has been repeated again and again, there is no manner of evidence,] "the PASTOR FIDO being full of unnatural characters, false thoughts, and epigrammatick turns; besides, that Tasso had the merit of being the inventor of the pastoral style." Ital. Library, 8vo. 1758.

fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick dialect has an incomparable sweetness in his clownishness, like a fair shepherdess in her country russet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his SHEPHERD'S CALENDER; but neither will it succeed in English, for which reason I forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my translations to our ladies, who neither understand nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions.

I proceed to Horace. Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be considered in his three different talents, as he was a critick, a satyrist, and a writer of odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them; for let his Dutch commentators say what they will, his philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of gods and providence, only to serve a turn in poetry. But since neither his Criticisms, which are the most instructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, (if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking,[1] I confine

[1] Our author, in the construction of this sentence, has fallen into an inaccuracy. Instead of—" are *no* part," he should have written—" are *any* part," &c.

myself wholly to his Odes. These are also of several sorts; some of them are panegyrical, others moral, the rest jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban poet is his master. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of verse or stanza in every Ode. That which will distinguish his style from all other poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerousness of his verse. There is nothing so delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or, to speak English, in all his expressions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgil's; but there seems to be a greater spirit in them. There is a secret happiness attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *curiosa felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *feliciter audere* of Horace himself.[2] But the most distinguishing part of all his character seems to me to be, his briskness, his jollity, and his good humour; and those I have chiefly endeavoured to copy; his

[2] This expression of Horace has been adopted by Quintilian, in his description of that poet:

"At lyricorum idem Horatius fere solus legi dignus. Nam et insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ, et variis figuris et verbis *felicissime audax*."—QUINTIL. l. x. c. 1.

other excellencies, I confess are above my imitation. One Ode,[3] which infinitely pleased me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarick verse: it is that which is inscribed to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular obligations, which this small testimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my masterpiece in English: for which reason, I took this kind of verse, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it has made it spread; but it has not been considered enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, whom, to keep the rest in countenance, I do not name.[4] He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers,—in one word, somewhat of a finer

[3] The 29th ode of the third book.—See vol. ii. p. 219.

[4] I suppose the Pindaricks of Oldham, whom our author has so highly praised, were meant to be included within this exception. It is not easy to point out the other poets whom he meant to except. Spratt and Duke had, I think, at this time written pindarick odes; but had no title to exemption from the general censure.

turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's PARADISE LOST is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry.

Since Pindar was the prince of lyrick poets, let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers should for the most part be lyrical: for variety, or rather where the majesty of the thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English heroick of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindarick verse can never be complete: the ca-

dency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad if I have so explained myself as to be understood, but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere, et sentio tantùm,* must be my excuse.

There remains much more to be said on this subject; but to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general opinion of the best judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by seeing a noble sort of poetry so happily restored by one man, and so grossly copied by almost all the rest. A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could arise, in another age may bring it to perfection: in the mean time,

——— fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa secandi.[5]

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I should say anything of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me,[6] to be commended without sus-

[5] Here, as usual, our author has quoted from memory. Horace's words are—*exors* ipsa secandi. So above, Juvenal has—nequeo *monstrare*, et sentio tantùm.

[6] Dryden's eldest son, Charles, contributed a Latin poem to this Miscellany, entitled HORTI ARLINGTO-

picion of partiality: others I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not perused.—To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urged, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable; but in part of recompense, let me assure the reader, that in hasty productions he is sure to meet with an author's present sense, which cooler thoughts would possibly have disguised. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment, in these uncorrect essays, and consequently though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleasure is not the less. *

JOHN DRYDEN.

NIANI. Mr. William Bowles, and Mr. Stafford, are the only other contributors, whose names are given, and I know not whether either of them was related to our author.

* The dates of our author's smaller poems are not generally known. It may not be improper therefore to observe, that the pieces written by him, which appeared in the second Miscellany, are the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus, that of Lausus and Mezentius, and the Speech of Venus to Vulcan, (book viii.) from Virgil; various portions of the first five books of Lucretius; three Idylliums of

Theocritus; the third Ode of the first book of Horace inscribed to the Earl of Roscommon, on his intended voyages to Ireland; the 29th Ode of the third book, inscribed to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; the second Epode; and two songs,—*Sylvia the fair*, and *Go tell Amynta, &c.*

The collection of the preceding year (1684) contained MAC FLECKNOE, ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, THE MEDAL, the third Idyllium of Theocritus, paraphrased, several prologues and epilogues, the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, translated, and the Tears of Amynta for the Death of Damon; most of which had previously been published.

PREFACE

TO

WALSH's DIALOGUE,

CONCERNING WOMEN.[7]

THE perusal of this dialogue in defence of the fair sex, written by a gentleman of my ac-

[7] A Dialogue concerning Women, being a Defence of the Sex, addressed to Eugenia, was written by William Walsh, Esq. and published in 8vo. in 1691.

Mr. Walsh, who is pronounced by Dryden, in his Postscript to the translation of Virgil, to have been "the best critick in the nation," and had the honour to be highly commended by Pope, was the son of Joseph Walsh, of Abberley, in Worcestershire, Esq., and was born in 1663. At the time, therefore, of the publication of this piece, he was twenty-eight years old. He lived in much intimacy with our author, who corresponded with him; and some of Dryden's letters to Walsh are yet extant in manuscript. Mr. Walsh represented the county of Worcester, in parliament, in the years 1698 and 1699, and afterwards, in 1707, he was member for Richmond, in Yorkshire. He died in 1708.

Dennis, who tells us he knew Walsh very well, says, "he was a learned, candid, judicious gentleman. . . . He loved to be well dressed,—and thought it no disparagement of his understanding."

quaintance, much surprised me; for it was not easy for me to imagine, that one so young could have treated so nice a subject with so much judgment. It is true, I was not ignorant that he was naturally ingenious, and that he had improved himself by travelling; and from thence I might reasonably have expected that air of gallantry, which is so visibly diffused through the body of the work, and is indeed the soul that animates all things of this nature: but so much variety of reading, both in ancient and modern authors, such digestion of that reading, so much justness of thought, that it leaves no room for affectation, or pedantry, I may venture to say, are not overcommon amongst practised writers, and very rarely to be found amongst beginners. It puts me in mind of what was said of Mr. Waller, the father of our English numbers, upon the sight of his first verses by the wits of the last age, that he came out into the world forty thousand strong, before they heard of him.* Here in imitation of my

* According to Antony Wood (ATH. OXON, ii. 423,) this was not said *of* Waller, but *by* that poet, of Sir John Denham. "In the latter end of the year 1641, he published the tragedy called THE SOPHY, which took extremely much, and was admired by all ingenious men, particularly by Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield, who then said of the author, that he broke out, like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, before any body was aware, or the least suspected it."—The observation is more applicable to Denham, than to Waller; for Den-

friend's apostrophes, I hope the reader need not be told, that Mr. Waller is only mentioned for honour's sake; that I am desirous of laying hold on his memory, on all occasions, and thereby acknowledging to the world, that unless he had written, none of us could write.

I know, my friend will forgive me this digression; for it is not only a copy of his style, but of his candour. The reader will observe, that he is ready for all hints of commending merit, and the writers of this age and country are particularly obliged to him, for his pointing out those passages which the French call *beaux endroits*, wherein they have most excelled. And though I may seem in this to have my own interest in my eyes, because he has more than once mentioned me, so much to my advantage, yet I hope the reader will take it only for a parenthesis, because the piece would have

ham, from the age of sixteen when he went to Trinity College, in Oxford, (Nov. 18, 1631,) to the time of his father's death, (Jan. 6, 1638-9) had lived in great dissipation, and as Wood says, was considered by his contemporaries as "a *slow* and *dreaming* young man, more addicted to cards and dice, than to study." Waller, on the other hand, wrote his first poem in 1623, when he was only eighteen years of age, at which time his contemporaries must rather have been surprized at so early a display of talents, than at the lateness of their exertion. Besides, the circumstance of THE SOPHY being published precisely at the period of the Irish Rebellion's breaking out, appropriates the remark, and shews that it was made on Denham.

been very perfect without it. I may be suffered to please myself with the kindness of my friend, without valuing myself upon his partiality: he had not confidence enough to send it out into the world without my opinion of it, that it might pass securely, at least amongst the fair readers, for whose service it was principally designed. I am not so presuming, to think my opinion can either be his touchstone, or his passport; but I thought I might send him back to Ariosto; who has made it the business of almost thirty stanzas in the beginning of the 37th book of his ORLANDO FURIOSO, not only to praise that beautiful part of the creation, but also to make a sharp satire on their enemies; to give mankind their own, and to tell them plainly, that from their envy it proceeds that the virtue and great actions of women are purposely concealed, and the failings of some few amongst them exposed with all the aggravating circumstances of malice. For my own part, who have always been their servant, and have never drawn my pen against them, I had rather see some of them praised extraordinarily, than any of them suffer by detraction: and that in this age, and at this time particularly, wherein I find more heroines than heroes. Let me therefore give them joy of their new champion. If any will think me more partial to him than really I am, they can only say I have returned his bribe; and the worst I wish him, is, that he may receive justice from the men, and favour only from the ladies.

DEDICATION

OF

ELEONORA;[8]

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ABINGDON.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honoured me some months ago, are now performed: they had been sooner, but betwixt ill health, some bu-

[8] The lady in honour of whom this poem was written, was Eleonora, eldest daughter, and at length sole heir, of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in the county of Oxford, Baronet, by Anne, daughter of Sir John Danvers, and sister and heir to Henry Danvers, Esq., who was nephew and heir to Henry, Earl of Danby: she was the wife of James Bertie, first Earl of Abingdon, and died May 31, 1691. Her lord, in 1698, married a second wife, Catharine, daughter of Sir Thomas Chamberlaine, Bart.

It is a singular circumstance, that our author should have written this poem, (which was published in 4to. in 1692,) at the desire of a nobleman with whom he was not personally acquainted, in praise of a lady whom he never saw. This, therefore, was evidently a task undertaken for a pecuniary reward; and the *commission*, perhaps, was procured by Mr. Aubrey, a common friend of our author and the Earl of Abingdon.

siness, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow, but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late, than ill: if at least I am capable of writing anything, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard swimming, where I may pant awhile and gather breath: for the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return.[9] However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist: which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my lord; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophecied beyond my natural power. Let me

[9] Our author's disorder was the gout.

add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe that I was transported, by the multitude and variety of my similitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better sort of criticks: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call heroick verse, is of the Pindarick nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyrick: a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And on all occasions of praise, if we take the ancients for our patterns, we are bound by prescription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches on these pinions out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This at least, my lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or seen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him, of such and such features, by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself, (and I amongst the rest,) that their own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the best poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable ANNIVERSARIES; I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyrick, which was to raise an emulation in the living to copy out the example of the dead. And there-

fore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem, the PATTERN: and though on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of that illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon to have been so truly loved by you, while she was living, and so gratefully honoured, after she was dead. Few there are, who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer, who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriours of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands: and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had

been equal to the work; and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece; so give me leave to hope, that by subscribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of hers. It is no flattery, to assure your lordship, that she is remembered in the present age by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose, which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to your lordship for the commission which you have given me. How I have acquitted myself of it, must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Englishmen; and as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules: and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like

subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated,* and left almost as individual as the person. They say, my talent is satire; if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest. They have sown the dragon's teeth themselves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and unhurt yourselves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see, I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House; yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge; and find the burden sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

* The practice of appropriating taxes to particular specifick purposes, was a novelty at this time, having commenced at the Revolution.

CHARACTER

OF

M. ST. EVREMONT.[1]

I KNOW, how nice an undertaking it is to write of a living author: yet the example of Father Bouhours has somewhat encouraged me in this attempt. Had not Monsieur St. Evremont

[1] A Collection of Miscellaneous Essays, translated from the French of Monsieur de St. Evremont, (who was born in 1613, and died in London, where he had lived near thirty years, September 9th, 1703,) was published in 8vo. anonymously, in 1692. To this collection was prefixed A CHARACTER, which is said in the title-page to be written by "a person of honour here in England," who, according to Desmaizeaux, was Dr. Knightly Chetwood; and such probably was the fact, though at that period, by "a person of honour," was generally meant either the son or brother of a nobleman; and at the end of the character we find the letters—*Mr. D. Cha.*, which are not very easy to decipher. Dr. Chetwood, of whom I shall again have occasion to speak, was an intimate friend of Lord Roscommon, and of our author; and Desmaizeaux wrote so near the time (1706) that he was probably rightly informed.—To this character of St. Evremont, by Dr. Chetwood, who was doubtless the translator of the pieces in this volume, Dryden added a supplement longer than the original, which is here given.

been very considerable in his own country, that famous jesuit would not have ventured to praise a person in disgrace with the government of France, and living here in banishment. Yet in his PENSEES INGENIEUSES, he has often cited our author's thoughts and his expressions, as the standard of judicious thinking, and graceful speaking: an undoubted sign that his merit was sufficiently established, when the disfavour of the court could not prevail against it. There is not only a justness in his conceptions, which is the foundation of good writing, but also a purity of language, and a beautiful turn of words, so little understood by modern writers; and which indeed was found at Rome but at the latter end of the Commonwealth, and ended with Petronius, under the monarchy. If I durst extend my judgment to particulars, I would say that our author has determined very nicely in his opinion of Epicurus; and that what he has said of his morals, is according to nature, and reason.

It is true, that as I am a religious admirer of Virgil, I could wish that he had not discovered our father's nakedness.* But after all, we must confess that Æneas was none of the greatest heroes, and that Virgil was sensible of it himself. But what could he do? the Trojan on whom he was to build the Roman empire, had been already vanquished; he had lost his country, and was a

* In his Reflections on Segrais' Tranflation of Virgil.

fugitive. Nay more, he had fought unsuccessfully with Diomedes, and was only preserved from death by his mother goddess, who received a wound in his defence. So that Virgil, bound as he was to follow the footsteps of Homer, who had thus described him, could not reasonably have altered his character, and raised him in Italy to a much greater height of prowess than he found him formerly in Troy. Since therefore he could make no more of him in valour, he resolved not to give him that virtue, as his principal; but chose another, which was piety. It is true, this latter, in the composition of a hero, was not altogether so shining as the former; but it entitled him more to the favour of the gods, and their protection, in all his undertakings; and, which was the poet's chiefest aim, made a nearer resemblance betwixt Æneas and his patron, Augustus Cæsar,[2] who, above all things, loved to be flattered for being pious, both to the gods and his relations. And that very piety, or gratitude, (call it which you please,) to the memory of his uncle, Julius, gave him the preference, amongst the soldiers, to Mark Antony; and consequently raised him to the empire. As for per-

[2] A Dissertation founded on this notion, may be found in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris; in which the writer attempts to prove, that Virgil's principal object in writing the Æneid was to induce the Romans quietly to submit to him, whom hereditary claim, personal merit, and the Divine Will, pointed out for their ruler.

sonal courage, that of Augustus was not pushing;* and the poet, who was not ignorant of that defect, for that reason durst not ascribe it, in the supreme degree, to him who was to represent his Emperor under another name: which was managed by him with the most imaginable fineness; for had valour been set uppermost, Augustus must have yielded to Agrippa. After all, this is rather to defend the courtier, than the poet; and to make his hero escape again, under the covert of a cloud. Only we may add, what I think Bossu says, that the Roman Commonwealth being now changed into a monarchy, Virgil was helping to that design; by insinuating into the people the piety of their new conqueror, to make them the better brook this innovation, which was brought on them by a man who was favoured by the gods.—Yet we may observe, that Virgil forgot not, upon occasion, to speak honourably of Æneas, in point of courage, and that particularly in the person of him by whom he was overcome. For Diomedes compares him with Hector, and even with advantage:

Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris Æneæque manu victoria Graiûm
Hæsit, et in decimum vestigia rettulit annum:
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis;
Hic pietate prior.

* At the battle of Philippi he is supposed to have feigned sickness, to avoid taking a part in the engagement; and almost all his subsequent victories were obtained by Agrippa, and the other generals whom he employed.

As for that particular passage, cited by Monsieur St. Evremont, where Æneas shows the utmost fear, in the beginning of a tempest,

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra, &c.

why may it not be supposed, that having been long at sea, he might be well acquainted with the nature of a storm; and, by the rough beginning, foresee the increase and danger of it? at least, as a father of his people, his concernment might be greater for them than for himself: and if so, what the poet takes from the merit of his courage, is added to the prime virtue of his character, which was his piety. Be this said with all manner of respect and deference to the opinion of Monsieur St. Evremont; amongst whose admirable talents, that of penetration is not the least. He generally dives into the very bottom of his authors; searches into the inmost recesses of their souls, and brings up with him those hidden treasures which had escaped the diligence of others. His examination of the *Grand Alexandre*,* in my opinion, is an admirable piece of criticism; and I doubt not, but that his observations on the English theatre had been as absolute in their kind, had he seen with his own eyes, and not with those of other men. But conversing in a manner wholly with the court, which is not always the truest judge, he has been unavoidably led into mistakes, and given to some of

* A French tragedy.

our coarsest poets a reputation abroad, which they never had at home. Had his conversation in the town been more general, he had certainly received other ideas on that subject; and not transmitted those names into his own country, which will be forgotten by posterity in ours.

Thus I have contracted my thoughts on a large subject: for whatever has been said falls short of the true character of Monsieur St. Evremont* and his writings: and if the translation you are about to read does not every where come up to the original, the translator desires you to believe, that it is only because that he has failed in his undertaking.

* "Monsieur St. Evremont would talk for ever. He was a great epicure, and as great a sloven. He lived, you know, to a great old age, and in the latter part of his life used to be always feeding his ducks, or the fowls that he kept in his chamber. He had a great variety of these and other sorts of animals all over the house, and used always to say, that when we grow old, and our own spirits decay, it reanimates one to have a number of living creatures about one, and to be much with them." ANECDOTES by Spence, who here quotes the words of Pope.

DISCOURSE

ON

THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS

OF

SATIRE:

FIRST PRINTED IN FOLIO, IN 1693.

A DISCOURSE

ON

THE ORIGINAL AND PROGRESS OF

SATIRE:

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,[5]

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished, from your obtaining those honours and

[5] This Discourse was prefixed to a poetical translation of the Satires of Juvenal, by our author and others, published in 1693. Of the nobleman to whom it is addressed, some account has already been given in vol. i. p. 25. He was created Earl of Middlesex, in 1675. After the Revolution he was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and was made a Knight of the Garter.

"Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (says Prior, in his "Heads of an Essay on Learning," MSS.) was too much inclined to burlesque; Sir Fleetwood Shephard ran too much into romance and improbability, and the late Earl of Ranelagh into quibble and banter: yet each of these had a good deal of wit; and if they had had more study

dignities which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your afflictions. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor; and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you. Mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line: and they

than generally a court life allows, as their ideas would have been more numerous, their wit would have been more perfect. The late Earl of Dorset was indeed a great exception to this rule; for he had thoughts which no book could lend him, and a way of expressing them, which no man ever knew how to prescribe."

Macky observes in his CHARACTERS, (published in 8vo. 1733, but written in 1703,) that Lord Dorset was "very fat, and troubled with the spleen; he is still one of the pleasantest companions in the world, when he likes his company."—"Not of late years, but a very dull one," says Swift, in a manuscript note on that work.

who have conversed with you, are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his; for we doubt not, neither can we properly say,—we think we admire and love you above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance I can say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you than that which they receive from the publick, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be daylight at high noon: and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well, and see the sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the East, at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upwards to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your lordship, in my Essay of Dramatick Poetry, and therein bespoke you to the world; wherein, I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than

the skill; when I was drawing the outlines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England; wherein Shakspeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly, and Jonson, who by studying Horace had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy to posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning; when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your lordship—a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism: I was inspired to foretell you to mankind, as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing

perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errours of other men; but it is your prerogative to pardon them: to look with pleasure on those things which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions; and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native genius: which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakspeare, and for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your lordship excels all others in all the several parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much as the competitors of Themistocles: they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your lordship; and even that also, with a *longo, sed proximi intervallo.* If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion: they must be like the officer, in a play, who was called captain, lieute-

nant, and company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt in this place, to say any thing particular of your Lyrick Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to satire; and in that, an author of your own quality,[6] whose ashes I will not disturb, has given you all the commendation, which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: *The best good man, with the worst-natured muse.* In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's Verses to the memory of Shakspeare; an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyrick: where good nature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings; for they are every where so full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been sparing of the gall; by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy

[6] Lord Rochester, in his imitation of the tenth Satire of the first book of Horace.

enough to arrive at your versification; and were he translated into numbers, and English,[7] he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both, with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysicks, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where Nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his MISTRESS infinitely below his PINDARICKS, and his latter compositions; which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings, as the most perfect model.[8] I have con-

[7] This probably suggested to Pope the scheme of modernizing Donne's Satires.

[8] It should seem from this high eulogy, that several of

tinually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wishes you so well, in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fulness of your fortune: they

Lord Dorset's satirical poems have not come down to us, at least with his name. Among his works, as collected with those of the MINOR POETS, I find but one of this complexion; that in ridicule of the Honourable Edward Howard. Pope told Mr. Spence (as the latter mentions in his ANECDOTES,) that several of Lord Dorset's pieces were to be met with in the STATE POEMS, particularly in the third volume.—Curl, the bookseller, has attributed to this nobleman a satirical poem, entitled "A Catalogue of our most eminent Ninnies," written in 1686; but I know not on what authority.

would be more malicious, if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it; but even Fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolency as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest: the Divinity which we worship, has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuse you half your time: if you came out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories. In short, if you were a bad, or, which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great, and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist entirely without it, any more (I may almost say,) than the world without the daily course of ordinary providence, methinks, this argument might prevail with you, my lord, to forego a little of your repose for the publick benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is, any thing of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And indeed a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels, though I have been the publick mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers,[9] and therefore missed, or their powder was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the REHEARSALL, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce: because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire: and, lastly, because Mr. Smith, and Mr. Johnson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation,* that

[9] In archery, *shooting at rovers* is shooting without any determinate butt or object.

* "Dryden allowed THE REHEARSAL to have a great many good things in it, *though so severe* (added he) *upon myself; but I cannot help saying that* Smith *and* Johnson *are two of the coolest most insignificant fellows I ever met with on the stage.* This, if it was not spoke out of resentment, betrayed a great want of judgment; for Smith and

I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel. I am so far from defending my poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be thought, if any memory of them or of their writings could endure so long as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the publick. Some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs; and mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed; as Persius has given us a fair example in his first Satire, which is levelled particularly at them: and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own wri-

Johnson are men of sense, and should certainly say little to such stuff,—only enough to make Bayes show on." Spence's ANECDOTES. Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, is the speaker.

tings, but is also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this, I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your lordship, who by an undisputed title are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and profaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets and their actors, in all things that shock the publick quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority, which is annexed to your office; I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your person; what is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are empowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipped poetry, and false coin. A shilling dipped in the Bath may go for gold amongst the ignorant, but the sceptres

on the guineas shew the difference. That your lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the world,) from the distinguishing character of your writing: which is so visible to me, that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours, what was written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth, though not without some vanity in saying it, that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your lordship's was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own brass, (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good,) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not: and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not possibly be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owners' marks about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style, and manner of expressing them. A painter judging of some admirable piece, may af-

firm with certainty, that it was of Holbein, or Vandyck: but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken, and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another; in short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master: but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I may say it with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the publick, the accusation would not be true,—that you have written, and out of a vicious modesty will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyrick poetry, but out of deference to his friends he attempted neither.[1]

[1] Sic Maro nec Calabri tentavit carmina Flacci,
Pindaricos posset cum superare modos;

The same prevalence of genius is in your lordship, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it on the same consideration; because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies both of poems, odes, and satires, you had equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be impudence to affirm that any such have yet appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciencies; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage-poetry amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus, for heroick, lyrick, dramatick, elegiack, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, and Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind,

Et Vario cessit Romani laude cothurni,
Cum posset tragico fortius ore loqui.
MART. lib. viii. epigr. xviii.

was that of Lorenzo de' Medici, and his son Leo the Tenth; wherein painting was revived, and poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.[2]

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; that in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other;[3] and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again, yet the example only holds in heroick poetry: in tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern criticks, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those

[2] In the age of Lorenzo de' Medici and Leo the Tenth, that is, from about the middle of the fifteenth century to the death of the latter in 1521, flourished Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, Vida, Sanazarius, Fracastorius, Bembo, Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and Titian.—The great restorer of Greek learning in Italy was Leontius Pilatus, who was the first Greek Professor at Florence, (from 1360 to 1363) and was the instructor of Boccace and Petrarch. An account of him may be found in Gibbons's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. vi. p. 421, 4to.

[3] Alit æmulatio ingenia; et nunc invidia, nunc admiratio, incitationem accendit; naturaque, quod summo studio petitum est, adscendit in summum. VEL. PATERC. i. 17.

kinds; and I would instance in Shakspeare of the former, of your lordship in the latter sort.*

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country. But if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable: for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferiour to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epick poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or of Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the

* "Would it be imagined (says Dr. Johnson) that, of this rival to antiquity, all the Satires were little personal invectives, and that his longest composition was a song of eleven stanzas? The blame, however, of this exaggerated praise falls on the encomiast, not upon the author; whose performances are, what they pretend to be, the effusions of a man of wit; gay, vigorous, and airy."

best versificator next to Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat, and affectation: that amongst the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious without majesty or decency, and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confesses himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroick verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida. His story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conceipts, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroick verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroick poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the ANTHOLOGIA, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Flecno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boiardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely for the worse, imitates

Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the King of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on King Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner; and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not far below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their ST. LEWIS, their PUCELLE, or their ALARICK.* The English have only to boast of Spencer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect poets; and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spencer: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference: every one is most valiant in his own legend: only we must do him that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of

* ST. LOUIS, *ou la sainte couronne reconquisé*, an heroick poem, was written by Le Moyne; LA PUCELLE by Chapelain, and ALARIQUE by Scuderi.

flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sydney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design.[4] For the rest, his

[4] From the time this Essay was written, to the present day, this representation has been given again and again, in various books of biography and criticism; and among others, Fenton has declared himself entirely of Dryden's opinion, that, on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, "Spencer was deprived of means and spirit to accomplish his design," in consequence of which his FAERY QUEEN was left imperfect and unfinished. This notion, for which there is no ground whatsoever, (as I shall elsewhere more fully shew,) proves how very slight and superficial the inquiries were, which the poets of the last century and the beginning of the present, made concerning their predecessors; of which Rowe's Life of Shakspeare, and Hughes's Life of Spencer, as well as the present observation of Dryden, furnish abundant evidence.

Before Spencer went to Ireland with Lord Grey (1580) we learn from one of his letters to Gabriel Harvey, that the plan of THE FAERY QUEEN was formed, and some part of it composed. In a Dialogue written by his friend Lodowick Bryskett, which appears to have been composed some time between 1584 and 1589, and in which Spencer is introduced as a speaker, the poem is spoken of as then in hand. In 1589 he brought three books of it to London, which were published in 1590-91. In 1592 or 1593, he became acquainted with the lady, whom he afterwards

obsolete language,[5] and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, not-

(f. June 11, 1594,) married, and addressed several sonnets to her, which were published in 1595. In this interval he appears to have written the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of his great poem; and from his 80th Sonnet, apparently written in 1594, we find that he had then completed *only* SIX BOOKS, and was desirous of *rest* after having executed so long and laborious a task. In that or the next year he came to England, and printed the last three books, which were published in 1596, in which year he also wrote some small poems in honour of his patrons, and his most valuable "View of the State of Ireland." Thus all his time has been accounted for, except about twenty months, from the beginning of 1597, to September 1598; in which period he probably wrote some detached portions of the remaining six books, of which the Cantos on MUTABILITY are a proof. In October 1598, on Tyrone's rebellion breaking out, his Castle was plundered, one of his children murdered, and he and his wife escaped with difficulty, and came in great distress to London, where he died, between the 1st of January, and the 25th of March, 1598-9; probably in the forty-fifth year of his age.

Sir Philip Sydney, we know, died October 16, 1586; but so far is it from being true that his death deprived Spencer of *spirit* to complete his work, that it is almost certain much the greater part of it was written between that year and 1595; and it is equally untrue, that on the loss of that patron, he was deprived of those *means* which would have rendered him independent, and enabled him to devote his hours to literary pursuits: for a very few months before that event, he obtained the grant of the Castle of Kilcolman, in the county of Corke, with 3000 acres of land annexed to it; and though he was unsupported by

withstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is

such influence as Sydney might have had at court, above five years afterwards, Feb. 25, 1590-91, (as I discovered a few years ago in the Rolls-Chapel,) his talents were rewarded with a pension of fifty pounds a year, during his life, (in addition to the estate which he then possessed) which, all circumstances being considered, was fully equal to 200l. a year at present. From this statement, I conceive, it may justly be inferred, that his own *immature* death (to use Camden's words in his Account of the Monuments in Westminster Abbey,) was the real cause of his poem's not being completed; but from whatever it may have arisen, it is manifest that the death of Sydney was not the circumstance which deprived the world of the last six books of THE FAERY QUEEN.

[5] Because Ben Jonson, in his DISCOVERIES, objected to Spencer's obsolete language, with a reference undoubtedly to his PASTORALS, an indiscriminate charge, on this ground, has been brought against all his works; for which I conceive there is very little foundation. What Jonson has said of him, that, "in affecting the ancients, he wrote no language," may be applied with much more truth to Jonson's own compositions, than to those of Spencer. The language of THE FAERY QUEEN was the poetical language of the age in which he lived; and, however obsolete it might appear to Dryden, was, I conceive, perfectly intelligible to every reader of poetry in the time of Queen Elizabeth, though THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER was not even then understood without a commentary.

Pope has, in this respect, too implicitly followed our author:

"Spencer himself affects the obsolete,
"And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet!"

the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an heroick poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epick works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author;[6] wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat of thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity: for therein he imitated Spencer, as Spencer did Chaucer. And

In a note, however, on the former line, he qualifies the assertion, by saying—" *Particularly* in his " Shepherd's Calendar," where he imitated the unequal measures, as well as the language, of Chaucer."

[6] This promise Rymer made at the end of his Essay on the Tragedies of the last Age; but he did not fulfil it. See vol. i. p. 398.

though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet in my opinion obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words.[7] But in both cases, a moderation

[7] The passage referred to, (De Arte Poet. 47,) has been much controverted. In vol. i. p. 242, our author has interpreted it very differently, contending that Horace meant to say—that language might be improved "by applying received words to a new signification;" or in other words by using them metaphorically. Dacier and Sanadon suppose *callida junctura* to mean—*happily compounding*, or *putting together two words into one*. Other interpreters suppose that this expression refers to the *arrangement* of words in the sentence. Dr. Hurd is of opinion that it means—*artful management;* and Dr. Beattie proposes a different interpretation from any that have been mentioned.—"Horace (says that gentleman) is speaking, not of figurative language, but of new words. Both these interpretations [those above stated, before that of Dr. Hurd,] suppose that the words are to be construed according to this order: *Dixeris egregie, si callida junctura reddiderit notum verbum novum.*—The best of all our poet's interpretors, Dr. Hurd, construes the passage in the same manner, and explains it thus: 'Instead of framing new words, I recommend to you any kind of artful management, by which you may be able to give a new air and cast to old ones.' And this explication he illustrates most ingeniously by a variety of examples, that throw great

is to be observed in the use of them: for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either

light on the subject of poetical diction. See his notes on the ARS POETICA.

"I should ill consult my own credit, if I were to oppose my judgment to that of this able critick and excellent author. Yet I would beg leave to say, that to me the poet seems, through the whole passage, from verse 46 to verse 72, to be speaking of the *formation of new words*; a practice whereof he allows the danger, but proves the necessity. And I find I cannot divest myself of an old prejudice in favour of another interpretation, which is more obvious and simple, and which I considered as the best, long before I knew it was authorized by that judicious annotator, Joannes Bond, and by Dryden in his Notes upon the Æneid, as well as by the Abbe Batteux, in his Commentary on Horace's ART OF POETRY. 'New 'words (says the poet) are to be cautiously and sparingly 'introduced; but when necessary, an author will do well 'to give them such a position in the sentence, as that the 'reader shall be at no loss to discover their meaning.' For I would construe the passage thus: *Dixeris egregiè, si callida junctura reddiderit* novum verbum notum.—But why, it may be said, did not Horace, if this was really his meaning, put *novum* in the first line, and *notum* in the second? The answer is easy. His verse would not admit that order; for the first syllable of *novum* is short, and the first syllable of *notum* long." ESSAYS ON POETRY AND MUSICK, p. 242.

Jason de Nores, who published an edition of Horace's Art of Poetry, separately at Venice, in 1553, and again at Paris, in 1554, with very valuable notes, construes the passage in the same manner as Dr. Hurd has done.

hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro and other Italians, who have used it; for, whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme, (which I have not now the leisure to examine,) his own particular reason is plainly this, —that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it: which is manifest in his JUVENILIA, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

By this time, my lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my biass so long together, and made so tedious a digression from satire to heroick poetry. But if you will not excuse it by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William D'Avenant says, is always narrative, yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse.—I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an epick poem. Besides these, or the like animadversions of them by other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients; even though we could allow them

not to be inferior, either in genius, or learning, or the tongue in which they write; or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroick poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, and suffering, for the love of GOD, whatever hardships can befall in the world; not in any great attempt, or in performance of those enterprises which the poets call heroick, and which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honour: that humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action but that of the soul; whenas, on the contrary, an heroick poem requires, to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking; which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general, and, in short, as much or more of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this the answer is very obvious. GOD has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but those of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful command, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well as justice.

So that this objection hinders not, but that an epick poem, or the heroick action of some great commander, enterprised for the common good, and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our modern barbarism will allow; which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critick as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, that the machines of our Christian religion in heroick poetry are much more feeble to support that weight, than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars, (which is the effect of a superior providence,) but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent; managed their intrigues, and fought their battles, sometimes in opposition to each other: though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented him-

self with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now, our religion (says he) is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epick poetry. Though St. Michael in Ariosto seeks out DISCORD, to send her amongst the Pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars where peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when DISCORD was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whiphand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on GOD'S-name, about her business, and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a minister of hell. The same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso, (as if GOD had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined, like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris,) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way to be routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of GOD'S host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backward by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor

devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle from the very beginning of it? unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten GOD on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves. For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least have made them exceed the Turks in number, he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of a hundred soldiers defeats another which consists only of fifty.

This, my lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defect of our new writers. I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds and coadjutors, the

criticks. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily. Something new in philosophy and the mechanicks is discovered almost every year; and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short,—that Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find with the principles of Platonick philosophy, as it is now Christianized, would have made the ministry of angels as strong an engine for the working up heroick poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well protestants as catholicks, that there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty, as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of

true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The Prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector general of our religion. These tutelar Genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose and design of all was certainly the service of their great CREATOR. But it is an undoubted truth, that for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts[8] of providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes

[8] See vol. i. p. 404, n. 2.

of GOD, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases, and irresistibly sways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular; they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar, and oppose each other: one angel, as we may suppose—the Prince of Persia, as he is called, judging, that it would be more for GOD's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, which delivered them from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost; and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of GOD might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observant of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may be best managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to shew or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use, (for, as Virgil gives us to understand by his example, that is the only

proper, of all others,[9] for an epick poem,) who to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematicks, geography, and history; and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practice the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes;—if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it would have been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For being so much weaker since their fall, than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power from God, of acting ill, as from their own depraved nature they have always the will of designing it. A

[9] See vol. ii. p. 336, n. 6.

great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets,) and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant, Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked Spirits cannot compass, by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great errour in such a being; yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light, since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works,—I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance or tacit permission of the Omniscient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have as briefly as I could, given

your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination; and what I had intended to have put in practice, (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem,) and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes, which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; (wherein, after Virgil and Spencer, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our imperial line,)—with these helps,[1] and those of

[1] In the construction of this sentence, our author has suffered it to run into such an immeasurable length, that

the machines[2] which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my prede-

it is not reduceable to the rules of grammar, though the meaning is sufficiently clear. The words in the former part of it, " which, for the compass of time," &c. are left without a verb to which they can be applied.

[2] Dryden (says Dr. Johnson, referring to the design here delineated) " considered the epick as necessarily including some kind of supernatural agency, and had imagined a new kind of contest between the guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be represented zealous for his charge, without any intended opposition to the purposes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds must in part be ignorant.

" This is the most reasonable scheme of celestial interposition that ever was formed. The surprises and terrours of enchantments, which have succeeded to the intrigues and oppositions of Pagan deities, afford very striking scenes, and open a vast extent to the imagination; but as Boileau observes, and Boileau will be seldom found mistaken, with this incurable defect, that in a contest between Heaven and Hell, we know at the beginning which is to prevail: for this reason we follow Rinaldo to the enchanted wood with more curiosity than terrour.

" In the scheme of Dryden there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had address enough to surmount. In a war justice can be but on one side, and to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he must fight in the defence of indubitable right. Yet some of the celestial beings, thus opposed to each other, must have been represented as defending guilt.

" That this poem was never written, is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers, and enlarged our language, and might perhaps have contributed by pleasing instruction to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

cessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errours in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles the Second, my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistance, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disenabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this Revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistance which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself,—then your lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all

"What he required as the indispensable condition of such an undertaking, a publick stipend, was not likely in those times to be obtained. Riches were not become familiar to us, nor had the nation yet learned to be liberal.

"This plan he charged Blackmore with stealing; [see his preface to the FABLES:] only, says he, *the guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage.*"

the future service which one of my mean condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter! I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you, for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinteressed charity. This is one amongst many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank. But let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is, to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and Cardinal Richelieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has entitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

——————— *ne fortè pudori*
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others:

it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceipt on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them. Gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground, but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers; giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenour. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men: it is the *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius ascribes to Horace, in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence; we cannot give it such a turn, such a propriety, and such a beauty. Something is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a

form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature; and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have performed the like, until he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy,

> ——————— *ut sibi quivis*
> *Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret,*
> *Ausus idem.*

And besides all this, it is your lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that, were they closer, they would be crowded, and even a due connexion would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April poetry of other writers, a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits: you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call *cœna dubia*; where there is such plenty, yet withal so much diversity, and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not studied your lordship

with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature, and that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done, is enough to distinguish you from any other, which is the proposition that I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have said to my present business: the Satires of Juvenal and Persius, appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the Sixth and Tenth Satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow labourers have likewise commissioned me, to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without entitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to

give you from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the completement of SATIRE among the Romans: to describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it; to compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and shew the particular manners of their satires; and lastly, to give an account of this new way of version, which is attempted in our performance: all which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master, Aristotle, is tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire of a piece, and one, without episodes; the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an heroick poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature.[2]

[2] In the Essay on Dramatick Poesy, our author has given the preference to tragedy, that being the topick on which he was employed. His custom was, as has often been observed, to place his present subject, whatever it might be, in the fairest and most captivating point of view.

The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epick are more noble. Though Homer[3] has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his actions to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holydays, or cessation from business, during the funeral of Patroclus.—To proceed; the action of the epick is greater; the extention of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it signifies any thing, which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroick poem was written by Homer, long before tragedy was invented. But if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer in either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epick poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities

Here, therefore, and in the Dedication of the Æneid, we find the palm given to heroick poesy, and the second place allotted to tragedy.

[3] The meaning, I conceive is—"Homer, *however*, in his Iliad, has made some approaches to the strict rules of the drama, for he has limited his place," &c.; but it is not well expressed.

and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have through haste or negligence omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil, as his patterns, Aristotle and Horace, as his guides, and Vida and Bossu, as their commentators, with many others both Italian and French criticks, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroick poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered by observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison to those who have written dramas; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But leaving the criticks on either side to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry, I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern criticks, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages,

for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in holy scripture, unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second, where his wife advises him to curse his maker.

This original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved: when it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But considering satire as a species of poetry, —here the war begins amongst the criticks. Scaliger, the father, will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word, satire, from Satyrus, that mixed kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, powting lips, a bunch or struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending

in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in English a charger or large platter, is understood: so that the Greek poem made according to the manners of a Satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satire. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in species[4] from that to which the Romans gave the name of satire.

[4] The metre, as well as the subject, of these satyrick pieces, was different from that employed in the more refined species of drama, which succeeded them. "It was late, says Aristotle, (as excellently translated by Mr. Twining) before tragedy threw aside the short and simple fable, and ludicrous language, of its satyrick original, and attained its proper magnitude and dignity. The *iambick* measure was then first adopted; for originally the *trochaick* tetrameter was made use of, as better suited to the satyrick and saltatorial genius of the poem at that time: but when the dialogue was formed, nature itself pointed out the proper metre. For the *iambick* is of all metres the most colloquial; as appears evidently from this fact, that our common conversation frequently falls into *iambick* verse, seldom into *hexameter*, and only when we depart from the usual melody of speech."—"*Satyrick*, Mr. Twining adds, (commenting on this passage) from the share which those fantastick beings called *Satyrs*, the companions and playfellows of

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art completed. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shewn in the praises of the DEITY, and prayers to him; and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution: which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve, every morning adoring GOD in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet, and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holydays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true GOD to his own people, as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holydays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing

Bacchus, had in the earliest tragedy, of which they formed the Chorus. *Joking* and *dancing* were essential attributes of these rustick semi-deities. Hence the 'ludicrous language,' and the 'dancing genius' of the old tragedy, to which the *trochaick* or *running* metre here spoken of, was peculiarly adapted, being no other than this:

"Jolly mortals, fill your glasses; noble deeds are done by wine."

for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, as Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their Genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason of their institution, the first of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds; so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit, (for want of knowing better,) were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of Satyrs, whom I have already described; and taking them and the Sileni, that is the young Satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustick dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also, as nature is the same in all places, though they knew nothing of those Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certain young men, who, at their festivals, danced and sung after their uncouth manner to a certain kind of verse, which they called Saturnian. What it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude that, like the Grecian, it was void of art,

or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holydays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of *extempore* poetry, or rather of tunable hobbling verse, and they answered in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their musick being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same, in the persons of their petulant Satyrs. But I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the Satyrs with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon finding little light from antiquity of these beginnings of poetry amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of Satyrs, who carried canisters and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their publick feasts; and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans, jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton Satyrs did the same. And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans; though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was written to Augustus:

Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus, et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, et pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant;
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil,
Content with little, and inured to toil,
At harvest-home, with mirth and country cheer
Restored their bodies for another year;
Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
Of such a future feast, and future crop.
Then with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful spouse,
A sow they slew to Vesta's deity,
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flowers, and wine, their Genius they adored;
A short life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups defaming rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion; but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Rome had the same beginning. Both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving, and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verses; amongst the

Greeks by those who represented Satyrs, and amongst the Romans by real clowns.

For indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries; and that the mother of it in all nations was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critick takes notice also, in his illustrations on the First Epistle of the Second Book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning at feasts and thanksgiving, (as it has been observed,) and the old comedy of the Greeks, which was invective, and the satire of the Romans, which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occasion, so the fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri; as Horace tells us, in these words:

Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter; donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura

Conditione super communi: quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Describi: vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad benedicendum delectandumque redacti.

The law of the Decemviri was this: *Siquis occentassit malum carmen, sive condidisit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto.*—A strange likeness, and barely possible; but the criticks being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satyrick dramas the elder Scaliger and Hensius, will have the Roman satire to proceed; I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them, as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ,) mingled with them a chorus and dances of Satyrs, which had before been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness: and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense; and as we daily see, in our own age and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonery and farce. From hence it came, that in the Olympick Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satyrick tragedy was the last of

them; for in the rest, the Satyrs were excluded from the Chorus. Amongst the plays of Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of these SATYRICKS, which is called THE CYCLOPS, in which we may see the nature of those poems; and from thence conclude what likeness they have to the Roman SATIRE.

The story of this CYCLOPS, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who with his company was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus and the Satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners, against the rites of hospitality, (for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded,) were afterwards put down into the den, and some of them devoured; after which, Ulysses having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living; and Silenus and the Satyrs were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron, Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the Satyrs, who were part of the *dramatis personæ*,

as well as the whole Chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience; and the uncouth persons of Silenus and the Satyrs to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your lordship has perceived, by this time, that this SATYRICK tragedy, and the Roman SATIRE, have little resemblance in any of their features. The very kinds are different; for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the Satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness, were Scaliger and Heinsius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satirick poem from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The SATYRICK says he, is a dramatick poem, annexed to a tragedy, having a chorus, which consists of Satyrs. The persons represented in it are illustrious men: the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these SATYRICK tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called SILLI, which were more of kin to the Roman satire.

Those SILLI were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the SILLI, written by Timon,* we may find, that they were satirick poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets, and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such amongst the Romans is the famous Cento of Ausonius; where the words are Virgil's, but, by applying them to another sense, they are made a relation of a wedding-night, and the act of consummation fulsomely described in the very words of the most modest amongst all poets. Of the same manner are our songs, which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's SILLI the words are generally those of Homer, and the tragick poets; but he applies them satirically to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he ar-

* Timon, the poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 280 years before Christ. Concerning him and Zenophanes, who also excelled in this species of poetry, see Casaub. DE SATYR. POES. l. ii. c. 3, with the learned notes of Crenius and Rambach; and Vossius de Poet. Græcis, c. viii.

raigns. But the Romans not using any of these parodies in their satires,—sometimes indeed repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's, but not turning them into another meaning,—the Silli cannot be supposed to be the original of Roman satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the Satires which were written against particular persons, such as were the Iambicks of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his Odes and Epodes, whose titles bear sufficient witness of it: I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis; and many others. But these are the underwood of satire, rather than the timber-trees: they are not of general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetick reflections in those Odes and Epodes, before he undertook the noble work of Satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the best criticks, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture. I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least, by the help of Dacier, I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse

to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota nostra est*; and Horace had said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry,—*et Græcis intacti carminis auctor*. Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet and the orator, both the best criticks of the two best ages of the Roman empire, that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted to Rome from Athens.* Yet, as I have

* Heinsius, who contends that the Roman SATIRE was derived from the Grecian SATYRICAL DRAMA, relies much on the similitude which the former bears to the satirical pieces called SILLI. "*Sillos* esse *satiram* Græcorum, aut quàm maximè huic respondere, ne illi quidem negare possunt, qui a Satyris Græcorum profluxisse negant satiram Romanam, aut commune quicquam esse utrique; cum Græcorum Satyros et Sillos ipsi veteres conjungant: quo quid dici potest planius?"

Notwithstanding this correspondence, it appears very evident from what our author has already stated, that the Roman SATIRE of Lucilius, Horace, &c. was so perfectly distinct from the Grecian SATYRICAL DRAMA, that the one could not have been derived from the other. The proofs which have been produced from Casaubon on this subject, though sufficiently satisfactory, having perhaps lost somewhat of their force from being too much diffused, I subjoin the learned Spanheim's summary of the five principal notes of distinction between these two species of satire.

"La premiére différence, qui est içi à remarquer et dont on ne peut disconvenir, c'est que les Satyres ou poëmes satyriques des Grecs, etoient des piéces dramatiques,

said, Scaliger, the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both;

ou de théatre; ce qu'on ne peut point dire des Satires Romaines, prises dans tous ces trois genres, dont je viens de parler, et auxquelles on a appliqué ce mot. Il y auroit peut-être plus de sujet d'en douter, à l'égard de ces premiéres Satires des anciens Romains, dont il a été fait mention, et dont il ne nous est rien resté, si les passages de deux auteurs Latins et de T. Live entre autres, qui en parlent, ne marquoient en termes exprès, qu'elles avoient précedé parmi eux les piéces dramatiques, et etoient en effet d'une autre espéce. D'ou vient aussi, que les Latins, quand ils font mention de la poësie Grecque, et d'ailleurs se contentent de donner aux premiéres ce nom de *poëme*, comme Ciceron le donne aux Satires de Varron, et d'autres un nom pareil à celles de Lucilius ou d'Horace. - - -

" La seconde différence entre les poëmes satyriques des Grecs, et les Satires des Latins, vient de ce qu'il y a même quelque diversité dans le nom, laquelle ne paroit pas autrement dans les langues vulgaires. C'est qu'en effet les Grecs donnoient aux leurs le nom de Satyrus ou Satiri, de Satyriques, de piéces Satyriques, par rapport, s'entend, aux Satyres, ces hostes de bois, et ces compagnons de Baccus, qui y jouoient leur rôle: et d'ou vient aussi, qu'Horace, comme nous avons déja vû, les appelle *agrestes Satyros*, et ceux, qui en étoient les auteurs, du nom de *Satyrorum Scriptor*. Au lieu que les Romains ont dit *Satira* ou *Satura* de ces poëmes, auxquels ils en ont appliqué et restraint le nom; que leurs auteurs et leurs grammairiens donnent une autre origine, et une autre signification de ce mot, comme celle d'un mélange de plusieurs fruits de la terre, ou bien de plusieurs mets dans un plat; delà celle d'un mélange de plusieurs loix comprises dans

and gives no better reason than the derivation of *satyrus* from σάθυ, *salacitas*; and so, from the lechery

une, ou enfin la signification d'un poëme mêlé de plusieurs choses. - - -

" La troisiéme différence entre ces mêmes Satires et les piéces satyriques des Grecs est, qu'en effet l'introduction des Silénes et des Satyres, qui composoient les choeurs de ces derniéres, etoient tellement de leur essence, que sans eux elles ne pouvoient plus porter le nom de *Satyres*. Tellement qu'Horace, parlant entre autres de la nature de ces Satyres ou poëmes satyriques des Grecs, s'arrête a montrer, en quelle maniére on y doit faire parler Siléne, ou les Satyres; ce qu'on leur doit faire éviter ou observer. Ce qu'il n'auroit pas fait avec tant de soin, s'il avoit cru, que la présence des Satyres ne fut pas de la nature et de l'essence, comme je viens de dire, de ces sortes de piéces, qui en portoient le nom. - - -

" C'est à quoi on peut ajouter l'action de ces mêmes Satyres, et qui etoient propres aux piéces, qui en portoient le nom. C'est qu'en effet les danses etoient si fort de leur essence, que non seulement Aristote, comme nous avons déja veu, joint ensemble la *poësie satyrique et faite pour la danse;* mais qu'un autre auteur Grec [*Lucianus* περι ὀρχήσεως] parle nommément des trois différentes sortes de danses attachées au théatre, *la tragique, la comique, et la satyrique*. D'où vient aussi, comme il le remarque ailleurs, que les Satires en prirent le nom de *Sicynnistes;* c'est à dire d'une sorte de danse, qui leur etoit particuliére, comme on peut voir entre autres de ce qu'en dit Siléne dans le Cyclope, à la veuë des Satyres; et ainsi d'ou on peut assés comprendre la force de l'épithéte de *saltantes Satyros*, que Virgile leur donne en quelque endroit; ou de ce qu'Horace, dans sa premiére Ode, parle des danses des Nymphes et des Satyres, *Nympharumque leues*

of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved that satire is derived from them: as if wantonness

cum Satyris chori. Tout cela, comme chacun voit, n'avoit aucun raport avec les Satires Romaines, et il n'est pas nécessaire, d'en dire davantage, pour le faire entendre.

" La quatriéme différence resulte des sujets assés divers des uns et des autres. Les Satyres des Grecs, comme il a déja été remarqué, et qu'on peut juger par les titres, qui nous en restent, prenoient d'ordinaire, non seulement des sujets connus, mais fabuleux; ce qui fait dire là-dessus à Horace, *ex noto carmen fictum sequar*; des heros, par exemple, ou des demi-dieux des siécles passés, à quoi le même poëte venoit de faire allusion. Les Satires Romaines, comme leurs auteurs en parlent eux-mêmes, et qu'ils le pratiquent, s'attachoient á reprendre les vices ou les erreurs de leur siécle et de leur patrie; à y jouer des particuliers de Rome, un Mutius entre autres, et un Lupus, avec Lucilius; un Milonius et un Nomentanus, avec Horace; un Crispinus et un Locustus, avec Juvenal; c'est à dire des gens, qui nous seroient peu connus aujourdhui, sans la mention, qu'ls ont trouvé à propos d'en faire dans leurs satires. - - -

" La cinquiéme différence paroit encore dans la maniére, de laquelle les uns et les autres traitent leurs sujets, et dans le but principal, qu'ils s'y proposent. Celui de la poësie satyrique des Grecs, etoit de tourner en ridicule des actions sérieuses, comme l'enseigne le même Horace, *vertere seria ludo*; de travêtir pour ce sujet leurs dieux ou leurs héros, d'en changer le caractére, selon le besoin; de faire par exemple d'un Achille un homme mol, suivant qu'un autre poëte Latin y fait allusion, *Nec nocet autori, qui mollem fecit Achillem.* C'étoit en un mot leur but principal, de rire et de plaisanter; et d'ou vient non seulement le mot de *Risus*, comme il a

and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other alle-

déja été remarqué, qu'on a appliqué à ces sortes d'ouvrages, mais aussi ceux en Grec de *jeux*, ou mème de jouëts, et de *joci* en Latin, comme fait encore Horace, où il parle de l'auteur tragique, qui parmi les Grecs fut le premier, qui composa de ces piecés satyriques, et suivant qu'il dit, *incolumi grauitate jocum tentauit.* Nons pouvons même comprendre de ce qu'il ajoute dans la suite et des epithétes, que d'autres leur donnent de ris obscénes, que cette gravité, avec laquelle on avoit d'abord temperé ces sortes d'ouvrages, en fut bannie dans la suite; que les régles de la pudeur n'y furent guéres observées; et qu'on en fit des spectacles assés conformes à l'humeur et à la conduite de tels acteurs que des satyres petulans ou *protervi*, comme Horace les appelle sur ce même sujet. Et c'est à quoi contribuerent d'ailleurs leurs danses et leurs postures, dont il à été parlé, de même que celles des pantomimes parmi les Romains. Au lieu que les Satires Romaines, temoin celles qui nous restent, et á qui d'ailleurs ce nom est demeuré comme propre et attaché, avoient moins pour but de plaisanter, que d'exciter ou de l'indignation, ou de la haine, *facit indignatio versum*, ou du mépris; qu'elles s'attachent plus à reprendre et à mordre, qu'à faire rire ou à folâtrer. D'ou vient aussi le nom de *poëme medisant*, que les grammairiens leur donnent, ou celui de *vers mordans*, comme en parle Ovide dans un passage, où je trouve qu'il se défend de n'avoir point écrit de Satyres.

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quemquam,
Nec meus ullius crimina versus habet. - - -

" Je ne touche pas enfin la différence, qu'on pourroit encore alléguer de la composition diverse des unes et des

gation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful; that the Satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less Satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers which they offered, any thing of kin to satire? or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority; that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies—full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we say—a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation, from *satur* comes *satura*, or *satira*, according to the new spelling: as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood; and this

autres; les Satires Romaines, dont il est ici proprement question, et qui ont été conservées jusques à nous, ayant été écrites en vers héroiques, et les poëmes satyriques des Grecs en vers jambiques. Ce qui devroit néanmoins être d'autant plus remarqué, qu'Horace ne trouve point d'autre différence entre l'inventeur des Satires Romaines et les auteurs de l'ancienne comédie, comme Cratinus et Eupolis, si non que les Satires du premier étoient écrites dans un autre genre de vers."—See Baron Spanheim's Dissertation, *Sur les* Cesars *de* Julien, *et en général sur les ouvrages satyriques des Anciens*, prefixed to his translation of Julian's work, Amsterdam, 1728, 4to.

lanx, in English a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their festivals, as the *premices*, or first gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not unknown to the Grecians, who called them παυκαρπὸν θυσίαν, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and παυσπερμίαν, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his GEORGICKS:

Lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta:

and in another place, *lancesque et liba feremus:* that is, We offer the smoking entrails in great platters; and we will offer the chargers, and the cakes.

This word, *satura*, has been afterward applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it, a kind of *olla*, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *leges saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament: and *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word,—*per saturam sententias exquirere*, when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the Discourses or Satires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name, because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects,—as Porphyrius says. But Dacier

affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called; for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which, (continues Dacier,) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the stage. Chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine*: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough-cast unhewn poetry was instead of stage-plays, for the space of an hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the poetry of that savage people, before it was tuned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry,

without feet or measure. They were ἔνρυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι. Perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoons' debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy, they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennia, a town in the same country where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustick kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failings; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions: *Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem. Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem.* The vapours of wine made those first satirical poets amongst the Romans, which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company

of clowns on a holyday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bake-houses and barbers' shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of Satire, because of its variety; and this satire was adorned with compositions of musick, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player; and therefore, those actors which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence, when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year *ab urbe conditâ* CCCXC.,—those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones:* and that name has since remained not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former *extempore* stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with musick and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of trage-

dies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him; which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius, his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed in his native country in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *archæa comœdia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes and the rest of the Grecian poets, he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage; the first of which was represented in the year CCCCCXIV.,* since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the Commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punick war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome. But I will adventure on this hint to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of

* Above 160 years after the death of Sophocles and Euripides, and about 52 years after the death of Menander.

those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the groundwork, but also the manner of their writing; and how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people: the examples of which we have in the fore-mentioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule, and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage, was given by the Greeks: not from the *Satyrica*, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman, and a sort of verse which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the standard of their judgment is not, however, very difficult, since they spoke of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this *postulatum*,—that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular per-

sons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire was from the plays of Livius Andronicus; which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the mean time, I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies; playing them at the end of every drama, as the French continue at this day to act their farces, in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly, they were joined to the *Atellane* fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the Osci.. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obsceneness; and as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in *extempore* reproaches; the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany; to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old

comedy of the Grecians; and out of all these sprung two several branches of new Roman satire, like different cions from the same root: which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write Satires not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the groundwork of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons and general vices; and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success in a publick representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet, as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made Discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title, their original name of Satire. Both in relation to the subjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the Satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself, in his MARGITES, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates.

For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameters with iambick trimeters, or with trochaick tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him. Horace has thought him worthy to be copied, inserting many things of his into his own Satires, as Virgil has done into his Æneids.

Here we have Dacier making out—that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new-modelled into papers of verses on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the groundwork of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of his own countrymen in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault; and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him; which Persius observes, in his sixth satire: —*postquam destertuit esse Mæonides.* But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable

a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the criticks, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called; and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him; only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son; that in probability he was instructed by his uncle in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied: but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most. He also made satires after the manner of Ennius; but he gave them a more graceful turn, and endeavoured to imitate more closely the *vetus comœdia* of the Greeks, of the which the old original Roman Satire had no idea till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of Satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words,—

——— *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,—

he is only thus to be understood; that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius, not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace, in these words: *Satira*

quidem tota nostra est; in quâ primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius amongst the Latin Satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties, in his time. Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius; and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius. Both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference; and Horace himself, in two of his Satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero; of which both complain.

But to proceed.—Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, for saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes, the grammarian, who in effect says this: "Satire amongst the Romans, but not amongst

the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehension of vices; such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems which were composed of several sorts of verses, such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire, from *satura*, which we have observed." Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the Satires of Ennius, and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires; which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form: for all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness and more salt, without any change in the substance of the poem. And though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did, yet he composed several satires of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters, and another was entirely of iambicks; a third of trochaicks; as is visible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those

of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him, it will follow from hence that the Satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius; because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Dousa, the son, into the same errour of Casaubon; which, I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works, when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of Satire from its original, to the times of Horace, and shewn the several changes of it, I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancient; it is that which we call the Varronian satire, (but which Varro himself calls the Menippean,) because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it; who imitated in his works the manners of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cynicks.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans; in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, must consequently be after Lucilius? But Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct, and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments; and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double; from whence, at least, we may understand how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his ACADEMICKS, introduces Varro himself giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those

works. Wherein, after he had shewn his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows: "Notwithstanding (says he) that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety, yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very entrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued; which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers." The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it,—that in the composition of his satires he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion, when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words: "And you yourself have composed a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places; sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears that Varro was one of those writers whom they called σπουδογελοῖοι, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader than to teach him. And he entitled his own satires—Menippean; not that Menippus had written any satires, (for his were either dialogues, or epistles,) but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, and his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings,

which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro; by others he is noted of cynical impudence and obscenity: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the tragick poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems.[5] Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style, in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon; particularly,

[4] The satires of Varro were thus denominated by Cicero, (ACADEM. c. iii.)—VARIUM *et elegans poema*, not only from the various metres employed in them, and prose being occasionally mixed with verse, but from the very various and miscellaneous matter which they contained:

Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est *farrago* libelli.

This most learned of all the Romans, who was born in the year of Rome 637, took part with Pompey in the Civil Wars; but when Julius Cæsar became victorious, he made his peace with the Dictator, and ever afterwards devoted himself entirely to literature. He was proscribed by Antony at the same time with Cicero, but found means to escape; with the loss, however, of all his library, containing a great number of his own writings. He died in the year of Rome 727, at ninety years of age, and is said to have written not less than 490 volumes.

The following sentences of his (among others,) have

his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

been preserved by Barthius, in his ADVERSARIA, xv. 19:

Nemo suum putet, quod extra ipsum est.

Excellentissimum est docendi genus, exemplorum subditio.

Studia tantum intermittantur, ne obmittantur. Gaudent varietate Musæ, non otio.

Nil magnificum docebit, qui a se nihil didicit.

Non est miser, nisi qui sic se esse putat.

Nusquam perveniet, qui quot videt sequitur calles.

Imperitiæ signum est, quod difficillimum est, exigere cito fieri.

Nulla jactura gravior est scienti, quàm temporum.

Viatores non vadunt, ut eant; sic vita non sui causa fit, sed ut in eâ praclarum aliquid fiat.

Contemnendi sunt ineruditorum contemptus.

Si vis ad summum progredi, ab infimo ordire.

Multi laudem amittunt, quam ipsi de se dicunt.

Of his Satires, the following, among other fragments are extant:

Vitium uxoris aut tollendum, aut ferendum est:
Qui tollit vitium, uxorem commodiorem præstat;
Qui fert, sese meliorem facit.

Postremo nemo ægrotus quicquam somniat tam infandum, quod non aliquis dicat philosophus.

Si quantum operæ sumsisti, ut tuus pistor bonum faceret

This we may believe for certain,—that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his; of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose Satire, they say, is now printing in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete:[6] when it is made publick, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also properly be called Varronian Satires, particularly his True History; and consequently the GOLDEN Ass of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the mock deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium or CÆSARS of Julian, the Emperor. Amongst the moderns, we may reckon the ENCOMIUM MORIÆ of Erasmus, Barclay's EUPHORMIO, and a volume of

panem, ejus duodecimum philosophiæ dedisses, ipse bonus jam pridem esses factus. Nunc illum, qui norunt, volunt emere millibus centum; te qui novit, nemo centussis.

Properate vivere, pueræ,
Quas sinit ætatula ludere,
Esse, amare, et Veneris tenere bigas.

Non solum innubæ fiunt communes, sed etiam veteres puellascunt.

[6] Of this forgery, (for so it proved,) which was executed by Francis Nodot, a Frenchman, I have given some account in another work, VINDICATION OF SHAKSPEARE, 8vo. 1796, p. 348. His fictitious copy, or "bungling supplement," of Petronius, (as Bentley calls it,) was published at Paris, in 1693.

German authors, which my ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Killegrew, once lent me. In the English, I remember none which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were; but of the same kind is MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE in Spencer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of ABSALOM and MAC FLECNOE.[7]

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word Satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly, but for others also, where virtue was recommended.[8] But in our modern languages we apply it only to invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves; for in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *medisance*. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satura*, not from *Satyrus*;

[7] ABSALOM, and MAC FLECNOE, are more of the nature of the Greek SILLI. See Casaub. de Satyrica Poesi, lib. ii. c. 3, and Vossii Institut. Poetic. lib. ii. c. 20.

[8] The former, however, was much the more general acceptation:

Difficile est *satiram* non scribere.—
——— facit *indignatio* versum.

and if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book;[9] for here it is written—SATYR: which, having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any otherwise than—SATIRE.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his Preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans and favourers. Every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two; to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice; and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters, so it is with criticks, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him; after which, they fall in love with their own labours to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake, as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature with that

[9] The translation of Juvenal.

of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus. The spectators were divided in their factions betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the case was altered; he was concerned for his own labour, and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened; and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now, myself, on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong; for though that be an errour on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man, unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of King Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hale,[1] (who was doubtless an uncorrupt

[1] Our author, like many of his contemporaries, has here inaccurately written Sir Matthew *Hales*; an inaccuracy which I should not have thought worth noticing, but that it confirms an observation which I have had

and upright man,)—that his servants were sure to be cast on any trial which was heard before him; not that he thought the judge was possibly to be bribed, but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern criticks, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's heap to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others.—But to come to particulars. Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal; and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of his former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who in my opinion defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writing, to devest myself of partiality or prejudice, consider

occasion to make elsewhere, that it was formerly a common practice to add the letter *s* to proper names: so Lord Clarendon calls Dr. *Earle*, (Bishop of Salisbury,) Dr. *Earles*.

Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal, but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal in the main to that of Juvenal or Horace, and yet in some things to be preferred to both of them.

First then, for the verse; neither Casaubon himself, nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost, and pretends not to justify either the measures or the words of Persius; he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous and hobbling, and his words not every where well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal,[1] and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection, so his diction is hard, his figures are generally too bold and daring, and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti,* and a Scotch gentle-

[1] Our author here mistakes. The Satires of Persius, though usually subjoined to those of Juvenal, were written before them.

* Francesco Stelluti's Version of Persius, with notes, was published at Rome in 1630. The Scotch gentleman alluded to, was David Wedderburne of Aberdeen, whose commentary on Persius was printed in 8vo. at Amsterdam, in 1664. In 1613 this writer published at Edinburgh a Latin poem on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales; and there are extant some other poems written by him in the same language.

man, whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him, yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his safety under Nero compelled him to this darkness in some places; or that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or lastly, whether after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs and stories relating to them lost to us: whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy, we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages; and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man,[2] like his friend and contemporary, Lucan; both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth: but neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as on the one hand it lays some imperfections to their charge, so, on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of

[2] Persius died at the age of twenty-eight, in the ninth year of Nero, A. D. 65; Lucan died in the tenth year of the same Emperor, A. D. 66, scarcely twenty-seven years old.

their age, could write so well, and think so strongly, than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely: he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them, like Juvenal and Horace; and as chaste and modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in some places he is broad and fulsome; as the latter verses of the fourth satire, and of the sixth, sufficiently witness. And it is to be believed, that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him; and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shews a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author; which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these defects, which I casually observed while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others; he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer and a trifler, full of ostentation of his learning, and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron, Casaubon, can allege in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a

modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit; Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense, and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule, or in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was—*non aptissimus ad jocandum*; but that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius shewed his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger:—where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critick, and silently insinuates, that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσᾶ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are every where smelling of that thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors; but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman so well born, and so nobly educated as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer. Now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger, from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence; and Casaubon, who could not but be sensible

of his author's blind-side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places; but so is Plato, so is Thucydides; so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally, obscure; and therefore Casaubon at last is forced to excuse him, by alleging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero, and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus,[3] in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure, in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his book; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Persius, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that praise which he has given to himself; but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could

[3] A stoick philosopher, whom Persius has highly extolled in his fifth Satire. Cornutus was his preceptor, and revised his Satires, before they were given to the publick.

urge, the very last verse of his last Satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his Preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holyday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it: and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage in the fourth Satire, *At, si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his works. I understood it; but for that reason turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as instruments of the sublime, fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far-fetched and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding, and may be reckoned amongst those things of Demosthenes, which Æschines called θαύματα, not ῥήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers: and, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor, or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that

if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must χελώνης φαγεῖν, ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν, either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once, I will venture to be so vain as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors or forced expressions are in my translation. But more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled and in what excelled his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to choose his mediums accordingly. Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine,

says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire; but of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the Satirist makes use in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals is consequently the same. But by what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive; he therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the Stoick; the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects who have given us the rules of ethicks; thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniences, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation: in short, to be always happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, are free from the slavery of vices, and conform our

actions and conversation to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius: and this he expressed not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the Stoick philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some perhaps impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith. Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of Salisbury[4] has recommended this our author, and the tenth satire of Juvenal, in his pastoral letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best commonplaces for their sermons, as the storehouses and magazines of moral virtues, from

[4] Dr. Burnet.

whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the Stoicks have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy; he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoick, sometimes an Eclectick, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, against vices, more like an orator than a philosopher. Persius is every where the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says; you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs; and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him, because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that Horace, being the son of a tax-gatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells every where of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceipts are vulgar, like the subjects of his Satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*, and writes not with that elevation which becomes a Satirist: that Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advan-

tage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of a most holy life, the chief of the Stoick Sect at Rome, and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself, and in probability a coadjutor of Persius: that, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and had not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was *libertinus*, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave. But Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another.[5] He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen; and Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him *Tribunus Militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction

[5] The "witty friend" here alluded to, was, I believe, Wycherley, the poet. He was sent abroad very young; and, on his return, when twenty years old, resided at Queen's College, Oxford, as *philosophiæ studiosus*, but was not matriculated, and remained a very short time in the University. Some years afterwards, being thrown into prison by his own imprudence, his father suffered him to lie there for seven years. See p. 177, and vol. i. p. 401.

into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him, in those respects, though better born; and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low. If his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors, and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their style; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal. A dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I shall only venture to give my own opinion, and leave it to better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of

his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his Odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of Satire; in which controversy, all the Odes and Epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies. Yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace had purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman Satire. He has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is, revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anywise notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God.

And this consideration has often made me tremble, when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the criticks: let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a publick nuisance. All those, whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius

and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! and how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are entitled to a panegyrick; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches: no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it; for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry, where there is no wit: no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the found-

ation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life; but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors. They who will have either of them to excell the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine. But all unbiassed readers, will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to such impartial men I must appeal: for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them,

that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence,—that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited. So that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives,—as including in his discourses, not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation,—is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose: *Bonum quò communius, eò melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his first Satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive: but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral: he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the

age: *ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant:* he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops, so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest; for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one, but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blindsides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed: which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined, so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.

This was the commendation which Persius gave him: where by *vitium*, he means those little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes, with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well

as of the common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first Satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the prosecutor, Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other, as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen, and the Stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them; Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scaliger says, only shews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended; but his wit is faint, and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit, he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised,

and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says; he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far; it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend *the Plain Dealer*,* but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low style of Horace is according to his subject, that is, generally groveling. I question not but he could have raised it: for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive Satire concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the

* Wycherley.

words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shews, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style, nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse. Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire; writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had his ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal, his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versification and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And give me leave, my lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper Satires than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have em-

ployed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to shew, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables: it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes:

——— *non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas*
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?

But to return to my purpose. When there is any thing deficient in numbers, and sound, the reader is uneasy, and unsatisfied; he wants something of his complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder, that finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that, granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty, than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile.

After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were unknown in the time of Augustus Cæsar; that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged, instead of avarice: it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal.—I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topicks of instruction and delight; and indeed I may safely here conclude that commonplace; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures, I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour, in the end of poetry: pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not choose to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topick; which concerns the particular merits of these two Satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished.

When Horace writ his Satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had used, in the compassing of that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans their defenders: amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned; that Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached in full senate with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer,—that he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access to her. His adulteries were still before their eyes; but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured; and the people entertained with publick shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an

edict against Lampoons and Satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famosos libellos*.

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis, specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque inlustres procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in English: "Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognizance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was *Lex læsæ majestatis*; commonly called, for the sake of brevity, *majestas*; or, as we say, high-treason. He means not, that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the *Decemviri*, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipped to death with the *fasces* which were borne before their chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law. By the words, *under colour of that law*, he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory

verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, et magna curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum posthac de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* "Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that, for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished." But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, et quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, et primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consuleret: nam habuit in animo comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile et utile. Ergo specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus. I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the majesty of the Romans in the time of the empire was wholly in that house: *Omnia Cæsar erat*; they were all accounted sacred, who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, *In Cassium Severum, maledicum poetam*: perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our pro-

verb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his Emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law; for to do any thing for nothing was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies, excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels; which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit* is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories which we hear of him are true,—that he practised some which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers, especially when Augustus was of that number. So that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict; and our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipped in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects

which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius. Somewhat of their particular manner, belonging to all of them, is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his Satires, which was before that Emperor fell into the excess of cruelty.*—Horace was a mild admonisher, a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs; his was an age[7] that deserved a more severe chastisement; vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace, that according to the ancient art and law of satire,

* In the sixth year of Nero's reign, when that monster began to display his real disposition, Persius was about twenty-five years old.

[7] The age of Juvenal has not been accurately ascertained. By some he is supposed to have been born in the first year of Tiberius. A. U. C. 767 (A. D. 15,) and to have died in the last year of Domitian, A. D. 96: others place his birth in the end of the reign of Tiberius, and his death in the second year of Adrian, A. D. 119.

it should be nearer to comedy than to tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says,—*Secuit urbem*; - - - *et genuinum fregit in illis*: meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words:

> *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens*
> *Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est*
> *Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ.*

So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose, than that of Horace. "They changed satire, (says Holyday,) but they changed it for the better; for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man."

Thus far that learned critick, Barten Holyday;[8] whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal

[8] Holyday's translation of Juvenal was not published till 1673, several years after his death. The second edition of his Version of Persius was published when he was a very young man, in 1616. An account of him may be found in Wood's ATH. OXON. ii. 258, who however, in his enumeration of his writings, has omitted to mention an instructive and entertaining little work, entitled COMES JUCUNDUS IN VIA, which he published anonymously in 1658. In the latter part of the second Address to the Reader, there is a quaint allusion to his name.

are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully; but he must also imitate his genius and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holyday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when they attempted Juvenal; but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holyday says—"a perpetual grin like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low satire, so easily. Let the chastisements of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases; yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce this fineness; it must be inborn; it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature. How easy it is to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is

to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice; he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive: a witty man is tickled, while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it for him; yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri,[9] in my ABSALOM, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough; and he for whom it was intended was too witty to resent it as an injury.[1] If I had railed, I might have

[9] George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham.

[1] That our author should have been satisfied with his

suffered for it justly; but I managed my own work more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself

admirable delineation of the Duke of Buckingham, under the name of Zimri, is not at all surprising; since from his own time to the present, it has been universally acknowledged to be one of his happiest performances.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Bless'd madman! who could every hour employ,
With something new, to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was GOD or devil.
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded—but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

"The Duke of Buckingham" (Dr. Lockier observed to Mr. Spence,) "was reckoned the most accomplished

to the representing of blindsides and little extravagancies; to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I

man of the age, in riding, dancing, and fencing. When he came into the presence-chamber, 'twas impossible for you not to follow him with your eye as he went along, he moved so gracefully." Spence's ANECDOTES.

Of his ready wit the same gentleman mentioned the following instance:

" In one of Dryden's plays there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could:

' My wound is great,—because it is so small!'

and then she paused, and looked very distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose immediately from his seat, and added in a loud ridiculing voice,—

' Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all.'

which had such an effect on the audience, who before were not very well pleased with the play, that they hissed the poor woman off the stage, would never bear her appearance in the rest of her parts; and as this was only the second time of its performance, made Dryden lose his benefit-night." Ibid.

" The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing for the death of her husband; and after his fall, 'tis said the Duke lay with her in his bloody shirt." Ibid. from Mr. Pope.

The following extract, which I transcribe from a MS. letter written a few years afterwards by a gentleman in

wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn, who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordship, in this kind of satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think reasonably. Holyday ought not to have

London, may throw some light on this celebrated duel, which took place on January 11th, 1667-8. The letter is dated from Whitehall, January 10th, 1673-4:

"Upon Wednesday the 7th, the two Houses met. In the Lords' House, immediately upon his Majesty's recess, the Earl of Westmoreland brought in a petition against the Duke of Bucks, in the name of the young Earl of Shrewsbury, desiring justice against him, for murthering his father, making his mother a whore, and keeping her now as an infamous strumpet. To this the Duke replied, —'tis true he had the hard fortune to kill the Earl of Shrewsbury, but it was upon the greatest provocations in the world: *that he had fought him twice before, and had as often given him his life:* that he had threatened to pistol him, wheresoever he [should] meet him, if he could not fight him:—that for these reasons the King had given him his pardon.

"To the other part of the petition concerning the Lady Shrewsbury, he said, he knew not how far his conversation with that lady was cognizable by that House; but, if that had given offence, she was now gone to a retirement."—A day was appointed for considering the merits of the petition; but the parliament being prorogued on the 25th of the following February, nothing more, I believe, was done in the business.

Three days before the Duke of Buckingham was pardoned for killing Lord Shrewsbury, (Feb. 25, 1667-8,) that nobleman's second, Sir John Talbot, (as I found on

arraigned so great an author for that which was his excellency and his merit; or, if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his errour, and restore to Horace that commendation of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was an *ense rescindendum*; but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entire; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed. Yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced. Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation; but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius, which was sharp and eager; he could not railly, but he could declaim: and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstand-

an examination in the Rolls-chapel,) received a pardon for killing the Duke's second, Mr. William Jenkins; for at that time the seconds in duels regularly engaged, as well as the principals.

Andrew Marvell says in one of his letters, that the Duke had a son by Lady Shrewsbury, who died young, and whom he erroneously calls Earl of Coventry.

ing, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferiour to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace means to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say—he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding.[1] For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given; but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus, to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar, for

[1] Hor. l. 1. sat. v.—vii.

endeavouring to be a King, therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan[2] make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be, puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of King Charles the Second. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, he has no fine palate, who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and, I fear, trivial discourse. Upon the one-half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist. They who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the Dissertation of the learned Rigaltius[3] to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them; yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holyday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; that in

[2] Of "honest Mr. Swan," who doubtless is well known to all proficients in the *Ars Punica*, I have not found any other memorial than what the present passage affords.

[3] In his edition of Juvenal and Persius, printed at Paris in 12mo, 1616.

Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal, to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal; so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other; so difficult is it to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him; and whether it be any dishonour to Horace, to be thus surpassed, since no art or science is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages. If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And to

shew I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

"I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of Satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Symposium. They were figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their outside; but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us, in his Satires, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention: it seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men. But when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly; that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices."

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part: the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

"In these two books of satire, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themselves; to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly

the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

"In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred, in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter; and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to shew the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

"They who endeavour not to correct themselves according to so exact a model, are just like the patients who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure."

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas proposes the rewards of the

foot-race to the three first who should reach the goal :

——— Tres præmia primi
Accipient, flavâque caput nectentur olivâ.

Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns, as first arriving at the goal ; let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire. But after that, with this distinction amongst themselves.

Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto.

Let Juvenal ride first in triumph.

Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis
Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro
Balteus, et tereti subnectit fibula gemmâ.

Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quiver and the arrows, as the badges of his satire ; and the golden belt and the diamond button.

*Tertius Argolico hoc clypeo contentus abito.**

And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages, excepting Boileau and your lordship. ,

And thus I have given the history of Satire, and derived it as far as from Ennius, to your lordship ; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection; which is, with Virgil, in his Address to Augustus,—

* All the copies that I have seen, read—*Argolicâ hâc galeâ.*

——— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,*
Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher; as far as Livius Andronicus, who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year *ab urbe conditâ* CCCCCXIV. I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell,[4] to compute the difference of times betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus, and he assures me from the best chronologers, that PLUTUS, the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens in the year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the year *urbis conditæ*, CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satirical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece; so that An-

[5] Probably Mr. Lewis Maidwell, a schoolmaster, and author of a play called THE GENEROUS ENEMIES, represented at the Duke's Theatre in 1680; the Prologue to which commences with an allusion to our author:

" Who dares be witty now, and with just rage
" Disturb the vice and follies of the age?
" With knaves and fools, satire's a dangerous fault;
" They will not let you rub their sores with salt:
" Else *Rose-street ambuscades* shall break your head,
" And life in verse shall lay the poet dead."

dronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays: he was imitated by Ennius about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables, the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire; according to that description which Juvenal gives of it in his first:

> *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,*
> *Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*

This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern criticks,—that not Ennius, but Andronicus, was the first, who, by the *archæa comedia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his Dissertations on Horace, makes it for me in these words: "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errours, and all things besides which are produced from them in every man, are severely reprehended, partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking, but for the most part figuratively and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech, but partly also in a facetious and civil way of jesting; by which either hatred, or laugh-

ter, or indignation, is moved."—Where, I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem. The clause in the beginning of it, *without a series of action*, distinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius. The rest which follows is also generally belonging to all three, till he comes upon us with the excluding clause,—" consisting in a low familiar way of speech,"—which is the proper character of Horace; and from which the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant. But how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos*[5] of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal, to be circumscribed with the meanness of words and vulgarity of ex-

[5] *Sophos* was an exclamation, by which the auditors at Rome expressed the highest admiration of a poet or orator, when a poem was recited, or speech delivered. It answered to the HEAR HIM! of our House of Commons.

Quod tam grande sophos *clamat tibi turba togata,*
Non tu, Pomponi, *cœna diserta tua est.* MART. vi. 48.

pression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk afoot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who choose to mount, and shew their horsemanship. Holyday is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall as from his Odes to his Satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestick way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it; but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? "which alteration, says Holyday, is to aftertimes as good a warrant as the first." Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneis? certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred; and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar, not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him; and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be, too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be

pleased to prolong my audience, only so far till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first who has discovered to us this important secret in the designing of a perfect satire, —that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme, or at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design; and though there be an under-plot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependant of her's. Mascardi in his Discourse of the *Doppia Favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called Il Pastor Fido; where

Corisca and the Satyr are the under-parts; yet we may observe, that Corisca is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain, that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule—that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept,—*Sit quod vis simplex duntaxat, et unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one, and the second without dependance on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace; and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject.

I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary, because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruits and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius, and not of Horace; and Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satire, is at least in many, written on several occasions; and if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word,

yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several subordinate branches of it, all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it, and with as many precepts as there are members of it, which altogether may complete that *olla*, or hotchpotch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue, and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends: but he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the Sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by shewing how very few who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it; he has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten, that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable

doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the stoick; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect, unless we will except the First, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the PORCH. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice, and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous; or else there is a fundamental errour in the whole design.

I have already declared, who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name, for publick examples of vices and follies; and therefore I will trouble your lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject.—The sort of verse which is called *burlesque*, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras[6] has chosen. I ought to have men-

[6] In the last century the strange fashion of calling Butler by the name of HUDIBRAS, was very general; and what is still more extraordinary, even so late as the year

tioned him before, when I spoke of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need my commendation, and he is above my censure. His satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it; but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire; for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles awkwardly, with a kind of pain to the best sort of readers: we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not, for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master, to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding

1738, Dr. Birch placed the Life of the poet in the GENERAL DICTIONARY, under the title of HUDIBRAS, as if it were his proper name: so that the student who looks for an account of Butler under the first letter of his name, is sure to be disappointed.

faults: we pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse, and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled:[7] as we say of a court-favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroick, to that of eight.[8] This is truly my opinion, for this sort of

[7] It may, I think, well be doubted, whether Butler would have equally excelled in heroick verse; most of what he has left in that kind of metre, though always sensible and often witty, having little of grace or dignity, and his numbers being generally very loose and unharmonious. See his Satire on the abuses and imperfections of human learning, in his REMAINS, vol. i. p. 202.

[8] "The diction of Butler's poem" (says Dr. Johnson,) "is grossly familiar, and the numbers purposely neglected, except in a few places, where the thoughts by their native excellence secure themselves from violation, being such as mean language cannot express. The mode of versification has been blamed by Dryden, who regrets that the heroick measure was not rather chosen. To the critical sentence of Dryden the highest reverence would be due, were not his decisions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wished to change the measure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended that, when the numbers

number is more roomy; the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When

were heroick, the diction should still remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural composition. If he preferred a general stateliness both of sound and words, he can be only understood to wish that Butler had undertaken a different work.

" The measure is quick, spritely, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words and the levity of the sentiments. But such numbers and such diction can gain regard, only when they are used by a writer whose vigour of fancy and copiousness of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornaments, and who, in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away. To another, that conveys common thoughts in careless versification, it will only be said, *Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper*. The meaning and diction will be worthy of each other, and criticism may justly doom them to perish together.

" Nor, even though another Butler should arise, would another Hudibras obtain the same regard. Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural; and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a strange thing; but, when it is no longer strange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice, which by frequent repetition detects itself; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to shew that they can be played." Life of BUTLER.

the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight. In both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tassoni and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the SECCHIA RAPITA, and the LUTRIN: and next them, Merlin Cocaius in his BALDUS.[9] I will speak only of the two former, because the last is written in Latin verse. The SECCHIA RAPITA is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroick verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth; the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestical and severe; but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous

[9] LA SECCHIA RAPITA, or the Rape of the Bucket, by Alessandro Tassoni, (many cantos of which are quite serious,) was first published at Paris in 1622.—Of that poem, and Boileau's LUTRIN, see Warton's Essay on Pope, vol. i. p. 212.—I know not when Merlin Cocaius's poem, entitled BALDUS, first appeared. His MACARONICA was published at Venice in 8vo. in 1573.

LUTRIN. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron[1] with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation; but he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroick verse, and calls it an heroick poem; his subject is trivial,* but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the Fourth of the Æneids:

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres:

which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

Non, ton pere à Paris, ne fut point boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais, l'horloger;
Ta mere ne fut point la maitresse d'un coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs te forma d'une roché:
Une tigresse affreuse, en quelque antre écarté,
Te fit, avec son lait, succer sa cruauté.

And, as Virgil, in his Fourth Georgick, of the Bees, perpetually raises the lowness of his subject by the loftiness of his words, and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires and from monarchs;—

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam;

[1] His VIRGILE TRAVESTI.

* A dispute, where the reading-desk should be placed in a church.—The verses quoted below, from this poem,

and again,

At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domûs, et avi numerantur avorum;—

we see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights, and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my lord, to be the most beautiful and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroick finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordship but this bare hint, in what verse, and in what manner, this sort of satire may be best managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts, which are as requisite in this, as in heroick poetry itself, of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie,[2] he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with

(ch. ii.) Dryden found in the edition of 1673 or 1674; and in 1683 they were rejected by the author.

[2] Sir George Mackenzie, who was one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, died in 1691. His Essays on Moral Subjects, which had been printed separately in his lifetime, were collected and published in 8vo. in 1702.

pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the DAVIDEIS, a heroick poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns, either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius, (without offence to the manes of that noble author,) I mean—Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spencer, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked.* At last I

* It is extraordinary that Dryden should have overlooked the speech of Eve, in the fourth book of PARADISE LOST:

"With thee conversing, I forget all time,
"All seasons, and their change; all please alike;

had recourse to his master, Spencer, the author of that immortal poem called the FAIRY QUEEN;

" Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
" With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
" When first on this delightful land he spreads
" His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
" Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
" After soft show'rs, and sweet the coming on
" Of grateful evening mild: then, silent night
" With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
" And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
" But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
" With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
" On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
" Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
" Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
" With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon:
" Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet."

On these beautiful lines a high encomium has been bestowed in THE TATLER, No. 114, folio, (written by Addison and Steele in conjunction) in which it is observed that " several other passages in Milton, have as *excellent turns* of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever."—In the subsequent paper, among some singular ERRATA, (such as, for *says justly*, r. *expresses himself thus,*) for which the printer is made answerable, the reader is desired to insert the following paragraph, after the lines above quoted, from Milton:

" The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen; which, I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his Preface to Juvenal, that he could meet with no turn of words in Milton."

and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spencer had studied Virgil to as much advantage, as Milton had done Homer; and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther, into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poetry. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties: *delicate, et bien tourné,* are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a masterpiece.

An example of the turn of words, amongst a thousand others, is that, in the last book of Ovid's METAMORPHOSES:

Heu! quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
Alteriusque animantem animantis vivere leto.

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus, in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles;
Qui, dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,
Nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt:
Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant.[3]

[3] In faithless man let maid ne'er more believe,
Whose vows are utter'd only to deceive;

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's EPISTOLÆ HEROIDUM, of Sappho to Phaon:

Si, nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est, nulla futura tua est.

Lastly, a turn, which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgick of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from Hell, on express condition not to look on her, till she was come on earth:

Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem;
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.

I will not burthen your lordship with more of them; for I write to a master, who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties.—I might descend also to the mechanick beauties of heroick verse; but we have yet no English Prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who

In falsehood knowing, practised in disguise,
From truth averse, and disciplin'd in lies:
Who, when inflamed by love's licentious fire,
Eager to gratify their loose desire,
Nor vow, nor oath, nor protestation spare,
Nor scruple aught to promise, or to swear;
But, perjured race! when once they gain their suit,
Of various artifice the dear-bought fruit,
Meanly deny the vows they made before,
Nor heed those promises to which they swore.

are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a publick expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my lord; though in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham; if there be ten righteous lines in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater, part being the work of some gentlemen,[4] who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking, let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the Satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse.[5] The common way which we have taken,

[4] The first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires, were translated by our author; the seventh by his eldest son, Charles; the fourteenth by the younger, John; the eleventh by Congreve, and the thirteenth by Creech. His other coadjutors were, Nahum Tate, (who translated the second and fifteenth satires,) Richard Duke, William Bowles, George Stepney, Stephen Hervey, and Thomas Power.

[5] "The general character of this translation" (says Dr. Johnson) "will be given, when it is said to preserve the

is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of these authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holyday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations,

wit, but to want the dignity, of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected; but his grandeur none of the band seemed to consider as necessary to be imitated, except Creech, who undertook the thirteenth satire. It is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated, some passages excepted, which will never be excelled."

How happily Juvenal's work might be adapted to modern times, Johnson has himself shewn in his admirable imitations of the third and tenth Satires, the most exquisite performances of that kind in our language. He appears to have intended to imitate more of these Satires, a scheme which it is much to be regretted he did not execute. "I remember, (says Mr. Boswell,) when I once regretted to him, that he had not given us more of Juvenal's Satires, he said he probably should give more, for he had them all in his head; by which I understood, that he had the originals and corresponding allusions floating in his mind, which he could, when he pleased, embody and render permanent, without much labour. Some of them, however, he observed, were too gross for imitation." Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 168.

not only Juvenal and Persius, but what yet is more obscure, his own verses might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars; we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense, who not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be criticks in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the publick all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors, Holyday and Stapylton, yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done: for oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words or thought. Thus Holyday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal, but the poetry has always escaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction, must yet allow, that without the means of pleasure the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy: a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet. Neither Holyday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were,[6] yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetick part.

The English verse, which we call heroick, consists of no more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as for example, this verse in Virgil:

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line, betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyl is a more frequent foot in hexameters, than the spondee. But Holyday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse,

[6] Our author has not here expressed himself with his usual accuracy. He should have written—"Nor, had they been poets, as neither of them were, *was it possible* for them, in the way they took, to have succeeded in the poetick part."

endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition, was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty; and by that means he arrived at his pedantick end, which was to make a literal translation. His verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen and worse-sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author: so that Holyday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holyday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear

in a poetick dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English; and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken, had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy betwixt their customs and ours, or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we gave him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it.[7] For to speak sincerely, the

[7] To attempt to defend this kind of innovation, would indeed shew great want of judgment; for it is a ground perfectly untenable. The intermixing and confounding the manners and customs of different ages and countries, cannot but disgust the judicious, and must always perplex and mislead the less informed, reader.—Thus, to mention one out of many instances, if the inquiry were, when the practice of castration, *for the purpose of improving the voice*, first commenced, the inquirer would naturally suppose that it was common in the time of Juvenal, on reading these lines of Dryden's version of the tenth Satire:

> "We never read of such a tyrant king,
> "Who gelt a boy deform'd, *to hear him sing*."

But on examining the original, we find it furnishes us with no proof whatsoever on this subject, and that our author, when he translated these lines, was thinking of modern, not ancient, Italy; for Juvenal only says, that *no tyrant ever emasculated a deformed youth*. So that it

manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded; we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged; and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shewn in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed; with great confusion, for having entertained you so long with this discourse, and for having no other recompense to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow undertakers in this work; and the thankful acknowledgements, prayers, and perpetual good wishes of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged, most humble, and

Most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.[8]

appears, while the translator endeavoured to give a decorous turn to the passage, he introduced a custom, not only not mentioned by Juvenal, but probably unknown in that age.

[8] The great advantage derived from following the first edition of a work, (unless where the author has himself made any change,) cannot be too frequently mentioned: and, indeed, is the more necessary to be insisted on, because it is a common practice with booksellers, when they

reprint any piece, to make the last edition, with all its accumulated errours, their archetype, instead of the first.—In the modern editions of our author's Discourse on Satire, the following gross errours may be found, which have been here avoided, by following the original folio copy, published in 1693.

In the octavo edition of 1697, and all subsequent, the author is made thus to express himself:

"For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least have made them exceed the Turks in number, *that* he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease," &c.—Here, by the insertion of the word *that*, the passage is rendered nonsense. See p. 102.

In p. 103, all the editions but the first, read—"The perusing of one chapter in the prophecy of Daniel, &c. would *have the* ministry of angels as strong an engine,"—instead of the true reading—"would have *made* the ministry of angels," &c. So, instead of—"this satyrick tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblance in any *of their* features," (p. 127) we find in all the modern editions—"have little resemblance in any *other* features:" and in p. 129—"they are not *a* general extension," instead of—they are not *of* general extension.

A few pages afterwards, in the octavo copy of 1697, a material errour occurs, which has been implicitly followed in all the subsequent editions: "During the space of four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the *state*." The true reading—"of the *stage*," (p. 132) is furnished by the first copy.—And in p. 197, instead of the passage as it now stands, we find in all the modern copies, —"To make his figures intelligible, &c. is no *greater* matter."

For the correction of one manifest errour of the press,

which escaped our author in the original copy, I am answerable.

In the passage translated from Dacier, (p. 130) the folio reads—"It is thus, says Dacier, we *lay* a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, &c.; but our author without doubt wrote—"It is thus - - - we *say* a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture;" as is evident from Dacier's own words, to which I referred: "*C'est ainsi qu'ils ont* dit *satur color, quand la laine a bien pris la couleur*, &c."

By way of supplement to this Discourse, I subjoin a letter written by Mr. Creech to our author's bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who appears to have requested him to draw up a chronological table of the Satires of Juvenal, arranged in the order in which they were written. It is copied from the original, now in the possession of William Baker, Esq., representative in parliament for Hertfordshire. The writer has omitted a date; but the letter was probably written in the end of the year 1692, not long before the translation was published.

"SIR,

"After I had drawn up ye greatest part of ye tables, I showd them to some friends; who likt ye design well enough, if ye author would have born it. But chronology makes strange work in Juvenal, which I did not observe before I had taken out ye particulars, and put them in their order. ffor Juvenal composed his Satyrs after this manner. He wrote a great many little Satyrs, which he kept private, either for his own satisfaction or for ye diversion of his friends. Afterwards, w^n^ it was fit for him to appear in publick, he put his scattered verses under several heads, and compild these Satyrs as we now have them. Hence it comes to pass y^t^ he observes no order of time. The first verses ever Juvenal made are now read in ye seventh Satyr. He begins a Satyr with one

prince, and ends it with his predecessor.—But the worst is, y^t^ now and then he brings in persons discourseing upon some certain occafion, when 'tis evident y^t^ when y^t^ thing happened which gave occasion to y^t^ discourse, some of the persons were dead. Yet a greater inconvenience, if possible, than the former, we now and then meet with; ffor he gives the same name to persons of quite different characters. Thus, MATHO is a villanous rich lawyer in one Satyr, and an honest poor good pleader in another. So y^t^ 'tis impossible to put him into any order; and such an attempt would certainly do ye book a great deal of injury; for such tables would discover what is now thought upon to be history, to be meer fiction and romance, and y^t^ too untowardly put together.

"Besides all this, since I had only ye Latin to draw ye tables by, no reference could be made to ye pages; several matters and names would be mentioned, which cannot be found in ye English, and so ye whole seem absurd, and altogether useless. ffor these reasons I send you no tables, for I would not willingly take pains to do your book an injury.

"Mr. Burghers came to me on Saturday, and told me he had a design (in which as he describes it there is nothing extraordinary): he could not promise it in less than three weeks, and so I desired him not to proceed. I am sorry for ye disappointment; but I hope 'twill do you no injury.

I am

Yours,

All Souls, Sunday. THO. CREECH."

THE
CHARACTER OF POLYBIUS:

FIRST PRINTED IN OCTAVO, IN 1692.

THE

CHARACTER OF POLYBIUS,

AND

HIS WRITINGS.[9]

THE worthy author of this translation,[1] who is very much my friend, was pleased to entrust it in my hands for many months together, before he

[9] This Essay was prefixed to an English translation of Polybius, by Sir Henry Sheers, in two volumes, 8vo. which appear from Motteux's GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL, to have been published in the latter end of the year 1692, though the title-page, according to the custom of booksellers, is dated 1693.

[1] Of Sir Henry Sheers, Knight, I have been able to obtain but few memorials, beside those furnished by himself and by our author. He appears, from his preface, to have been a military officer; for he tells us that he trusts "his defects as a translator, may in some degree be supplied by the long conversation he had in those matters which are principally treated by Polybius." ---- "It is an employment (he adds) wherein he who performs best, trafficks for small gain, and it would be unfair and unconscionable to make the loss more than the adventure; and at the worst, it having been rather a diversion than a task, helping me to while away a few winter hours, which is some recreation to one who has led a life of action and

published it, desiring me to review the English, and to correct what I found amiss; which he needed not have done, if his modesty would have

business; and whose humour and fortune suit not with the pleasures of the town. Wherefore I shall have little cause of complaint, if my well-meaning in consenting to its publication be not so well received: I have been worse treated by the world, to which I am as little indebted as most men, who have spent near thirty years in publick trusts; wherein I laboured, and wasted my youth and the vigour of my days, more to the service of my country, and the impairment of my health, than the improvement of my fortune; having stood the mark of envy, slander, and hard usage, without gleaning the least of those advantages, which use to be the anchor-hold and refuge of such as wrongfully or otherwise suffer the stroke of censure."

Mr. Moyle, speaking of this translation, in a letter to his friend, Antony Hammond, dated Jan. 14, 1698-9, says, "I am sorry our acquaintance, Sir Henry Sheers, who has given the English world a translation of Polybius, understood French so well, and Greek so ill; but I will say no more." Sir Henry, indeed, candidly owns in his preface, that "he had no warrant to undertake this task *from any depth of learning*."—The excellent translation of this author by Mr. Hampton, has long since converted the former version into waste paper.

Sir Henry Sheers published in 1698 an "Essay on the Certainty and Causes of the Earth's Motion on its Axis;" and in 1705, "A Discourse concerning the Mediterranean Sea, &c." He also translated some of the Dialogues of Lucian, 8vo. 1711: and among the Sloanian MSS. in the British Museum, N° 3828, art. 19, contains his "Directions about Building, addressed to Lord Nottingham."

given him leave to have relied on his own abilities, who is so great a master of our style and language, as the world will acknowledge him to be, after the reading of this excellent version.

It is true that Polybius has formerly appeared in an English dress,[2] but under such a cloud of errours in his first translation, that his native beauty was not only hidden, but his sense perverted in many places; so that he appeared unlike himself, and unworthy of that esteem which has always been paid him by antiquity, as the most sincere, the clearest, and most instructive of all historians. He is now not only redeemed from those mistakes, but also restored to the first purity of his conceptions; and the style in which he now speaks is as plain and unaffected as that he wrote. I had only the pleasure of reading him in a fair manuscript, without the toil of alteration; at least it was so very inconsiderable, that it only cost me the dash of a pen in some few places, and those of very small importance. So much had the care, the diligence, and

—He died in or before the year 1713, his library being advertized in the GUARDIAN, N° 82, to be sold on the 17th of June in that year, at a shop in the *inner walk at the east end of Exeter Exchange, the price being marked in each book.* This mode of sale, which is now so common, has subsisted, therefore, from the early part of this century. These books, however, (which are said to have belonged to Sir Henry Sheers, *deceased,)* were sold by a written, not a printed, catalogue.

[2] By E. Grimeston; folio, 1634.

exactness of my friend prevented my trouble, that he left me not the occasion of serving him, in a work which was already finished to my hands. I doubt not but the reader will approve my judgment. So happy it is for a good author to fall into the hands of a translator, who is of a genius like his own; who has added experience to his natural abilities; who has been educated in business of several kinds; has travelled, like his author, into many parts of the world, and some of them the same with the present scene of history; has been employed in business of the like nature with Polybius, and like him is perfectly acquainted not only with the terms of the mathematicks, but has searched into the bottom of that admirable science, and reduced into practice the most useful rules of it, to his own honour, and the benefit of his native country; who, besides these advantages, possesses the knowlege of shipping and navigation; and, in few words, is not ignorant of any thing that concerns the tacticks: so that here, from the beginning, we are sure of finding nothing that is not thoroughly understood. The expression is clear, and the words adequate to the subject. Nothing in the matter will be mistaken; nothing of the terms will be misapplied: all is natural and proper; and he who undertands good sense and English, will be profited by the first, and delighted with the latter. This is what may be justly said in commendation of the translator, and without the note of flattery to a friend.

As for his author, I shall not be ashamed to copy from the learned Casaubon, (who has translated him into Latin,)[3] many things which I had not from my own small reading, and which I could not, without great difficulty, have drawn but from his fountain, not omitting some which came casually in my way, by reading the Preface of the Abbot Pichon to the Dauphin's TACITUS, an admirable and most useful work; which helps I ingenuously profess to have received from them, both to clear myself from being a plagiary of their writings, and to give authority, by their names, to the weakness of my own performance.

The taking of Constantinople by Mahomet the Great fell into the latter times of Pope Nicholas the Fifth;[4] a Pope not only studious of good

[3] Casaubon's edition was first printed at Paris in folio, in 1609.

[4] "The fame of Nicholas the Fifth [who sat in the papal chair from 1447 to 1455,] has not (says Mr. Gibbon,—"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vi. 429, 4to.) been adequate to his merits. From a plebeian origin, he raised himself by his virtue and learning: the character of the man prevailed over the interest of the Pope; and he sharpened those weapons which were soon pointed against the Roman church. He had been the friend of the most eminent scholars of the age; he became their patron; and such was the humility of his manners, that the change was scarcely discernible either to them or to himself. If he pressed the acceptance of a liberal gift, it was not as the measure of desert, but as the proof of benevolence; and when modest merit declined

letters, and particularly of history, but also a great encourager of it in others. From the dreadful overthrow of that city, and final subversion of the

his bounty, 'Accept it,' would he say, with a consciousness of his own worth; 'you will not always have a Nicholas among ye.' The influence of the holy see pervaded Christendom; and he exerted that influence in the search, not of benefices, but of books. From the ruins of the Byzantine libraries, from the darkest monasteries of Germany and Britain, he collected the dusty manuscripts of the writers of antiquity; and wherever the original could not be removed, a faithful copy was transcribed and transmitted for his use. The Vatican, the old repository for bulls and legends, for superstition and forgery, was daily replenished with more precious furniture; and such was the industry of Nicholas, that in a reign of eight years, he formed a library of five thousand volumes. To his munificence, the Latin world was indebted for the versions of Xenophon, Diodorus, Polybius, Thucydides, Herodotus, and Appian; of Strabo's Geography; of the Iliad; of the most valuable works of Plato and Aristotle; of Ptolemy and Theophrastus, and of the fathers of the Greek church. The example of the Roman pontiff was preceded or imitated by a Florentine merchant, who governed the republick without arms, and without a title. Cosmo of Medicis was the father of a line of princes, whose name and age are almost synonymous with the restoration of learning: his credit was ennobled into fame; his riches were dedicated to the service of mankind; he corresponded at once with Cairo and London; and a cargo of Indian spices and Greek books was imported in the same vessel. The genius and education of his grandson, Lorenzo, rendered him not only a patron, but a judge and candidate in the literary race. In his

Greek empire, many learned men escaped, and brought over with them into Italy that treasure of ancient authors,* which by their unhappiness we now possess; and amongst the rest, some of these remaining fragments of Polybius. The body of

palace, distress was entitled to relief, and merit to reward; his leisure hours were delightfully spent in the Platonick Academy: he encouraged the emulation of Demetrius Chalcocondyles and Angelo Politian; and his active missionary, Janus Lascaris, returned from the East with a treasure of two hundred manuscripts, fourscore of which were as yet unknown in the libraries of Europe. The rest of Italy was animated by a similar spirit, and the progress of the nation repaid the liberality of the princes. The Latins held the exclusive property of their own literature; and these disciples of Greece were soon capable of transmitting and improving the lessons which they had imbibed. After a short succession of foreign teachers, the tide of emigration subsided; but the language of Constantinople was spread beyond the Alps; and the natives of France, Germany, and England, imparted to their country the sacred fire which they had kindled in the schools of Florence and Rome."

Many of the Greek manuscripts sent by Lascaris into Italy, (says Aldus, in his preface to the Greek Orators, apud Hodium, p. 249,—the quotation is Mr. Gibbon's,) "latebant in Atho monte Thraciæ. Eas Lascaris ---- in Italiam reportavit. Miserat enim ipsum Laurentius ille Medices in Græciam ad inquirendum simul et quantovis emendos pretio bonos libros."—It is remarkable enough that the research was facilitated by Sultan Bajazet the Second.

* Unfortunately, however, by the demolition of the Byzantine libraries, one hundred and twenty thousand manuscripts were either destroyed or disappeared.

this history, as he left it finished, was consisting of forty books, of which the Eighth Part[5] is only remaining to us entire. As for his negociations, when he was sent Ambassador either from his own countrymen,[6] the commonwealth of the Achaians, or afterwards was employed by the Romans, on their business with other nations, we are obliged to Constantine the Great, for their preservation; for that Emperor was so much in love with the dexterous management and wisdom of our author, that he caused them all to be faithfully transcribed,

[5] That is, the first five books.

[6] Polybius was born at Megalapolis in Arcadia, in the fourth year of the 143d Olympiad, in the year of Rome 549, and about 205 years before Christ. He is supposed to have gone to Rome A. U. C. 586, and to have there written his History. About the year of Rome 625, after the death of his friend, the younger Scipio, (whom he accompanied to Carthage in 607, when that city was utterly destroyed,) he returned to his native country, where he died in consequence of a fall from his horse, in the eighty-second year of his age, in the 164th Olympiad, A. U. C. 631.

Though his style has been censured by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, it has been suggested that a theological student might derive considerable advantage from attending particularly to his diction, independent of his great excellence as an historian. A Dutch translator of the New Testament is said, previous to his undertaking, to have very diligently read this author, as throwing much light on its phraseology; and it has been observed that St. Paul, in particular, frequently uses words and phrases that occur in the writings of Polybius.

and made frequent use of them in his own despatches and affairs with foreign princes, as his best guides in his concernments with them.

Polybius, as you will find in reading of him, though he principally intended the history of the Romans, and the establishment of their empire over the greatest part of the world which was then known, yet had in his eye the general history of the times in which he lived, not forgetting either the wars of his own country with their neighbours of Etolia, or the concurrent affairs of Macedonia and the provinces of Greece (which is properly so called); nor the monarchies of Asia and Egypt, nor the republick of the Carthaginians, with the several traverses of their fortunes, either in relation to the Romans, or independent to the wars which they waged with them; besides what happened in Spain and Sicily, and other European countries. The time which is taken up in this history consists of three and fifty years;[7] and the greatest part of it is employed in the description of those events of which the author was an eye-witness, or bore a considerable part in the conduct of them. But in what particular time or age it was, when mankind received that irrecoverable loss of this noble history, is not certainly delivered to us. It

[7] The History of Polybius (exclusive of his preliminary review) commences in the 140th Olympiad, A. U. C. 533, with the second Punick war, and extended to the year of Rome, 585, when the Macedonian empire was overthrown, and Perses brought captive to Rome.

appears to have been perfect in the reign of Constantine,[8] by what I have already noted; and neither Casaubon, nor any other, can give us any further account concerning it.

The first attempt towards a translation of him was by command of the same Pope Nicholas, the Fifth, already mentioned, who esteemed him the prince of Greek historians; would have him continually in his hands; and used to make this judgment of him;—that if he yielded to one or two in the praise of eloquence, yet in wisdom and all other accomplishments belonging to a perfect historian, he was at least equal to any other writer, Greek or Roman, and perhaps excelled them all. This is the author, who is now offered to us in our mother tongue, recommended by the nobility of his birth, by his institution in arts and sciences, by his knowledge in natural and moral philosophy, and particularly the politicks; by his being conversant both in the arts of peace and war; by his education under his father Lycortas, who voluntarily deposed himself from his sovereignty of Megalopolis, to become a principal member of the Achaian commonwealth, which then flourished under the management of Aratus; by his friendship with Scipio Africanus, who subdued Carthage, to whom he was both a companion and a

[8] Cæsar Bryennius is supposed to have had a perfect copy of Polybius in the beginning of the twelfth century.

counsellor;[9]—and by the good-will, esteem, and intimacy which he had with several princes of Asia, Greece, and Egypt, during his life; and after his decease, by deserving the applause and approbation of all succeeding ages.

This author, so long neglected in the barbarous times of Christianity, and so little known in Europe, (according to the fate which commonly follows the best of writers,) was pulled from under the rubbish which covered him, by the learned Bishop, Nicholas the Fifth; and some parts of his history (for with all his diligence he was not able to recover the whole,) were by him recommended to a person knowing both in the Greek and Roman tongues, and learned for the times in which he lived, to be translated into Latin; and, to the honour of our Polybius, he was amongst the first

[9] Scipio Africanus, the younger, the son of Lucius Paulus Æmilius; who was adopted by Publius Cornelius Scipio, the only son of P. C. Scipio Africanus, the elder. The younger Scipio Africanus, who is sometimes also (from his father) called Æmilianus, was born about the year of Rome 569, and is supposed to have died in his 56th year, A. U. C. 625: "Vir avitis Publii Africani, paternisque Lucii Pauli virtutibus, simillimus; omnibus belli ac togæ dotibus, ingeniique ac studiorum, eminentissimus seculi sui."

To have been the intimate friend of a man, on whom the best writers of antiquity have bestowed unbounded praise, and of whom Velleius Paterculus in particular has said —"nihil in vitâ nisi laudandum, aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit," must ever reflect the highest honour on Polybius.

of the Greek writers, who deserved to have this care bestowed on him. Which notwithstanding, so many hindrances occurred in this attempt, that the work was not perfected in his popedom, neither was any more than a third part of what is now recovered, in his hands; neither did that learned Italian,[1] who had undertaken him, succeed very happily in that endeavour; for the perfect knowlege of the Greek language was not yet restored, and that translator was but as a one-eyed man amongst the nation of the blind; only suffered, till a better could be found, to do right to an author, whose excellence required a more just interpreter than the ignorance of that age afforded. And this gives me occasion to admire, (says Casaubon,) that in following times, when eloquence was redeemed, and the knowlege of the Greek language flourished, yet no man thought of pursuing that design, which was so worthily begun in those first rudiments of learning. Some indeed of almost every nation in Europe have been instrumental in the recovery of several lost parts of our Polybius, and commented on them with good success; but no man before Casaubon had reviewed the first translation, corrected its errours, and put the last hand to its accomplishment. The world is therefore beholding[2] to him for this great work;

[1] Nicolò Perotti, who published a Latin version of Polybius in 1473.

[2] Our author and his contemporaries use this word thus ungrammatically, instead of *beholden*; as Shakspeare

for he has collected into one their scattered fragments, has pieced them together, according to the natural order in which they were written; made them intelligible to scholars, and rendered the French translator's task more easy to his hands.

Our author is particularly mentioned with great honour by Cicero, Strabo, Josephus, and Plutarch; and in what rank of writers they are placed, none of the learned need to be informed. He is copied in whole books together by Livy, commonly esteemed the Prince of the Roman History, and translated word for word; though the Latin historian is not to be excused, for not mentioning the man to whom he had been so much obliged, nor for taking as his own, the worthy labours of another. Marcus Brutus, who preferred the freedom of his country to the obligations which he had to Julius Cæsar, so prized Polybius, that he made a Compendium of his Works; and read him not only for his instruction, but for the diversion of his grief, when his noble enterprize for the restoration of the commonwealth had not found the success which it deserved. And this is not the least commendation of our author, that he, who was not wholly satisfied with the eloquence of Tully, should epitomize Polybius with his own

and the authors of his age had done before him. In my edition of Shakspeare's Works, therefore, I have exhibited the word as it is found in the most authentick copies of that poet, and as it stands here, conceiving that an editor has no right to correct his author's errours.

hand.[3] It was on the consideration of Brutus, and the veneration which he paid him, that Constantine the Great took so great a pleasure in reading our author, and collecting the several treaties of his embassies; of which, though many are now lost, yet those which remain are a sufficient testimony of his abilities; and I congratulate my country that a prince of our extraction (as was Constantine,) has the honour of obliging the Christian world by these remainders of our great historian.

It is now time to enter into the particular

[3] Plutarch tells us, that Brutus was thus employed the day before the battle of Pharsalia. "It was the middle of summer; the heats were intense, the marshy situation of the camp disagreeable, and his tent-bearers were long in coming. Nevertheless, though extremely harassed and fatigued, he did not anoint himself till noon; and then taking a morsel of bread, while others were at rest, or musing on the event of the ensuing day, he employed himself till the evening in writing an epitome of Polybius."

The battle of Pharsalia was fought A. U. C. 705, at which time Brutus was thirty-seven years old: for Cicero informs us that he was born ten years after Hortensius began to plead; that is, in 668.—I know not whether it has been observed, that this circumstance renders it somewhat improbable that Julius Cæsar should have been his father; for Cæsar was then but fourteen years old. Julius himself, however, from his dying exclamation, appears to have thought him his son, and Valerius Maximus calls him a *parricide*.—I have lately read in manuscript a curious dissertation on the character of Brutus, by the late Mr. Gibbon, which I hope will soon be made publick.

praises of Polybius, which I have given you before in gross; and the first of them (following the method of Casaubon,) is his wonderful skill in political affairs. I had read him in English, with the pleasure of a boy, before I was ten years of age; and yet, even then, had some dark notions of the prudence with which he conducted his design, particularly in making me know, and almost see, the places where such and such actions were performed. This was the first distinction which I was then capable of making betwixt him and other historians which I read early. But when being of a riper age, I took him again into my hands, I must needs say that I have profited more by reading him than by Thucydides, Appian, Dion Cassius, and all the rest of the Greek historians together; and amongst all the Romans, none have reached him in this particular but Tacitus, who is equal with him.

It is wonderful to consider with how much care and application he instructs, counsels, warns, admonishes, and advises, whensoever he can find a fit occasion. He performs all these sometimes in the nature of a common parent of mankind; and sometimes also limits his instructions to particular nations, by a friendly reproach of those failings and errours to which they were most obnoxious. In this last manner he gives instructions to the Mantinæans, the Elæans, and several other provinces of Greece, by informing them of such things as were conducing to their welfare. Thus he likewise warns the Romans of their obstinacy and

wilfulness, vices which have often brought them to the brink of ruin. And thus he frequently exhorts the Greeks in general not to depart from their dependence on the Romans, nor to take false measures by embroiling themselves in wars with that victorious people, in whose fate it was to be masters of the universe. But as his peculiar concernment was for the safety of his own countrymen, the Achaians, he more than once insinuates to them the care of their preservation, which consisted in submitting to the yoke of the Roman people, which they could not possibly avoid; and to make it easy to them, by a cheerful compliance with their commands, rather than unprofitably to oppose them with the hazard of those remaining privileges which the clemency of the conquerors had left them. For this reason, in the whole course of his history he makes it his chiefest business to persuade the Grecians in general, that the growing greatness and fortune of the Roman empire was not owing to mere chance, but to the conduct and invincible courage of that people, to whom their own virtue gave the dominion of the world. And yet this counsellor of patience and submission, as long as there was any probability of hope remaining to withstand the progress of the Roman fortune, was not wanting to the utmost of his power to resist them, at least to defer the bondage of his country, which he had long foreseen. But the fates inevitably drawing all things into subjection to Rome, this well-deserving citizen

was commanded to appear in that city,[4] where he suffered the imprisonment of many years; yet even then his virtue was beneficial to him, the knowlege of his learning and his wisdom procuring him the friendship of the most potent in the senate; so that it may be said with Casaubon, that the same virtue which had brought him into distress, was the very means of his relief, and of his exaltation to greater dignities than those which he lost; for by the intercession of Cato the Censor, Scipio Æmilianus, who afterwards destroyed Carthage, and some other principal noblemen, our Polybius was restored to liberty. After which, having set it down as a maxim that the welfare of the Achaians consisted, as I have said, in breaking their own stubborn inclinations, and yielding up that freedom which they no longer could maintain, he made it the utmost aim of his endeavours to bring over his countrymen to that persuasion; in which, though to their misfortunes, his counsels were not prevalent, yet thereby he not only proved himself a good patriot, but also made his fortunes with the Romans. For his countrymen, by their own unpardonable fault, not long afterwards drew on themselves their own destruction; for when

[4] After the conquest of Macedonia, the Achaians were compelled by their haughty conquerors to send one thousand persons to Rome, either as a punishment for the perseverance with which they had defended their country, or under a pretence that they had formed a conspiracy to shake off the yoke of bondage. Among these went Polybius, in the year of Rome 586.

Mummius, in the Achaian war, made a final conquest of that country, he dissolved the great council of their commonwealth.[5] But in the mean time, Polybius enjoyed that tranquillity of fortune which he had purchased by his wisdom; in that private state, being particularly dear to Scipio and Lælius, and some of the rest who were then in the administration of the Roman government. And that favour which he had gained amongst them he employed not in heaping riches to himself, but as a means of performing many considerable actions; as particularly when Scipio was sent to demolish Carthage,[6] he went along with him in the nature of a counsellor and companion of his enterprize. At which time, receiving the command of a fleet from him, he made discoveries in many parts of the Atlantick Ocean, and especially on the shores of Africa; and[7] doing many good offices to all sorts of people whom he had power to oblige, especially to the Grecians, who, in honour of their benefactor, caused many statues of him to be erected, as Pausanias has written. The particular gratitude of the Locrians in Italy is also an undeniable witness of this truth; who, by his mediation being discharged from the burden of taxes which oppressed them, through the hardship of those conditions which the Romans had imposed on them in the treaty of

[5] A. U. C. 608.

[6] A. U. C. 607.

[7] The word *and* renders this passage ungrammatical: if it were omitted, all would be right.

peace, professed themselves to be owing for their lives and fortunes to the only interest and good nature of Polybius, which they took care to express by all manner of acknowledgement.

Yet as beneficent as he was, the greatest obligement which he could lay on human kind, was the writing of this present history; wherein he has left a perpetual monument of his publick love to all the world in every succeeding age of it, by giving us such precepts as are most conducing to our common safety and our benefit. This philanthropy (which we have not a proper word in English to express,) is every-where manifest in our author; and from hence proceeded that divine rule which he gave to Scipio,—that whensoever he went abroad, he should take care not to return to his own house, before he had acquired a friend by some new obligement. To this excellency of nature we owe the treasure which is contained in this most useful work: this is the standard by which all good and prudent princes ought to regulate their actions. None have more need of friends than monarchs; and though ingratitude is too frequent in the most of those who are obliged, yet encouragement will work on generous minds; and if the experiment be lost on thousands, yet it never fails on all: and one virtuous man in a whole nation is worth the buying, as one diamond is worth the search in a heap of rubbish. But a narrow-hearted prince, who thinks that mankind is made for him alone, puts his subjects in a way

of deserting him on the first occasion ;[8] and teaches them to be as sparing of their duty, as he is of his bounty. He is sure of making enemies, who will not be at the cost of rewarding his friends and servants; and by letting his people see he loves them not, instructs them to live upon the square with him, and to make him sensible in his turn, that prerogatives are given, but privileges are inherent. As for tricking, cunning, and that which in sovereigns they call king-craft, and reason of state in commonwealths, to them and their proceedings Polybius is an open enemy. He severely reproves all faithless practices, and that κακοπραγμόσυνη, or vicious policy, which is too frequent in the management of the publick. He commends nothing but plainness, sincerity, and the common good, undisguised, and set in a true light before the people. Not but that there may be a necessity of saving a nation, by going beyond the letter of the law, or even sometimes by superseding it; but then that necessity must not be artificial,—it must be visible, it must be strong enough to make the remedy not only pardoned, but desired, to* the major part of the people;

[8] Was our author here thinking of King James the Second? He certainly considered his subjects as *made for him alone*; and being once told that something which he had ordered to be done was against law, replied,—"That may be, but do you not know that I am above the law?"

* Here Shakspeare, Chapman, &c. (see p. 288. n. 7.) if they could read this page, might exclaim, "what strange *improper English* is this? The author should

not for the interest only of some few men, but for the publick safety: for otherwise, one infringement of a law draws after it the practice of subverting all the liberties of a nation, which are only entrusted with any government, but can never be given up to it. The best way to distinguish betwixt a pretended necessity and a true, is to observe if the remedy be rarely applied, or frequently; in times of peace, or times of war and publick distractions, which are the most usual causes of sudden necessities. From hence Casaubon infers, that this our author, who preaches virtue, and probity, and plaindealing, ought to be studied principally by Kings and ministers of state; and that youth, which are bred up to succeed in the management of business, should read him carefully, and imbibe him thoroughly, detesting the maxims that are given by Machiavel and others, which are only the instruments of tyranny. Furthermore, (continues he,) the study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth; as on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowlege, and the cement of all societies; and this is one of the most shining qualities in our author.

have written—*of* the major part, &c." The mere modern of the present day, on the other hand, will insist—that *by* should be substituted for *to*. The sober inquirer meanwhile may observe, that every age has its own peculiar phraseology.

I was so strongly persuaded of this myself, in the perusal of the present history, that I confess, amongst all the ancients I never found any who had the air of it so much; and amongst the moderns, none but Philip de Commines. They had this common to them, that they both changed their masters. But Polybius changed not his side, as Philip did: he was not bought off to another party, but pursued the true interest of his country, even when he served the Romans. Yet since truth, as one of the philosophers has told me, lies in the bottom of a well, so it is hard to draw it up: much pains, much diligence, much judgment is necessary to hand it us; even cost is oftentimes required; and Polybius was wanting in none of these.

We find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth: it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the publick; by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity. But Polybius weighed the authors from whom he was forced to borrow the history of the times immediately preceding his, and oftentimes corrected them, either by comparing them each with other, or by the lights which he had received from ancient men of known integrity amongst the Romans, who had been conversant in those affairs which were then managed, and were yet living to instruct him. He also learned the Roman tongue, and attained to that knowlege of their laws, their rights, their

customs and antiquities, that few of their own citizens understood them better: having gained permission from the senate to search the Capitol, he made himself familiar with their records, and afterwards translated them into his mother-tongue. So that he taught the noblemen of Rome their own municipal laws, and was accounted more skilful in them than Fabius Pictor, a man of the senatorian order, who wrote the transactions of the Punick wars. He who neglected none of the laws of history, was so careful of truth, (which is the principal,) that he made it his whole business to deliver nothing to posterity which might deceive them; and by that diligence and exactness may easily be known to be studious of truth, and a lover of it. What therefore Brutus thought worthy to transcribe with his own hand out of him, I need not be ashamed to copy after him: "I believe, (says Polybius,) that Nature herself has constituted truth as the supreme deity, which is to be adored by mankind, and that she has given it greater force than any of the rest; for being opposed, as she is on all sides, and appearances of truth so often passing for the thing itself, in behalf of plausible falsehoods, yet by her wonderful operation she insinuates herself into the minds of men; sometimes exerting her strength immediately, and sometimes lying hid in darkness for length of time; but at last she struggles through it, and appears triumphant over falsehood." This sincerity Polybius preferred to all his friends, and even to his father: "In all other

offices of life, (says he,) I praise a lover of his friends, and of his native country; but in writing history, I am obliged to devest myself of all other obligations, and sacrifice them all to truth."

Aratus, the Sicyonian, in the childhood of our author, was the chief of the Achaian commonwealth; a man in principal esteem, both in his own country and all the provinces of Greece; admired universally for his probity, his wisdom, his just administration, and his conduct; in remembrance of all which, his grateful countrymen, after his decease, ordained him those honours which are only due to heroes. Him our Polybius had in veneration, and formed himself by imitation of his virtues; and is never wanting in his commendations through the course of his history. Yet even this man, when the cause of truth required it, is many times reproved by him for his slowness in counsel, his tardiness in the beginning of his enterprizes, his tedious and more than Spanish deliberations; and his heavy and cowardly proceedings are as freely blamed by our Polybius, as they were afterwards by Plutarch, who questionless drew his character from this history. In plain terms, that wise general scarce ever performed any great action but by night: the glittering of a sword before his face was offensive to his eyes: our author therefore boldly accuses him of his faint-heartedness; attributes the defeat at Caphiæ wholly to him; and is not sparing to affirm, that all Peloponnesus was filled with trophies, which were set up as the monuments of his losses. He

sometimes praises, and at other times condemns the proceedings of Philip, King of Macedon, the son of Demetrius, according to the occasions which he gave him by the variety and inequality of his conduct; and this most exquisite on either side. He more than once arraigns him for the inconstancy of his judgment, and chapters even his own Aratus on the same head; shewing by many examples, produced from their actions, how many miseries they had both occasioned to the Grecians; and attributing it to the weakness of human nature, which can make nothing perfect. But some men are brave in battle, who are weak in counsel, which daily experience sets before our eyes; others deliberate wisely, but are weak in the performing part; and even no man is the same to-day, which he was yesterday, or may be to-morrow. On this account, says our author, "A good man is sometimes liable to blame, and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended." And for this very reason he severely taxes Timæus, a malicious historian, who will allow no kind of virtue to Agathocles, the tyrant of Sicily, but detracts from all his actions, even the most glorious, because in general he was a vicious man. "Is it to be thought, (says Casaubon,) that Polybius loved the memory of Agathocles, the tyrant, or hated that of the virtuous Aratus?" But it is one thing to commend a tyrant, and another thing to overpass in silence those laudable actions which are performed by him; because it argues an author of the same falsehood, to pretermit what has actually been

done, as to feign those actions which have never been.

It will not be unprofitable in this place to give another famous instance of the candour and integrity of our historian. There had been an ancient league betwixt the republick of Achaia and the Kings of Egypt, which was entertained by both parties, sometimes on the same conditions, and sometimes also the confederacy was renewed on other terms. It happened in the 148th Olympiad[9], that Ptolomy Epiphanes on this occasion sent one Demetrius, his ambassador to the commonwealth of Achaia. That republick was then ruinously divided into two factions, whereof the heads on one side were Philopœmen, and Lycortas, the father of our author; of the adverse party, the chief was Aristænus, with some other principal Achaians. The faction of Philopœmen was prevalent in the council, for renewing the confederacy with the King of Egypt; in order to which, Lycortas received a commission to go to that court, and treat the articles of alliance. Accordingly he goes, and afterwards returns, and gives account to his superiours, that the treaty was concluded. Aristænus, hearing nothing but a bare relation of a league that was made, without any thing belonging to the conditions of it, and well knowing that several forms of those alliances had been used in the former negociations, asked Lycortas in the

[9] In the year of Rome 568.

council, according to which of them this present confederacy was made? To this question of his enemy, Lycortas had not a word to answer. For it had so happened by the wonderful neglect of Philopœmen and his own, and also that of Ptolomy's counsellors,—or, as I rather believe, by their craft contrived,—that the whole transaction had been loosely and confusedly managed, which, in a matter of so great importance, redounded to the scandal and ignominy of Philopœmen and Lycortas, in the face of that grave assembly. Now these proceedings our author so relates, as if he had been speaking of persons to whom he had no manner of relation, though one of them was his own father, and the other always esteemed by him in the place of a better father. But being mindful of the law which himself had instituted, concerning the indispensable duty of an historian, (which is truth,) he chose rather to be thought a lover of it, than of either of his parents. It is true, Lycortas in all probability was dead when Polybius wrote this history; but had he been then living, we may safely think that his son would have assumed the same liberty, and not feared to have offended him in behalf of truth.

Another part of this veracity is also deserving the notice of the reader, though at the same time we must conclude that it was also an effect of a sound judgment,—that he perpetually explodes the legends of prodigies and miracles, and instead of them, most accurately searches into the natural

causes of those actions which he describes; for from the first of these the latter follows of direct consequence. And for this reason he professes an immortal enmity to those tricks and jugglings which the common people believe as real miracles, because they are ignorant of the causes which produced them. But he had made a diligent search into them, and found out that they proceeded either from the fond credulity of the people, or were imposed on them by the craft of those whose interest it was that they should be believed. You hear not in Polybius, that it rained blood or stones; that a bull had spoken; or a thousand such impossibilities, with which Livy perpetually crowds the calends of almost every consulship. His new years could no more begin without them, during his description of the Punick wars, than our prognosticating almanacks without the effects of the present oppositions betwixt Saturn and Jupiter, the foretelling of comets and coruscations in the air; which seldom happen at the times assigned by our astrologers, and almost always fail in their events. If you will give credit to some other authors, some god was always present with Hannibal or Scipio, to direct their actions; that a visible deity wrought journey-work under Hannibal, to conduct him through the difficult passages of the Alps; and another did the same office of drudgery for Scipio when he besieged New Carthage, by draining the water, which otherwise would have drowned his army in their

rash approaches: which Polybius observing, says wittily and truly, that the authors of such fabulous kind of stuff write tragedies, not histories. For, as the poets, when they are at a loss for the solution of a plot, bungle up their catastrophe with a god descending in a machine, so these inconsiderate historians, when they have brought their heroes into a plunge by some rash and headlong undertaking, having no human way remaining to disengage them with their honour, are forced to have recourse to miracle; and introduce a god for their deliverance. It is a common frenzy of the ignorant multitude, says Casaubon, to be always engaging heaven on their side; and indeed it is a successful stratagem of any General to gain authority among his soldiers, if he can persuade them that he is the man by fate appointed for such or such an action, though most impracticable. To be favoured of God, and command (if it may be permitted so to say) the extraordinary concourse of Providence, sets off a hero, and makes more specious the cause for which he fights, without any consideration of morality, which ought to be the beginning and end of all our actions: for where that is violated, God is only present in permission; and suffers a wrong to be done, but not commands it. Light historians, and such as are superstitious in their natures, by the artifice of feigned miracles captivate the gross understandings of their readers, and please their fancies by relations of things which are rather wonderful than

true; but such as are of a more profound and solid judgment, (which is the character of our Polybius,) have recourse only to their own natural lights, and by them pursue the methods at least of probability, if they cannot arrive to a settled certainty. He was satisfied that Hannibal was not the first who had made a passage through the Alps, but that the Gauls had been before him in their descent on Italy; and also knew that this most prudent General, when he laid his design of invading that country, had made an alliance with the Gauls, and prepossessed them in his favour; and before he stirred a foot from Spain, had provided against all those difficulties which he foresaw in his attempt, and compassed his undertaking, which indeed was void of miracles, but full of conduct, and military experience. In the same manner, Scipio, before he departed from Rome, to take his voyage into Spain, had carefully considered every particular circumstance which might cross his purpose, and made his enterprize as easy to him as human prudence could provide; so that he was victorious over that nation, not by virtue of any miracle, but by his admirable forecast, and wise conduct in the execution of his design. Of which though Polybius was not an eye-witness, he yet had it from the best testimony, which was that of Lælius, the friend of Scipio, who accompanied him in that expedition; of whom our author with great diligence enquired concerning every thing of moment which happened in that war,

and whom he commends for his sincerity in that relation.

Whensoever he gives us the account of any considerable action, he never fails to tell us why it succeeded, or for what reason it miscarried; together with all the antecedent causes of its undertaking, and the manner of its performance; all which he accurately explains: of which I will select but some few instances, because I want leisure to expatiate on many. In the fragments of the seventeenth book he makes a learned dissertation concerning the Macedonian phalanx, or gross body of foot, which was formerly believed to be invincible, till experience taught the contrary by the success of the battle which Philip lost to the commonwealth of Rome; and the manifest and most certain causes are therein related, which prove it to be inferior to the Roman legions. When also he had told us in his former books, of the three great battles wherein Hannibal had overthrown the Romans, and the last at Cannæ, wherein he had in a manner conquered that republick, he gives the reasons of every defeat, either from the choice of ground, or the strength of the foreign horse in Hannibal's army, or the ill-timing of the fight on the vanquished side. After this, when he describes the turn of fortune on the part of the Romans, you are visibly conducted upwards to the causes of that change, and the reasonableness of the method which was afterwards pursued by that commonwealth, which raised it to the empire of the world. In these and many

other examples, which for brevity are omitted, there is nothing more plain than that Polybius denies all power to fortune, and places the sum of success in providence: συμβαίνουσιν τύχην αἰτιᾶσθαι φαῦλον, indeed, are his words. It is a madness to make fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, can rule nothing, but is ruled by prudence. So that whenever our author seems to attribute any thing to chance, he speaks only with the vulgar, and desires so to be understood.

But here I must make bold to part company with Casaubon for a moment. He is a vehement friend to any author with whom he has taken any pains; and his partiality to Persius, in opposition to Juvenal, is too fresh in my memory to be forgotten. Because Polybius will allow nothing to the power of chance, he takes an occasion to infer, that he believed a Providence; sharply inveighing against those who have accused him of atheism. He makes Suidas his second in this quarrel; and produces his single evidence, and that but a bare assertion neither,[1] without proof, that

[1] Our author's attachment to English idiom is observable in all his writings, but perhaps he has sometimes carried it too far; and as he says elsewhere, (see vol. ii. p. 49.) one may be here tempted to ask, "is this idiom, or false grammar and nonsense, couched under the specious name of *Anglicism?*" It is strange that *neither* should represent *too*; and yet what other signification has the word here? We have again the same phraseology in his

Polybius believed with us Christians, GOD administered all human actions and affairs. But our author will not be defended in this case; his whole history reclaims to that opinion. When he speaks of Providence, or of any divine admonition, he is as much in jest, as when he speaks of fortune; it is all to the capacity of the vulgar. Prudence was the only Divinity which he worshipped, and the possession of virtue the only end which he proposed. If I would have disguised this to the reader, it was not in my power. The passages which manifestly prove his irreligion, are so obvious, that I need not quote them. Neither do I know any reason why Casaubon should enlarge so much in his justification; since to believe false gods, and to believe none, are errours of the same importance. He who knew not our GOD, saw through the ridiculous opinions of the heathens concerning theirs; and not being able without revelation to go farther, stopped at home in his own breast, and made prudence his goddess, truth his search, and virtue his reward. If Casaubon, like him, had followed truth, he would have saved me the ungrateful pains of contradicting him; but even the reputation of Polybius, if there were occasion, is to be sacrificed to truth, according to his own maxim.

DEFENCE OF THE DUKE OF GUISE (vol. ii. p. 101): "I know not four men in their whole party, to whom I have spoken for above this year past, and with them *neither* but casually and cursorily." Here however, the *callida junctura* renders this use of the word less exceptionable.

As for the wisdom of our author, whereby he wonderfully foresaw the decay of the Roman empire, and those civil wars which turned it down from a commonwealth to an absolute monarchy, he who will take the pains to review this history, will easily perceive that Polybius was of the best sort of prophets, who predict from natural causes those events which must naturally proceed from them. And these things were not to succeed even in the compass of the next century to that wherein he lived, but the person was then living who was the first mover towards them; and that was that great Scipio Africanus, who, by cajoling the people to break the fundamental constitutions of the government in his favour, by bringing him too early to the consulship,[2] and afterwards by making their discipline of war precarious, first taught them to devolve the power and authority of the senate into the hands of one, and then to make that one to be at the disposition of the soldiery; which though he practised at a time when it was necessary for the safety of the commonwealth, yet it drew after it those fatal consequences, which not only ruined the republick, but also, in process of time, the monarchy itself. But the author was

[2] The legal age at which the consulship might be enjoyed, was forty-three. But this rule was dispensed with in several instances. The younger Scipio Africanus, (who is the person here mentioned,) was created consul A. U. C. 606, when he was but in his thirty-eighth year. The elder Scipio attained the same dignity, when he was only twenty-eight years old.

too much in the interests of that family, to name Scipio; and therefore he gives other reasons, to which I refer the reader, that I may avoid prolixity.

By what degrees Polybius arrived to this height of knowledge, and consummate judgment in affairs, it will not be hard to make the reader comprehend; for presupposing in him all that birth or nature could give a man, who was formed for the management of great affairs, and capable of recording them, he was likewise entered from his youth into those employments which add experience to natural endowments; being joined in commission with his father, Lycortas, and the younger Aratus, before the age of twenty, in an embassy to Egypt: after which he was perpetually in the business of his own commonwealth, or that of Rome. So that it seems to be one part of the Roman felicity, that he was born in an age when their commonwealth was growing to the height; that he might be the historian of those great actions which were performed not only in his lifetime, but the chief of them even in his sight.

I must confess that the preparations to his history, or the Prolegomena, as they are called, are very large, and the digressions in it are exceeding frequent. But as to his preparatives, they were but necessary to make the reader comprehend the drift and design of his undertaking: and the digressions are also so instructive, that we may truly say, they transcend the profit which we re-

ceive from the matter of fact.[3] Upon the whole, we may conclude him to be a great talker; but we must grant him to be a prudent man. We can spare nothing of all he says, it is so much to our improvement; and if the rest of his history had remained to us, in all probability it would have been more close: for we can scarce conceive what was left in nature for him to add, he has so emptied almost all the commonplaces of digressions already; or if he could have added any thing, those observations might have been as useful and as necessary as the rest which he has given us, and that are descended to our hands.

I will say nothing farther of the EXCERPTA, which (as Casaubon thinks,) are part of that Epitome which was begun to be made by Marcus Brutus,[4]

[3] The Cardinal Bentivoglio, as has been remarked by Vigneul Marville, (Melanges d'Histoire et de Litérature, ii. 20.) was of a different opinion. Speaking of Polybius, he observes, that his digressions are so long, and so foreign to his subject, that the reader may find it difficult to decide, whether he is perusing a course of philosophical lectures, or an historical narrative: "è tanto spesso, e tanto prolissamente fuori della narratione principale, che si può stare in dubbio, s'egli ò più faccia lettioni philosophici ed academici, ò piu raconti successi publici, e propriamente historici."

[4] The notion entertained by Casaubon and La Mothe-le-Vayer, that the EXCERPTA from the sixth to the seventeenth of the lost books of Polybius, were part of the Epitome said to have been made by Brutus, has been shewn to be unfounded, by Valesius, (Henri de Valois,)

but never finished; nor of those embassies which are collected and compiled by the command of Constantine the Great; because neither of them are translated in this work. And whether or no they will be added in another impression, I am not certain; the translator of these five books having carried his work no farther than it was perfect. He, I suppose, will acquaint you with his own purpose, in the preface which I hear he intends to prefix before Polybius.

Let us now hear Polybius himself describing an accomplished historian, wherein we shall see his own picture, as in a glass, reflected to him, and given us afterwards to behold in the writing of this history.

Plato said of old, that it would be happy for mankind, if either philosophers administered the government, or that governors applied themselves to the study of philosophy. I may also say, that it would be happy for history, if those who undertake to write it, were men conversant in political affairs; who applied themselves seriously to their undertaking, not negligently, but as such who were fully persuaded that they undertook a work of the greatest moment, of the greatest excellency, and the most necessary for mankind; esta-

who, in his preface to the EXCERPTA of Peiresc, (4to. 1624) has pointed out the criterions, by which *extracts* from works which have perished may be distinguished from *abridgments*.

blishing this as the foundation whereon they are to build, that they can never be capable of performing their duty as they ought, unless they have formed themselves beforehand to their undertaking, by prudence, and long experience of affairs; without which endowments and advantages, if they attempt to write a history, they will fall into a various and endless labyrinth of errours.

When we hear this author speaking, we are ready to think ourselves engaged in a conversation with Cato the Censor, with Lelius, with Massinissa, and with the two Scipios; that is, with the greatest heroes and most prudent men of the greatest age in the Roman commonwealth. This sets me so on fire, when I am reading either here, or in any ancient author, their lives and actions, that I cannot hold from breaking out with Montagne into this expression: "It is just, says he, for every "honest man to be content with the government "and laws of his native country, without endea-"vouring to alter or subvert them; but if I were "to choose—where I would have been born, it "should have been in a Commonwealth." He indeed names Venice, which, for many reasons, should not be my wish; but rather Rome in such an age, if it were possible, as that wherein Polybius lived; or that of Sparta, whose constitution for a republick is by our author compared with Rome, to which he justly gives the preference.

I will not undertake to compare Polybius and Tacitus; though, if I should attempt it upon the

whole merits of the cause, I must allow to Polybius the greater comprehension and the larger soul; to Tacitus the greater eloquence, and the more close connection of his thoughts. The manner of Tacitus in writing is more like the force and gravity of Demosthenes; that of Polybius more like the copiousness and diffusive character of Cicero. Amongst historians, Tacitus imitated Thucydides, and Polybius Herodotus. Polybius foresaw the ruin of the Roman commonwealth, by luxury, lust, and cruelty; Tacitus foresaw in the causes those events which should destroy the monarchy. They are both of them, without dispute, the best historians in their several kinds. In this they are alike, that both of them suffered under the iniquity of the times in which they lived; both their histories are dismembered, the greatest part of them lost, and they are interpolated in many places. Had their works been perfect, we might have had longer histories, but not better. Casaubon, according to his usual partiality, condemns Tacitus that he may raise Polybius; who needs not any sinister artifice to make him appear equal to the best. Tacitus described the times of tyranny; but he always writes with some kind of indignation against them. It is not his fault that Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, were bad princes. He is accused of malevolence, and of taking actions in the worst sense: but we are still to remember that those were the actions of tyrants. Had the rest of his history remained to

us, we had certainly found a better account of Vespasian, Titus, Nerva, and Trajan, who were virtuous Emperors; and he would have given the principles of their actions a contrary turn. But it is not my business to defend Tacitus; neither dare I decide the preference betwixt him and our Polybius. They are equally profitable and instructive to the reader; but Tacitus more useful to those who are born under a monarchy, Polybius to those who live in a republick.

What may farther be added concerning the history of this author, I leave to be performed by the elegant translator of his work.

DEDICATION

OF THE THIRD PART OF

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.[5]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MY LORD RADCLIFFE.[6]

MY LORD,

THESE Miscellany Poems are by many titles yours. The first they claim, from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature, easy to forgive some trivial faults, when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But after all, though these are your equi-

[5] This collection was published in octavo in 1693, under the title of EXAMEN POETICUM; being the Third Part of Miscellany Poems, &c.

[6] Francis, Lord Radcliffe, was the eldest son of Francis, Earl of Derwentwater, by Catharine, daughter of Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon, in the county of Northumberland, and widow of —— Lawson, of Grove, in the county of York, Esq. He married in August 1687, in the life-time of his father, Mary Tudor, a natural daughter of Charles the Second, who was born in October 1673.

table claims to a dedication from other poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking of my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to overvalue their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? Why am I grown old in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown; which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein timeservers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest and mismanagement will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces with old consciences. There is too

Her mother was Mary Davies, who was an actress in the Duke of York's Company in 1664, and according to Downes, the prompter, had been bred up in Lady D'Avenant's house. She is said to have gained the King's heart by singing several wild mad songs, in D'Avenant's RIVALS, 1668, altered from Fletcher's TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, particularly that beginning with the words—"My lodging is on the cold ground," &c. Lord Radcliffe, on the death of his father in 1696-7, became Earl of Derwentwater, and died April 29th, 1705.

often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men: all whom they affect look golden to them, when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight.[7] These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed to be little, when I see them so infamously great. Neither do I know why the name of Poet should be dishonourable to me, if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men. None can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are inborn in mankind; and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own; for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit, or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they (as the best poet and the best patron said,)

> When in the full perfection of decay,
> Turn vinegar, and come again in play.[8]

[7] So Pope, in his ESSAY ON CRITICISM:

> "All seems infected, that the infected spy,
> "As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

[8] These lines are quoted from Lord Dorset's Verses addressed "to Mr. Edward Howard, on his incomparable incomprehensible Poem, called THE BRITISH PRINCES:"

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critick, I mean of a critick in the general acceptation of this age; for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works;—to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of criticks by the ancients. What their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? Are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels, of slaves; and usurpers, of subjects? Or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they, from our seconds, become principals against us? Does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? What labour would it cost them to put in a better line than the worst

"Wit, like tierce-claret, when it begins to pall,
"Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all;
"But, in its full perfection of decay,
"Turns vinegar, and comes again in play."

of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt. He performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of PHARSALIA; and avoiding his errours, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him, after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? He has indeed shewn us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind; but who had not rather be that Homer, than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian, (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age,) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own, as deserve the *ferula*. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that "he rather seems to bark than sing?" Would any but a dog have made so snarling a comparison? One would have thought he had learned Latin as late as they tell us he did Greek.[9] Yet he came off with a *pace tuâ*,—by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names of fool, booby, and blockhead: he

[9] Julius Scaliger was above thirty years old before he learned Greek, and he never attained any considerable knowledge of that language. He was forty-seven years old, when his first work was published.

had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge.

We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation; some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect to the dramatick writers of the last age, only scorn and vilify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age:

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus odit.

It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age; their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out us their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? If we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them as resemble none of us; our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sat to them: they are all grotesque; the products of

their wild imaginations, things out of nature; so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of insects, more venomous than the former; those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state; who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age. These attack the living, by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we, who claim under them, must fall of course.[1]

[1] In this passage, and afterwards, where it is said, that the Greek writers gave us only the rudiments of a stage, our author appears to have had in contemplation Rymer's SHORT VIEW OF TRAGEDY, which was published in December 1692, as I learn from the GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL for that year. Rymer, whom our author here opposes, was a professed advocate for the ancient, in preference to the modern, dramatists; and had in 1678 issued out one of the *woeful pieces* alluded to in p. 284, under the title of EDGAR, an heroick tragedy.

In one of Dryden's letters to Jacob Tonson, (see vol. i.) without date, but apparently written in 1693, he says, "About a fortnight ago I had an intimation from a friend by letter, that one of the Secretaryes, I suppose Trenchard, had informed the Queen that I had abused her government, (these were his words) in my Epistle to my Lord Radclyffe; & that thereupon she had commanded her Historiographer to fall upon my playes, which he assures me is now doeing. I doubt not his malice, from a former hint you gave me: & if he be employed, I am confident 'tis of his own seeking; who, you know, *has spoken slightly of me in his last critique, & that gave me occasion to snarl againe.*"

Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson! none of the living will presume to have any competition with them; as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them; but as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor, our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead, so we may lawfully advance our own afterwards, to shew that we succeed; if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted and secretly undermined, I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked; and to shew besides, that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage, which they never finished; that many of the tragedies in the former age amongst us were without comparison beyond those of Sophocles and Euripides. But at present, I have neither the leisure nor the means for such an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an estate with him who is in possession of it, and enjoys the present profits, to feed his cause;[2] but the *quantum mutatus* may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge —who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is I confess, a long digression, from miscellany poems to modern tragedies; but

[2] Rymer had been appointed Historiographer in the room of our author, soon after the Revolution.

I have the ordinary excuse of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unseasonably to his betters: though at the same time I am certain you are so good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who so truly honours you. And besides, being yourself a critick of the genuine sort, who have read the best authors in their own languages, who perfectly distinguish of their several merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns, yet I know you judge for the English tragedies, against the Greek and Latin, as well as against the French, Italian, and Spanish, of these latter ages. Indeed there is a vast difference betwixt arguing like Perault,[3] in behalf of the French poets, against Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the English poets their undoubted due, of excelling Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For if we or our greater fathers have not yet brought the drama to an absolute perfection, yet at least we have carried it much farther than those ancient Greeks; who beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done, who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any necessity of entertaining it amongst us; and without the possi-

[3] At this time the controversy concerning the superior excellency of the ancients or moderns was at its height. Perault, in his PARALLELE, had maintained the cause of the moderns; Sir William Temple, in his ESSAY ON ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING, espoused that of the ancients. These works gave rise to Wotton's REFLECTIONS, which appeared in 1694.

bility of establishing it here, unless it were supported by a publick charge. Neither can we accept of those lay-bishops, as some call them, who under pretence of reforming the stage,[4] would intrude themselves upon us, as our superiors; being indeed incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and least of all, what is poetry and good sense. I can tell them in behalf of all my fellows, that when they come to exercise a jurisdiction over us, they shall have the stage to themselves, as they have the laurel.

As little can I grant that the French dramatick writers excel the English. Our authors as far surpass them in genius, as our soldiers excel theirs in courage. It is true, in conduct, they surpass us either way; yet that proceeds not so much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of tastes in the two nations. They content themselves with a thin design, without episodes, and managed by few persons; our audience will not be pleased but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the

[4] The clamour against the entertainments of the stage was begun in France about this time; and in 1695 Blackman severely censured the dramatick poets of England in the Preface to PRINCE ARTHUR; as Collier did a few years afterwards, with more vigour. But I do not recollect any work published recently before the appearance of this Epistle, the object of which was the reformation of the stage, except Rymer's book, already mentioned; which probably is here also alluded to.

ancients too servilely in the mechanick rules; and we assume too much licence to ourselves in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good manners only excepted: and I care not much if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their SCRIPTIONS, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators, which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors; or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it.

But these commonplaces I mean to treat at greater leisure; in the mean time submitting that little I have said to your Lordship's approbation or your censure, and choosing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations, which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar

commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expressing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than guessed by what you are at present. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtiness which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converse with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a King, who, amongst her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodness, and a majestick person. The Muses and the Graces are the ornaments of your family. While the Muse sings, the Grace accompanies her voice; even the servants of the Muses have sometimes had the happiness to hear her, and to receive their inspirations from her.

I will not give myself the liberty of going farther; for it is so sweet to wander in a pleasing way, that I should never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myself from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I must return to the place where I was setting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordship my own labours in this Miscellany; at the same time, not arrogating to myself the privilege of inscribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your

lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my translations of Ovid; and you both seemed not to be displeased with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngest child, I know not; but they appear to me the best of all my endeavours in this kind.[5] Perhaps this poet is more easy to be translated, than some others whom I have lately attempted; perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader than any of the Roman wits, though some of them are more lofty, some more instructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the best; but as his verse came easily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant, both in his fancy and expressions; and as it has lately been observed, not always natural. If wit be pleasantry, he has it to excess; but if it be propriety,* Lucretius, Horace, and above all, Virgil, are his superiors. I have said so much of him already in my Preface to his Heroical Epistles, that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character, what I could, in this translation, even perhaps farther than I should

[5] Our author's preference of his *last* performance, (whatever it may be) to all his former works, is very observable, and has been noticed by Trapp in his PRÆLECTIONES: "— illo judice, id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet. et in quo nunc occupatur."

* See p. 32, n. 9.

have done,—to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his translation of Homer, professes to have done it somewhat paraphrastically, and that on set purpose; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be translated in that manner. I remember not the reason which he gives for it; but I suppose it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies. Sure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of those who run into the other extreme, of a literal and close translation; where the poet is confined so straitly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to express his elegancies. He leaves him obscure; he leaves him prose, where he found him verse: and no better than thus has Ovid been served by the so much-admired Sandys. This is at least the idea which I have remaining of his translation; for I never read him since I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praises which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and see, (if they understand the original,) what is become of Ovid's poetry in his version; whether it be not all, or the greatest part of it, evaporated. But this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived; they neither knew good verse, nor loved it: they were scholars, it is true, but they were pedants; and for a just reward of their pedantick pains, all their translations want to be translated into English.

If I flatter not myself, or if my friends have not

flattered me, I have given my author's sense for the most part truly; for to mistake sometimes is incident to all men; and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy gross-witted fellows, fit only to gloss on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther satire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to shew how much I love and honour them. I have likewise attempted to restore Ovid to his native sweetness, easiness, and smoothness; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and as we call it, a run of verse, as like the original as the English can come up to the Latin. As he seldom uses any synalephas, so I have endeavoured to avoid them as often as I could. I have likewise given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought; which I cannot say are inimitable because I have copied them; and so may others, if they use the same diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the synalepha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me, for the benefit of those who understand not the *Latin prosodia*. It is in the first line of the Argument to the First Iliad:

> Apollo's priest to *th' Argive* fleet doth bring, &c.

There, we see, he makes it not,—*the Argive*, but *th' Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels

immediately following each other. But in his Second Argument, in the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

> Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings,
> *The army's* plague, the strife of kings.

In these words, *the army's*,—*the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words. I cannot say that I have every where observed the rule of this synalepha, in my translation; but wheresoever I have not, it is a fault in sound. The French and Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their versification; therein following the severe example of the Latin poets. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry so far, but content themselves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use synalephas, yet make no difficulty very often to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does in the very first line of Alpha:

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, Θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος—.

It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words, μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς, and ἄλγε' ἔθηκε, the synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of euphony, rather *musas colere severiores*, with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned

by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestical; and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But for want of publick encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve,[6] (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him,) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original; and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must needs say this in reference to Homer,—that he is much more capable of exciting the manly passions, than those of grief and pity. To cause admiration is indeed the proper and adequate design of an epick poem; and in that he has excelled even Virgil.

[6] The lamentation of Priam for his son, Hector, from the twenty-fourth Iliad. Congreve's first play, THE OLD BACHELOR, had appeared in January 1692-3, and in the following month went through three editions.

Yet, without presuming to arraign our master, I may venture to affirm, that he is somewhat too talkative, and more than somewhat too digressive. This is so manifest, that it cannot be denied in that little parcel which I have translated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midst of her concernment and fright for Hector, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him, for she had been his bedfellow for many years together; and if he knew it, then it must be confessed that Homer in this long digression has rather given us his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends, the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him by making the present sorrow of Andromache to occasion the remembrance of all the past; but others think that she had enough to do with that grief which now oppressed her, without running for assistance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted such a work of supererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expressing much in little, and sometimes in silence; for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the passion of Dido for Æneas, in the most lively and most natural colours that are imaginable. Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has

attempted twice on the same subject of Hector's death; first, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpse, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles, and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the same persons again bewail his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this last excite compassion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the translator, than the poet; for Homer, as I observed before, can move rage better than he can pity: he stirs up the irascible appetite, as our philosophers call it, he provokes to murder, and the destruction of GOD's images; he forms and equips those ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themselves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation; and such as it is, the lovers of peace, or at least of more moderate heroism, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour betwixt themselves; I am satisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wish Mr. Congreve had the leisure to translate him, and the world the good-nature and justice to encourage him in that noble design, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave, and Mr. Waller, two the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they could never read over the translation of Chapman without incredible pleasure, and extreme trans-

port. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself; for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English,[7] and a monstrous length of verse could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious version of one of the best writers, living in a much better age than was the last? I mean for versification, and the art of numbers; for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.

But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the close. This Miscellany is without dispute one of the best of the kind which has hitherto been extant in our tongue; at least, as Sir Samuel Tuke has said before me, a modest man may praise what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection; but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deserves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the rest to your forgiveness.

I am,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.[8]

[7] Chapman's English was the same as that of his contemporaries, who doubtless would have considered the English of Dryden and Pope just as *improper* as the lan-

guage of the age of Elizabeth is, without reason, always represented by them. Pope indeed carried the matter still farther; for whenever he found a word or phrase in the works of Shakspeare that was not the current language of his own day, he supposed the text to be corrupt, and *modernized* it accordingly.

[8] The pieces written by our author, which appeared in this Miscellany, were—A translation of the first book of Ovid's METAMORPHOSES; Iphis and Ianthe from the ninth book, and Acis and Galatea from the fourteenth; Ode for St. Cecilia's day (1687); Verses to the Duchess of York (1682); Song to a Young Lady, ("Ask not the cause, &c."); Verses to Lady Castlemaine (written long before); Prologue to the University of Oxford, (1681); another Prologue to some play exhibited between 1690 and 1693, the title of which I have not been able to discover ("Gallants, to-night," &c.); *Veni, Creator Spiritus*; Ode to the memory of Mrs. Anne Killegrew, first printed in 1686; Roundelay ("Chloe found Amyntas," &c.); Epitaphs on Lady Whitmore, and Sir Palmes Fairborne; and the Parting of Hector and Andromache, from the Iliad.

To the FOURTH MISCELLANY, which was published in 1694, without a Dedication or Preface, the only pieces which our author contributed, were—a Translation of the third Georgick, and Verses addressed to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

A PARALLEL

OF

POETRY AND PAINTING:

FIRST PRINTED IN QUARTO, IN 1695.

A

PARALLEL

OF

POETRY AND PAINTING.[9]

It may be reasonably expected that I should say something on my own behalf, in respect to my present undertaking. First then, the reader may be pleased to know, that it was not of my own choice that I undertook this work. Many of our most skilful painters, and other artists, were pleased to recommend this author to me, as one who perfectly understood the rules of painting; who gave

[9] This Essay was prefixed to our author's prose translation of Mons. Du Fresnoy's Latin poem, De Arte Graphica, and was first published in quarto in 1695. In the Dedication of the second edition of that work in 8vo. in 1716, Mr. Richard Graham observes to Lord Burlington, that the misfortune which attended Dryden in his translation was, "that for want of a competent knowledge in painting, he suffered himself to be misled by an unskilful guide. Mons. de Piles told him in his preface, that his French version was made at the request of the author himself; and altered by him, till it was wholly to his mind. This Mr. Dryden taking upon content, thought there was nothing more incumbent on him, than to put it into the best English he could; and

the best and most concise instructions for performance, and the surest to inform the judgment of all who loved this noble art: that they who before were rather fond of it, than knowingly admired it, might defend their inclination by their reason; that they might understand those excellencies which they blindly valued, so as not to be farther imposed on by bad pieces, and to know when nature was well imitated by the most able masters. It is true indeed, and they acknowledge it, that beside the rules which are given in this treatise, or which can be given in any other, to make a perfect judgment of good pictures, and to value them more or less, when compared with one another, there is farther required a long conversation with the best pieces, which are not very frequent either in France or England; yet some we have, not only from the hands of Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyck, (one of them admirable for history-

accordingly performed his part here (as in every thing else) with accuracy."—The French translator, however, having frequently mistaken the sense of his author, led Dryden, who followed him, into some errours, which in the second edition were corrected by Mr. Jervas, with the assistance, as it is said, of his friend and scholar, Pope; who addressed to him those elegant verses, which first appeared in the republication of Du Fresnoy's work above-mentioned.

A poetical translation of Du Fresnoy's poem, by the late Mr. Mason, was published in 1782, with very valuable notes by Sir Joshua Reynolds: both which now form a part of that great painter's works.

painting, and the other two for portraits,) but of many Flemish masters, and those not inconsiderable, though for design not equal to the Italians. And of these latter also, we are not unfurnished with some pieces of Raffaelle, Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others.

But to return to my own undertaking of this translation. I freely own that I thought myself uncapable of performing it, either to their satisfaction, or my own credit. Not but that I understood the original Latin, and the French author, perhaps as well as most Englishmen; but I was not sufficiently versed in the terms of art; and therefore thought that many of those persons who put this honourable task on me, were more able to perform it themselves,—as undoubtedly they were. But they assuring me of their assistance in correcting my faults, where I spoke improperly, I was encouraged to attempt it; that I might not be wanting in what I could, to satisfy the desires of so many gentlemen, who were willing to give the world this useful work. They have effectually performed their promise to me, and I have been as careful on my side to take their advice in all things; so that the reader may assure himself of a tolerable translation,—not elegant, for I proposed not that to myself, but familiar, clear, and instructive: in any of which parts if I have failed, the fault lies wholly at my door. In this one particular only, I must beg the reader's pardon. The prose translation of this poem is not

free from poetical expressions, and I dare not promise that some of them are not fustian, or at least highly metaphorical; but this being a fault in the first digestion, (that is, the original Latin,) was not to be remedied in the second, viz. the translation. And I may confidently say, that whoever had attempted it must have fallen into the same inconvenience, or a much greater, that of a false version.

When I undertook this work, I was already engaged in the translation of Virgil,[1] from whom I have borrowed only two months; and am now returning to that which I ought to understand better. In the mean time I beg the reader's pardon, for entertaining him so long with myself: it is an usual part of ill manners in all authors, and almost in all mankind, to trouble others with their business; and I was so sensible of it beforehand, that I had not now committed it, unless some concernments of the reader's had been interwoven with my own. But I know not, while I am atoning for one errour, if I am not falling into another; for I have been importuned to say something farther of this art; and to make some observations on it, in relation to the likeness and agreement which it has with poetry, its sister. But before I proceed, it will not be amiss, if I copy from Bellori, (a most ingenious author yet living,) some

[1] Our author began his translation of Virgil in the preceding year, 1694.

part of his IDEA OF A PAINTER,[2] which cannot be unpleasing, at least to such who are conversant in the philosophy of Plato; and to avoid tediousness I will not translate the whole discourse, but take and leave as I find occasion.

'GOD Almighty, in the fabrick of the universe, 'first contemplated himself, and reflected on his 'own excellencies; from which he drew and con- 'stituted those first forms which are called ideas; 'so that every species which was afterwards ex- 'pressed, was produced from that first idea, form- 'ing that wonderful contexture of all created be- 'ings. But the celestial bodies above the moon 'being incorruptible, and not subject to change, 'remained for ever fair, and in perpetual order. 'On the contrary, all things which are sublunary 'are subject to change, to deformity, and to 'decay. And though Nature always intends a 'consummate beauty in her productions, yet 'through the inequality of the matter, the forms 'are altered; and in particular, human beauty 'suffers alteration for the worse, as we see to our 'mortification, in the deformities and dispropor- 'tions which are in us. For which reason the

[2] In May 1664, Gio. Pietro Bellori read a Discourse in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, (Carlo Maratti being then President,) entitled—*L'Idea del Pittore, dello Scultore, e dell' Architetto, scelta dalle bellezze naturali superiore alla Natura.* This Discourse, from which the following extract is taken, was afterwards prefixed to LE VITE DE PITTORE, &c. by the same author, printed at Rome in 4to. 1672.

'artful painter and the sculptor, imitating the 'Divine Maker, form to themselves, as well as 'they are able, a model of the superior beauties; 'and reflecting on them, endeavour to correct 'and amend the common nature, and to represent 'it as it was at first created, without fault, either 'in colour or in lineament.

'This IDEA, which we may call the goddess of 'painting and of sculpture, descends upon the 'marble and the cloth, and becomes the original 'of those arts; and being measured by the com-'pass of the intellect, is itself the measure of the 'performing hand; and being animated by the 'imagination, infuses life into the image. The 'idea of the painter and the sculptor is undoubt-'edly that perfect and excellent example of the 'mind, by imitation of which imagined form all 'things are represented which fall under human 'sight: such is the definition which is made by 'Cicero in his book of the ORATOR to Brutus:— '*As therefore in forms and figures there is somewhat 'which is excellent and perfect, to which imagined 'species all things are referred by imitation, which 'are the objects of sight, in like manner we behold 'the species of eloquence in our minds, the effigies or 'actual image of which we seek in the organs of our 'hearing. This is likewise confirmed by* Proclus *in 'the dialogue of* Plato, *called* TIMÆUS. *If, says 'he, you take a man as he is made by nature, and 'compare him with another, who is the effect of 'art, the work of nature will always appear the*

'*less beautiful, because art is more accurate than*
'*nature*. But Zeuxis, who from the choice which
'he made of five virgins drew that wonderful
'picture of Helena, which Cicero in his ORATOR
'beforementioned sets before us as the most per-
'fect example of beauty, at the same time admo-
'nishes a painter, to contemplate the ideas of the
'most natural forms, and to make a judicious
'choice of several bodies, all of them the most
'elegant which he can find; by which we may
'plainly understand, that he thought it impossible
'to find in any one body all those perfections
'which he sought for the accomplishment of a
'Helena, because Nature in any individual person
'makes nothing that is perfect in all its parts.
'For this reason Maximus Tyrius also says, that
'the image which is taken by a painter from
'several bodies, produces a beauty which it is im-
'possible to find in any single natural body, ap-
'proaching to the perfection of the fairest statues.
'Thus nature on this account is so much inferior
'to art, that those artists who propose to them-
'selves only the imitation and likeness of such or
'such a particular person, without election of
'those ideas before-mentioned, have often been
'reproached for that omission. Demetrius was
'taxed for being too natural; Dionysius was also
'blamed for drawing men like us, and was com-
'monly called ἀνθρωπόγραφος, that is, a painter of
'men. In our times, Michael Angelo da Cara-
'vaggio was esteemed too natural. He drew per-

'sons as they were; and Bamboccio, and most of 'the Dutch painters, have drawn the worst likeness. 'Lysippus of old, upbraided the common sort of 'sculptors, for making men such as they were 'found in nature; and boasted of himself, that he 'made them as they ought to be: which is a 'precept of Aristotle, given as well to poets as 'to painters. Phidias raised an admiration, even 'to astonishment, in those who beheld his statues, 'with the forms which he gave to his gods and 'heroes, by imitating the idea, rather than nature. 'And Cicero, speaking of him, affirms, that figur-'ing Jupiter and Pallas, he did not contemplate 'any object from whence he took the likeness, 'but considered in his own mind a great and 'admirable form of beauty; and according to that 'image in his soul, he directed the operation of 'his hand. Seneca also seems to wonder that 'Phidias, having never beheld either Jove or Pal-'las, yet could conceive their divine images in his 'mind. Apollonius Tyanæus says the same in 'other words,—that the fancy more instructs the 'painter, than the imitation; for the last makes 'only the things which it sees, but the first makes 'also the things which it never sees.

'Leon Battista Alberti tells us, that we ought 'not so much to love the likeness as the beauty, 'and to choose from the fairest bodies severally 'the fairest parts. Leonardo da Vinci instructs 'the painter to form this idea to himself; and 'Raffaelle, the greatest of all modern masters,

'writes thus to Castiglione, concerning his Galatea: "*To paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones; but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain idea, which I have formed to myself in my own fancy.*" Guido Reni sending to Rome his St. Michael, which he had painted for the church of the Capuchins, at the same time wrote to Monsignor Massano, who was *Maestro di Casa* (or Steward of the House) to Pope Urban the Eighth, in this manner: "*I wish I had the wings of an angel, to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beheld the forms of those beatified spirits, from which I might have copied my archangel. But not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination. I have likewise created there the contrary idea of deformity and ugliness; but I leave the consideration of it, till I paint the devil: and in the mean time shun the very thought of it as much as possibly I can, and am even endeavouring to blot it wholly out of my remembrance.*"

'There was not any lady in all antiquity, who was mistress of so much beauty as was to be found in the Venus of Gnidus, made by Praxiteles, or the Minerva of Athens, by Phidias; which was therefore called the *beautiful form.* Neither is there any man of the present age

'equal in the strength, proportion, and knitting 'of his limbs, to the Hercules of Farnese, made 'by Glycon; or any woman, who can justly be 'compared with the Medicean Venus of Cleo-'menes. And upon this account, the noblest 'poets and the best orators, when they desired to 'celebrate any extraordinary beauty, are forced 'to have recourse to statues and pictures, and to 'draw their persons and faces into comparison. 'Ovid endeavouring to express the beauty of 'Cyllarus, the fairest of the Centaurs, celebrates 'him as next in perfection to the most admirable 'statues:

Gratus in ore vigor, cervix, humerique, manusque,
Pectoraque artificum laudatis proxima signis.

A pleasing vigour his fair face express'd;
His neck, his hands, his shoulders, and his breast,
Did next, in gracefulness and beauty, stand
To breathing figures of the sculptor's hand.

'In another place he sets Apelles above Venus:

Si Venerem Cous nunquam pinxisset Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Thus varied:

One birth to seas the Cyprian goddess ow'd,
A second birth the painter's art bestow'd:
Less by the seas than by his power was given;
They made her live, but he advanc'd to heaven.

'The idea of this beauty is indeed various, 'according to the several forms which the painter 'or sculptor would describe; as one in strength, 'another in magnanimity: and sometimes it con-

'sists in cheerfulness, and sometimes in delicacy; 'and is always diversified by the sex and age.

'The beauty of Jove is one, and that of Juno 'another: Hercules and Cupid are perfect beau- 'ties, though of different kinds; for beauty is 'only that which makes all things as they are in 'their proper and perfect nature, which the best 'painters always choose by contemplating the 'forms of each. We ought farther to consider, 'that a picture being the representation of a hu- 'man action, the painter ought to retain in his 'mind the examples of all affections and passions, 'as a poet preserves the idea of an angry man, of 'one who is fearful, sad, or merry, and so of all 'the rest; for it is impossible to express that 'with the hand, which never entered into the 'imagination. In this manner, as I have rudely 'and briefly shewn you, painters and sculptors, 'choosing the most elegant natural beauties, per- 'fectionate the idea, and advance their art, even 'above nature itself in her individual produc- 'tions; which is the utmost mastery of human 'performance.

'From hence arises that astonishment, and al- 'most adoration, which is paid by the knowing to 'those divine remainders of antiquity. From 'hence Phidias, Lysippus, and other noble sculp- 'tors, are still held in veneration; and Apelles, 'Zeuxis, Protogenes, and other admirable painters, 'though their works are perished, are and will be 'eternally admired; who all of them drew after

'the ideas of perfection, which are the miracles of 'nature, the providence of the understanding, the 'exemplars of the mind, the light of the fancy; 'the sun which, from its rising, inspired the statue 'of Memnon, and the fire which warmed into life 'the image of Prometheus. It is this, which 'causes the Graces and the Loves to take up their 'habitations in the hardest marble, and to subsist 'in the emptiness of light and shadows. But 'since the idea of eloquence is as far inferior to 'that of painting, as the force of words is to the 'sight, I must here break off abruptly, and having 'conducted the reader, as it were, to a secret 'walk, there leave him in the midst of silence to 'contemplate those ideas which I have only 'sketched, and which every man must finish for 'himself.'

In these pompous expressions, or such as these, the Italian has given you his Idea of a Painter; and though I cannot much commend the style, I must needs say, there is somewhat in the matter. Plato himself is accustomed to write loftily, imitating, as the criticks tell us, the manner of Homer; but surely that inimitable poet had not so much of smoke in his writing, though not less of fire. But in short, this is the present genius of Italy. What Philostratus tells us in the proem of his FIGURES,[3] is somewhat plainer; and therefore I

[3] The EIKONES of Flavius Philostratus, who flourished in the beginning of the third century, was first printed by Aldus in 1502.

will translate it almost word for word: 'He who 'will rightly govern the art of painting, ought of 'necessity first to understand human nature. He 'ought likewise to be endued with a genius to 'express the signs of their passions, whom he re-'presents; and to make the dumb as it were to 'speak. He must yet further understand what is 'contained in the constitution of the cheeks, in 'the temperament of the eyes, in the naturalness '(if I may so call it) of the eyebrows; and in 'short, whatsoever belongs to the mind and 'thought. He who thoroughly possesses all these 'things, will obtain the whole; and the hand will 'exquisitely represent the action of every parti-'cular person. If it happen that he be either 'mad or angry, melancholick or cheerful, a 'sprightly youth or a languishing lover; in one 'word, he will be able to paint whatsoever is pro-'portionable to any one. And even in all this 'there is a sweet errour, without causing any 'shame; for the eyes and minds of the beholders 'being fastened on objects which have no real 'being, as if they were truly existent, and being 'induced by them to believe them so, what plea-'sure is it not capable of giving? The ancients, 'and other wise men, have written many things 'concerning the symmetry which is in the art of 'painting,—constituting, as it were, some certain 'laws for the proportion of every member; not 'thinking it possible for a painter to undertake 'the expression of those motions which are in the

'mind, without a concurrent harmony in the 'natural measure: for that which is out of its own 'kind and measure, is not received from nature, 'whose motion is always right. On a serious 'consideration of this matter it will be found, that 'the art of painting has a wonderful affinity with 'that of poetry; and that there is betwixt them a 'certain common imagination. For as the poets 'introduce the gods and heroes, and all those 'things which are either majestical, honest, or 'delightful, in like manner the painters, by the 'virtue of their outlines, colours, lights, and sha-'dows, represent the same things and persons in 'their pictures.'

Thus, as convoy-ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants,* till they may prosecute the rest of their voyage without danger, so Philostratus has brought me thus far on my way, and I can now sail on without him. He has begun to speak of the great relation betwixt painting and poetry, and thither the greatest part of this discourse, by my promise, was directed. I have not engaged myself to any perfect method, neither am I loaded with a full cargo; it is sufficient if I bring a sample of some goods in this voyage. It will be easy for others to add more, when the commerce is settled; for a Treatise twice as large as this of Painting, could not con-

* *Merchant*, in old language, signified not only a trader, but also a *merchant-man*, or ship of trade; and so Shakspeare has used the word in THE TEMPEST, Act II. sc. i.

tain all that might be said on the parallel of these two sister arts. I will take my rise from Bellori, before I proceed to the author of this book.

The business of his preface is to prove, that a learned painter should form to himself an idea of perfect nature. This image he is to set before his mind in all his undertakings, and to draw from thence, as from a storehouse, the beauties which are to enter into his work; thereby correcting nature from what actually she is in individuals, to what she ought to be, and what she was created. Now as this idea of perfection is of little use in portraits, or the resemblances of particular persons, so neither is it in the characters of comedy and tragedy, which are never to be made perfect, but always to be drawn with some specks of frailty and deficience; such as they have been described to us in history, if they were real characters, or such as the poet began to shew them at their first appearance, if they were only fictitious or imaginary. The perfection of such stage-characters consists chiefly in their likeness to the deficient faulty nature, which is their original: only, as it is observed more at large hereafter, in such cases there will always be found a better likeness and a worse, and the better is constantly to be chosen; I mean in tragedy, which represents the figures of the highest form amongst mankind. Thus in portraits, the painter will not take that side of the face, which has some notorious blemish in it; but either draw it in profile, (as Apelles did Antigonus,

who had lost one of his eyes,)[4] or else shadow the more imperfect side: for an ingenious flattery is to be allowed to the professors of both arts, so long as the likeness is not destroyed. It is true, that all manner of imperfections must not be taken away from the characters; and the reason is, that there may be left some grounds of pity for their misfortunes. We can never be grieved for their miseries, who are thoroughly wicked, and have thereby justly called their calamities on themselves. Such men are the natural objects of our hatred, not of our commiseration. If on the other side their characters were wholly perfect, (such as for example, the character of a saint or martyr in a play,) his or her misfortunes would produce impious thoughts in the beholders; they would accuse the heavens of injustice, and think of leaving a religion where piety was so ill requited. I say, the greater part would be tempted so to do, I say not that they ought; and the consequence is too dangerous for the practice. In this I have accused myself for my own St. Catharine;[5] but let truth prevail. Sophocles has taken the just medium in his OEDIPUS. He is somewhat arrogant at his first entrance, and is too inquisitive through the whole tragedy; yet these imperfections being

[4] Cardinal Wolsey in like manner was always exhibited in profile, in consequence, it has been said, of his having lost one of his eyes by some malady.

[5] In the tragedy of TYRANNICK LOVE, or THE ROYAL MARTYR, represented in 1670.

balanced by great virtues, they hinder not our compassion for his miseries; neither yet can they destroy that horrour, which the nature of his crimes have excited in us. Such in painting are the warts and moles, which adding a likeness to the face, are not therefore to be omitted; but these produce no loathing in us: but how far to proceed, and where to stop, is left to the judgment of the poet and the painter. In comedy there is somewhat more of the worse likeness to be taken, because that is often to produce laughter, which is occasioned by the sight of some deformity; but for this I refer the reader to Aristotle. It is a sharp manner of instruction for the vulgar, who are never well amended, till they are more than sufficiently exposed.

That I may return to the beginning of this remark concerning perfect ideas, I have only this to say,—that the parallel is often true in epick poetry. The heroes of the poets are to be drawn according to this rule. There is scarce a frailty to be left in the best of them, any more than is to be found in a divine nature; and if Æneas sometimes weeps, it is not in bemoaning his own miseries, but those which his people undergo. If this be an imperfection, the Son of God, when he was incarnate, shed tears of compassion over Jerusalem; and Lentulus describes him often weeping, but never laughing; so that Virgil is justified even from the holy scriptures. I have but one word more, which for once I will anticipate from the

author of this book. Though it must be an idea of perfection, from which both the epick poet and the history-painter draws, yet all perfections are not suitable to all subjects; but every one must be designed according to that perfect beauty which is proper to him. An Apollo must be distinguished from a Jupiter, a Pallas from a Venus; and so in poetry, an Æneas from any other hero; for piety is his chief perfection. Homer's Achilles is a kind of exception to this rule; but then he is not a perfect hero, nor so intended by the poet. All his gods had somewhat of human imperfection, for which he has been taxed by Plato, as an imitator of what was bad; but Virgil observed his fault, and mended it. Yet Achilles was perfect in the strength of his body, and the vigour of his mind. Had he been less passionate, or less revengeful, the poet well foresaw that Hector had been killed, and Troy taken, at the first assault; which had destroyed the beautiful contrivance of his ILIADS, and the moral of preventing discord amongst confederate princes, which was his principal intention. For the moral (as Bossu observes,)[6] is the first business of the poet, as being the groundwork of his instruction. This being formed, he contrives such a design, or fable, as may be most suitable to the moral; after this he begins to think of the persons whom he is to employ in carrying on his design; and gives them

[6] In his treatise on Epick Poetry.

the manners which are most proper to their several characters. The thoughts and words are the last parts, which give beauty and colouring to the piece.

When I say that the manners of the hero ought to be good in perfection, I contradict not the Marquis of Normanby's opinion, in that admirable verse,* where speaking of a perfect character, he calls it

"A faultless monster, which the world ne'er knew;"

for that excellent critick intended only to speak of dramatick characters, and not of epick.

Thus at least I have shewn, that in the most perfect poem, which is that of Virgil, a perfect idea was required and followed; and consequently that all succeeding poets ought rather to imitate him, than even Homer. I will now proceed, as I promised, to the author of this book.

He tells you almost in the first lines of it, that "the chief end of painting is, to please the eyes; and it is one great end of poetry to please the mind." Thus far the parallel of the arts holds true; with this difference, that the principal end of painting is to please, and the chief design of poetry is to instruct. In this the latter seems to have the advantage of the former; but if we consider the artists themselves on both sides, certainly their aims are the very same: they would both make sure of pleasing, and that in preference to instruction.—Next, the means of this pleasure is by deceit; one

* In his ESSAY ON POETRY, "Ne'er saw," are his words.

imposes on the sight, and the other on the understanding. Fiction is of the essence of poetry, as well as of painting: there is a resemblance in one, of human bodies, things, and actions, which are not real; and in the other, of a true story by a fiction: and as all stories are not proper subjects for an epick poem or a tragedy, so neither are they for a noble picture. The subjects both of the one and of the other, ought to have nothing of immoral, low, or filthy in them; but this being treated at large in the book itself, I wave it, to avoid repetition. Only I must add, that though Catullus,[6] Ovid, and others, were of another opinion,—that the subject of poets, and even their thoughts and expressions might be loose, provided their lives were chaste and holy, yet there are no such licences permitted in that art, any more than in painting to design and colour obscene nudities. *Vita proba est,* is no excuse; for it will scarcely be admitted that either a poet or a painter can be chaste, who give us the contrary examples in their writings and their pictures. We see nothing of this kind in Virgil; that which comes the nearest to it, is the Adventure of the Cave, where Dido and Æneas were driven by the storm: yet even there the poet pretends a marriage before the consummation, and Juno herself was present at it. Neither is there any expression in that story, which a Roman matron might not read without a blush.

[6] See vol. ii. p. 32.

Besides, the poet passes it over as hastily as he can, as if he were afraid of staying in the cave with the two lovers, and of being a witness to their actions. Now I suppose that a painter would not be much commended, who should pick out this cavern from the whole ÆNEIDS, when there is not another in the work. He had better leave them in their obscurity, than let in a flash of lightning to clear the natural darkness of the place, by which he must discover himself as much as them. The altar-pieces, and holy decorations of painting, shew, *that* art may be applied to better uses, as well as poetry; and amongst many other instances, the Farnesian gallery, painted by Annibale Caracci, is a sufficient witness yet remaining: the whole work being morally instructive, and particularly the *Herculis Bivium*, which is a perfect Triumph of Virtue over Vice; as it is wonderfully well described by the ingenious Bellori.

Hitherto I have only told the reader, what ought not to be the subject of a picture or of a poem. What it ought to be on either side, our author tells us: it must in general be great and noble; and in this the parallel is exactly true. The subject of a poet, either in tragedy or in an epick poem, is a great action of some illustrious hero. It is the same in painting: not every action, nor every person, is considerable enough to enter into the cloth. It must be the anger of an Achilles, the piety of an Æneas, the sacrifice of an Iphigenia, for heroines as well as heroes are compre-

hended in the rule; but the parallel is more complete in tragedy, than in an epick poem. For as a tragedy may be made out of many particular episodes of Homer or of Virgil, so may a noble picture be designed out of this or that particular story in either author. History is also fruitful of designs both for the painter and the tragick poet: Curtius throwing himself into a gulph, and the two Decii sacrificing themselves for the safety of their country, are subjects for tragedy and picture. Such is Scipio restoring the Spanish Bride,[7] whom he either loved or may be supposed to love; by which he gained the hearts of a great nation to interess themselves for Rome against Carthage. These are all but particular pieces in Livy's History; and yet are full complete subjects for the pen and pencil. Now the reason of this is evident. Tragedy and Picture are more narrowly circumscribed by the mechanick rules of time and place, than the Epick Poem. The time of this last is left indefinite. It is true, Homer took up only the space of eight and forty days for

[7] Vid. Polyb. x. 19. Liv. xxvi. 50. A. Gell. vi. 8. Dion. Fragm. Peiresc. lviii.—There are perhaps few subjects which have been oftener painted than this. An exact representation of the VOTIVE SHIELD commemorating the Continence of Scipio, which was found in the Rhone near Avignon, in 1656, and was formerly in the French King's collection, may be seen in Mr. Jephson's late elegant and instructive work, entitled ROMAN PORTRAITS, p. 47.

his ILIADS; but whether Virgil's action was comprehended in a year or somewhat more, is not determined by Bossu. Homer made the place of his action, Troy, and the Grecian camp besieging it. Virgil introduces his Æneas sometimes in Sicily, sometimes in Carthage, and other times at Cumæ, before he brings him to Laurentum; and even after that, he wanders again to the kingdom of Evander, and some parts of Tuscany, before he returns to finish the war by the death of Turnus. But tragedy, according to the practice of the ancients, was always confined within the compass of twenty-four hours, and seldom takes up so much time. As for the place of it, it was always one, and that not in a larger sense, (as for example, a whole city, or two or three several houses in it,) but the market, or some other publick, place, common to the Chorus and all the actors: which established law of theirs I have not an opportunity to examine in this place, because I cannot do it without digression from my subject; though it seems too strict at the first appearance, because it excludes all secret intrigues, which are the beauties of the modern stage; for nothing can be carried on with privacy, when the Chorus is supposed to be always present.—But to proceed: I must say this to the advantage of painting, even above tragedy, that what this last represents in the space of many hours, the former shews us in one moment. The action, the passion, and the manners of so many persons as are contained in a picture are to be discerned at once, in the twink-

ling of an eye; at least they would be so, if the sight could travel over so many different objects all at once, or the mind could digest them all at the same instant or point of time. Thus, in the famous picture of Poussin, which represents the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, you see our Saviour and his twelve Disciples, all concurring in the same action, after different manners, and in different postures; only the manners of Judas are distinguished from the rest. Here is but one indivisible point of time observed; but one action performed by so many persons, in one room, and at the same table; yet the eye cannot comprehend at once the whole object, nor the mind follow it so fast: it is considered at leisure, and seen by intervals. Such are the subjects of noble pictures: and such are only to be undertaken by noble hands.

There are other parts of nature, which are meaner, and yet are the subjects both of painters and of poets. For, to proceed in the parallel; as comedy is a representation of human life in inferior persons, and low subjects, and by that means creeps into the nature of poetry, and is a kind of juniper, a shrub belonging to the species of cedar, so is the painting of clowns, the representation of a Dutch kermis,* the brutal sport of snick-or-snee, and a thousand other things of this mean invention; a kind of picture which belongs to nature, but of the lowest form. Such is a lazar in com-

* A Dutch *kermis* is a Dutch *fair*.

parison to a Venus: both are drawn in human figures; they have faces alike, though not like faces. There is yet a lower sort of poetry and painting, which is out of nature; for a farce is that in poetry, which grotesque is in a picture. The persons and action of a farce are all unnatural, and the manners false, that is, inconsisting with the characters of mankind. Grotesque painting is the just resemblance of this; and Horace begins his ART OF POETRY by describing such a figure, with a man's head, a horse's neck, the wings of a bird, and a fish's tail; parts of different species jumbled together, according to the mad imagination of the dauber; and the end of all this, as he tells you afterward, to cause laughter: a very monster in a Bartholomew-Fair, for the mob to gape at for their two-pence. Laughter is indeed the propriety of a man, but just enough to distinguish him from his elder brother with four legs. It is a kind of bastard-pleasure too, taken in at the eyes of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beastly audience. Church-painters use it to divert the honest countryman at publick prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy sermon; and farce scribblers make use of the same noble invention, to entertain citizens, country-gentlemen, and Covent-Garden fops. If they are merry, all goes well on the poet's side. The better sort go thither too, but in despair of sense and the just images of nature, which are the adequate pleasures of the mind; but the author can give the stage no better

than what was given him by nature; and the actors must represent such things as they are capable to perform, and by which both they and the scribbler may get their living. After all, it is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep, when they suffer, but they cannot laugh. And as Sir William Davenant observes in his Preface to GONDIBERT, 'It is the wisdom of 'a government to permit plays, (he might have 'added—farces,) as it is the prudence of a carter to 'put bells upon his horses, to make them carry 'their burthens cheerfully.'

I have already shewn, that one main end of poetry and painting is to please, and have said something of the kinds of both, and of their subjects, in which they bear a great resemblance to each other. I must now consider them, as they are great and noble arts; and as they are arts, they must have rules, which may direct them to their common end.

To all arts and sciences, but more particularly to these, may be applied what Hippocrates says of physick, as I find him cited by an eminent French critick: 'Medicine has long subsisted in the 'world. The principles of it are certain, and it 'has a certain way; by both which there has 'been found in the course of many ages, an 'infinite number of things, the experience of 'which has confirmed its usefulness and goodness. 'All that is wanting to the perfection of this art

'will undoubtedly be found, if able men, and 'such as are instructed in the ancient rules, will 'make a farther inquiry into it; and endeavour 'to arrive at that which is hitherto unknown, by 'that which is already known. But all who, 'having rejected the ancient rules, and taken the 'opposite ways, yet boast themselves to be mas-'ters of this art, do but deceive others, and are 'themselves deceived; for that is absolutely im-'possible.'

This is notoriously true in these two arts; for the way to please being to imitate nature, both the poets and the painters in ancient times, and in the best ages, have studied her; and from the practice of both these arts the rules have been drawn, by which we are instructed how to please, and to compass that end which they obtained, by following their example; for nature is still the same in all ages, and can never be contrary to herself. Thus, from the practice of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Aristotle drew his rules for tragedy, and Philostratus for painting. Thus, amongst the moderns, the Italian and French criticks, by studying the precepts of Aristotle and Horace, and having the example of the Grecian poets before their eyes, have given us the rules of modern tragedy; and thus the criticks of the same countries in the art of painting, have given the precepts of perfecting that art.

It is true that Poetry has one advantage over Painting in these last ages, that we have still the

remaining examples both of the Greek and Latin poets; whereas the painters have nothing left them from Apelles, Protogenes, Parrhasius, Xeuxis, and the rest, but only the testimonies which are given of their incomparable works. But instead of this, they have some of their best statues, bass-relievos, columns, obelisks, &c. which were saved out of the common ruin, and are still preserved in Italy; and by well distinguishing what is proper to sculpture, and what to painting, and what is common to them both, they have judiciously repaired that loss. And the great genius of Raffaelle, and others, having succeeded to the times of barbarism and ignorance, the knowledge of painting is now arrived to a supreme perfection, though the performance of it is much declined in the present age. The greatest age for poetry amongst the Romans was certainly that of Augustus Cæsar: and yet we are told that painting was then at its lowest ebb; and perhaps sculpture was also declining at the same time. In the reign of Domitian, and some who succeeded him, poetry was but meanly cultivated, but painting eminently flourished. I am not here to give the history of the two arts; how they were both in a manner extinguished by the irruption of the barbarous nations, and both restored about the times of Leo the Tenth, Charles the Fifth, and Francis the First; though I might observe, that neither Ariosto, nor any of his contemporary poets, ever arrived at the excellency of Raffaelle, Titian, and

the rest, in painting. But in revenge,[8] at this time, or lately, in many countries, poetry is better practised than her sister-art. To what height the magnificence and encouragement of the present King of France may carry painting and sculpture, is uncertain; but by what he has done before the war in which he is engaged, we may expect what he will do after the happy conclusion of a peace, which is the prayer and wish of all those who have not an interest to prolong the miseries of Europe. For it is most certain, as our author amongst others has observed, that reward is the spur of virtue, as well in all good arts, as in all laudable attempts; and emulation, which is the other spur, will never be wanting either amongst poets or painters, when particular rewards and prizes are proposed to the best deservers.

But to return from this digression, though it was almost necessary. All the rules of painting are methodically, concisely, and yet clearly delivered in this present treatise, which I have translated. Bossu has not given more exact rules for the epick poem, nor Dacier for tragedy, in his late excellent translation of Aristotle, and his notes upon him, than our Fresnoy has made for painting; with the parallel of which I must resume my discourse, following my author's text, though

[8] This is a mere Gallicism, *(en revenche,)* which very properly has not been admitted into our language. In p. 284, we find again the same phraseology.

with more brevity than I intended, because Virgil calls me.

The principal and most important part of painting is, to know what is most beautiful in nature, and most proper for that art. That which is the most beautiful is the most noble subject: so in poetry, tragedy is more beautiful than comedy; because, as I said, the persons are greater whom the poet instructs, and consequently the instructions of more benefit to mankind: the action is likewise greater and more noble, and thence is derived the greater and more noble pleasure.

To imitate nature well in whatsoever subject, is the perfection of both arts; and that picture, and that poem, which comes nearest to the resemblance of nature, is the best. But it follows not, that what pleases most in either kind is therefore good, but what ought to please. Our depraved appetites, and ignorance of the arts, mislead our judgments, and cause us often to take that for true imitation of nature, which has no resemblance of nature in it. To inform our judgments, and to reform our tastes, rules were invented, that by them we might discern—when nature was imitated, and how nearly. I have been forced to recapitulate these things, because mankind is not more liable to deceit, than it is willing to continue in a pleasing errour strengthened by a long habitude. The imitation of nature is therefore justly constituted as the general, and indeed the only, rule of pleasing, both in poetry and painting. Aristotle

tells us, that imitation pleases, because it affords matter for a reasoner to inquire into the truth or falsehood of imitation,* by comparing its likeness or unlikeness with the original; but by this rule,

* The passage alluded to is in Aristotle's TREATISE ON POETRY, in which he accounts for the pleasure afforded by the imitative arts, by observing, that "to *learn* is a natural pleasure." "To the same purpose (says Mr. Twining,) in his RHETORICK, lib. i. cap. xi. p. 537. edit. Duval. Επει δε το μανθανειν, κ. τ. λ. 'And as it is by nature delightful to *learn*, to *admire*, and the like, hence we necessarily receive pleasure from imitative arts, as PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and POETRY, and from whatever is well imitated, even though the original may be disagreeable; but our pleasure does not arise from the beauty of the thing itself, but from the *inference*, the *discovery* that THIS IS THAT, &c. so that we seem to learn something.'

"Μανθανειν—to *learn*, to *know*, i. e. merely to *recognize*, *discover*, &c." See Harris, On Musick, Painting, &c. ch. iv. note (*b*). The meaning is sufficiently explained by what follows.

"Dryden, who scarce ever mentions Aristotle without discovering that he had looked only at the wrong side of the tapestry, [a translation,] says, 'Aristotle tells us, that Imitation pleases, because it affords matter for a reasoner to inquire into the truth or falsehood of imitation,' &c. But Aristotle is not here speaking of *reasoners*, or *inquiry*, but on the contrary, of the vulgar, the generality of mankind, whom he expressly opposes to philosophers, or reasoners: and his συλλογιζεσθαι is no more than that rapid, habitual, and imperceptible act of the mind, that '*raisonnement aussi prompt que le coup d'œil*,' (as it is well paraphrased by M. Batteux,) by which we *collect* or infer, from a comparison of the picture with the image of the

every speculation in nature, whose truth falls under the inquiry of a philosopher, must produce the same delight; which is not true. I should rather assign another reason. Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie, than the will can choose an apparent evil. As truth is the end of all our speculations, so the discovery of it is the pleasure of them; and since a true knowledge of nature gives us pleasure, a lively imitation of it, either in poetry or painting,

original in our minds, that it was intended to represent that original.

" The fullest illustration of this passage is to be found in another work of Aristotle, his RHETORICK, lib. iii. cap. x. where he applies the same principle to metaphorical language, and resolves the pleasure we receive from such language, into that which arises from the μαθησις TAXEIA, the exercise of our understandings in *discovering* the meaning by a *quick* and *easy* perception of some quality or qualities common to the thing expressed, and the thing intended; to a mirror, for example, and to the theatre, when the latter is called metaphorically, *the mirror of human life.*

" Dryden (Mr. Twining further observes,) seems to have taken his idea from Dacier's note on this place, [in the TREATISE ON POETRY,] which is extremely confused, and so expressed, as to leave it doubtful whether he misunderstood the original, or only explained himself awkwardly. The use that Dryden made of French criticks and translators is well known."——Aristotle's TREATISE ON POETRY, translated, with Notes, &c. by Thomas Twining, A. M. 4to. 1789, p. 186.

must of necessity produce a much greater: for both these arts, as I said before, are not only true imitations of nature, but of the best nature, of that which is wrought up to a nobler pitch. They present us with images more perfect than the life in any individual; and we have the pleasure to see all the scattered beauties of nature united by a happy chemistry, without its deformities or faults. They are imitations of the passions, which always move, and therefore consequently please; for without motion there can be no delight, which cannot be considered but as an active passion. When we view these elevated ideas of nature, the result of that view is admiration, which is always the cause of pleasure.

This foregoing remark, which gives the reason why imitation pleases, was sent me by Mr. Walter Moyle,[9] a most ingenious young gentleman, conversant in all the studies of humanity much above his years. He had also furnished me, according to my request, with all the particular passages in Aristotle and Horace, which are used by them to explain the art of poetry by that of painting; which if ever I have time to retouch this Essay, shall be inserted in their places.

[9] Walter Moyle was at this time only twenty-three years old, and had about three years before been admitted into the company of the wits at Will's Coffee-house. He is again highly praised by our author in the LIFE OF LUCIAN.

Having thus shewn that imitation pleases, and why it pleases in both these arts, it follows that some rules of imitation are necessary to obtain the end; for without rules there can be no art, any more than there can be a house without a door to conduct you into it.

The principal parts of painting and poetry next follow. INVENTION is the first part, and absolutely necessary to them both; yet no rule ever was or ever can be given, how to compass it. A happy genius is the gift of nature: it depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the naturalists; it is the particular gift of heaven, say the divines, both Christians and heathens. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none; that nothing can be done without it, all agree:

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.

Without invention, a painter is but a copier, and a poet but a plagiary of others. Both are allowed sometimes to copy, and translate; but, as our author tells you, that is not the best part of their reputation. "Imitators are but a servile kind of cattle," says the poet; or at best, the keepers of cattle for other men: they have nothing which is properly their own: that is a sufficient mortification for me, while I am translating Virgil. But to copy the best author, is a kind of praise, if I perform it as I ought; as a copy after Raffaelle is more to be commended than an original of any indifferent painter.

Under this head of INVENTION is placed the disposition of the work,—to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece. The compositions of the painter should be conformable to the text of ancient authors, to the customs, and the times. And this is exactly the same in poetry; Homer and Virgil are to be our guides in the epick; Sophocles and Euripides in tragedy: in all things we are to imitate the customs and the times of those persons and things which we represent: not to make new rules of the drama, as Lopez de Vega has attempted unsuccessfully to do, but to be content to follow our masters, who understood nature better than we. But if the story which we treat be modern, we are to vary the customs, according to the time and the country where the scene of action lies; for this is still to imitate nature, which is always the same, though in a different dress.

As in the composition of a picture the painter is to take care that nothing enter into it, which is not proper or convenient to the subject, so likewise is the poet to reject all incidents which are foreign to his poem, and are naturally no parts of it; they are wens and other excrescences, which belong not to the body, but deform it. No person, no incident, in the piece or in the play, but must be of use to carry on the main design. All things else are like six fingers to the hand, when nature, which is superfluous in nothing, can do her work with five. A painter must reject all

trifling ornaments; so must a poet refuse all tedious and unnecessary descriptions. A robe which is too heavy is less an ornament than a burthen.

In poetry Horace calls these things—*versus inopes rerum, nugæquæ camoræ*; these are also the *lucus et ara Dianæ,* which he mentions in the same ART OF POETRY. But since there must be ornaments both in painting and poetry, if they are not necessary, they must at least be decent; that is, in their due place, and but moderately used. The painter is not to take so much pains about the drapery, as about the face, where the principal resemblance lies; neither is the poet who is working up a passion, to make similes, which will certainly make it languish. My Montezuma dies with a fine one in his mouth;[1] but it is ambitious, and out of season. When there are more figures in a picture than are necessary, or at least ornamental, our author calls them "figures to be let;" because the picture has no use of them. So I have seen in some modern plays above twenty actors, when the action has not required half the

[1] "———————— O Powers divine,
"Take my last thanks: no longer I repine.
"I might have liv'd my own mishaps to mourn,
"While some would pity me, but more would scorn;
"For pity only on fresh objects stays,
"But with the tedious sight of woes decays.
"Still less and less my boiling spirits flow,
"And I grow stiff, as cooling metals do.—
"Farewell, Almeria." - - -

number. In the principal figures of a picture, the painter is to employ the sinews of his art; for in them consists the principal beauty of his work. Our author saves me the comparison with tragedy; for he says, that herein he is to imitate the tragick poet, who employs his utmost force in those places, wherein consists the height and beauty of the action.

Du Fresnoy, whom I follow, makes DESIGN, or DRAWING, the second part of painting; but the rules which he gives concerning the posture of the figures, are almost wholly proper to that art, and admit not any comparison, that I know, with poetry. The posture of a poetick figure is, as I conceive, the description of his heroes in the performance of such or such an action; as of Achilles, just in the act of killing Hector, or of Æneas who has Turnus under him. Both the poet and the painter vary the posture, according to the action or passion which they represent, of the same person: but all must be great and graceful in them. The same Æneas must be drawn a suppliant to Dido, with respect in his gestures, and humility in his eyes; but when he is forced in his own defence to kill Lausus, the poet shews him compassionate, and tempering the severity of his looks with a reluctance to the action which he is going to perform. He has pity on his beauty and his youth, and is loth to destroy such a masterpiece of nature. He considers Lausus rescuing his father at the hazard of his own life, as an image of himself,

when he took Anchises on his shoulders, and bore him safe through the rage of the fire, and the opposition of his enemies; and therefore in the posture of a retiring man, who avoids the combat, he stretches out his arm in sign of peace, with his right foot drawn a little back, and his breast bending inward, more like an orator than a soldier; and seems to dissuade the young man from pulling on his destiny, by attempting more than he was able to perform. Take the passage as I have thus translated it:

> Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
> To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
> All, fired with noble emulation, strive,
> And with a storm of darts to distance drive
> The Trojan chief; who held at bay, from far
> On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
> Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on every side,
> Their first assault undaunted did abide,
> And thus to Lausus, loud with friendly threat'ning cry'd:
> Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
> In rash attempts beyond thy tender age,
> Betray'd by pious love? - - - -

And afterwards:

> He griev'd, he wept; the sight an image brought
> Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.

But beside the outlines of the posture, the design of the picture comprehends in the next place the forms of faces, which are to be different; and so in a poem or a play must the several characters of the persons be distinguished from

each other. I knew a poet, whom out of respect I will not name, who being too witty himself, could draw nothing but wits in a comedy of his; even his fools were infected with the disease of their author. They overflowed with smart repartees, and were only distinguished from the intended wits by being called coxcombs,[2] though they deserved not so scandalous a name. Another, who had a great genius for tragedy,[3] following the fury of his natural temper, made every man and woman too in his plays stark raging mad: there was not a sober person to be had for love or money. All was tempestuous and blustering; heaven and earth were coming together at every word; a mere

[2] This description seems at the first view to be intended for Congreve, to whom it is certainly sufficiently applicable, and who had produced his DOUBLE DEALER in the preceding year, and his LOVE FOR LOVE in 1695. But beside that Dryden's high admiration of Congreve, which he had so strongly manifested in the admirable Verses addressed to that poet on the former play, will not admit of such an application, the words—"I *knew*," clearly denote a *dead* poet, and consequently will exclude Wycherley also. The person meant therefore, I think, was Sir George Etherege, who died a few years before. In Dryden's Epilogue to that author's MAN OF MODE, he says,

> "Sir Fopling is a *fool* so nicely writ,
> "Most ladies would mistake him for a *wit*."

[3] The tragick poet here alluded to, was doubtless Nat. Lee.

hurricane from the beginning to the end,—and every actor seemed to be hastening on the day of judgment.

"Let every member be made for its own head," says our author; not a withered hand to a young face. So, in the persons of a play, whatsoever is said or done by any of them, must be consistent with the manners which the poet has given them distinctly; and even the habits must be proper to the degrees and humours of the persons, as well as in a picture. He who entered in the first act a young man, like Pericles, Prince of Tyre,[4] must not be in danger in the fifth act, of committing incest with his daughter; nor an usurer, without great probability and causes of repentance, be turned into a cutting Moorecraft.[5]

I am not satisfied that the comparison betwixt the two arts in the last paragraph is altogether so

[4] Our author has expressly attributed PERICLES to Shakspeare, and supposed it one of his earliest productions:

"Shakspeare's *own* muse his PERICLES first bore,
"The PRINCE OF TYRE was elder than the MOOR."

In the latter notion, however, he was, I think, mistaken: for whatever share Shakspeare had in its *rifacimento*, appears to have been contributed some years after King James's accession to the throne. See vol. i. p. 259, and p. 295, n.

[5] Moorecraft is a usurer, in THE SCORNFUL LADY, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; who becomes a convert in the last scene. A *cutter*, in old language, signified —a boisterous swaggerer.

just as it might have been; but I am sure of this which follows.

"The principal figure of the subject must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish it from the rest, which are only its attendants."—Thus, in a tragedy, or an epick poem, the hero of the piece must be advanced foremost to the view of the reader or spectator: he must outshine the rest of all the characters; he must appear the prince of them, like the sun in the Copernican system, encompassed with the less noble planets: because the hero is the centre of the main action; all the lines from the circumference tend to him alone: he is the chief object of pity in the drama, and of admiration in the epick poem.

As in a picture, besides the principal figures which compose it, and are placed in the midst of it, there are less groups or knots of figures disposed at proper distances, which are parts of the piece, and seem to carry on the same design in a more inferior manner;—so, in epick poetry there are episodes, and a chorus in tragedy, which are members of the action, as growing out of it, not inserted into it. Such in the ninth book of the ÆNEIDS is the episode of Nisus and Euryalus. The adventure belongs to them alone; they alone are the objects of compassion and admiration; but their business which they carry on, is the general concernment of the Trojan camp, then beleaguered by Turnus and the Latins, as the Chris-

tians were lately by the Turks. They were to advertise the chief hero of the distresses of his subjects occasioned by his absence, to crave his succour, and solicit him to hasten his return.

The Grecian tragedy was at first nothing but a chorus of singers; afterwards one actor was introduced, which was the poet himself, who entertained the people with a discourse in verse, betwixt the pauses of the singing. This succeeding with the people, more actors were added, to make the variety the greater; and in process of time, the chorus only sung betwixt the acts, and the Coryphæus, or chief of them, spoke for the rest, as an actor concerned in the business of the play.

Thus tragedy was perfected by degrees; and being arrived at that perfection, the painters might probably take the hint from thence of adding groups to their pictures. But as a good picture may be without a group, so a good tragedy may subsist without a chorus, notwithstanding any reasons which have been given by Dacier to the contrary.

Monsieur Racine has, indeed, used it in his ESTHER; but not that he found any necessity of it, as the French critick would insinuate. The chorus at St. Cyr was only to give the young ladies an occasion of entertaining the King with vocal musick, and of commending their own voices. The play itself was never intended for the publick stage, nor without disparagement to the learned author, could possibly have succeeded

there; and much less the translation of it here. Mr. Wycherley, when we read it together, was of my opinion in this, or rather I of his; for it becomes me so to speak of so excellent a poet, and so great a judge.[6] But since I am in this place,

[6] Our author, it is observable, omits no opportunity of commending Wycherley, on whom the encomiums lavished by his contemporaries are perhaps at least equal to his desert.

He almost entirely lost his memory, in consequence of a fever, which he had about the year 1678, when he was near forty years old. "He had (says Pope) this odd particularity in him, from the loss of his memory, that the same chain of thought would return into his mind at the distance of two or three years, without his remembering that it had been there before. Thus perhaps he would write one year an encomium upon avarice, (for he loved paradoxes,) and a year or two after in dispraise of liberty; and in both, the words only would differ, and the thoughts be as much alike, as two medals of different metals out of the same mould.

"He used to read himself asleep o'nights, either in Montagne, Rochefoucauld, Seneca, or Gratian; for these were his four favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening, and the next morning perhaps write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading, and have several of their thoughts, only expressed in a different turn: and that without knowing that he was obliged to them for any one thought in the whole poem. I have experienced this in him several times, (for I visited him for a whole winter almost every evening and morning,) and look upon it as one of the strangest phænomenons that ever I observed in the human mind." Spence's ANECDOTES.

as Virgil says, *spatiis exclusus iniquis*, that is, shortened in my time, I will give no other reason, than that it is impracticable on our stage. A new theatre, much more ample and much deeper, must be made for that purpose, besides the cost of sometimes forty or fifty habits, which is an expence too large to be supplied by a company of actors. It is true, I should not be sorry to see a chorus on a theatre more than as large and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a King's charges; and on that condition, and another, which is, that my hands were not bound behind me, as now they are,[7] I should not despair of making such a tragedy as might be both instructive and delightful, according to the manner of the Grecians.

To make a sketch, or a more perfect model of a picture, is, in the language of poets, to draw up the scenary of a play; and the reason is the same for both; to guide the undertaking, and to preserve the remembrance of such things, whose natures are difficult to retain.

To avoid absurdities and incongruities, is the same law established for both arts. The painter is not to paint a cloud at the bottom of a picture, but in the uppermost parts; nor the poet to place what is proper to the end or middle, in the beginning of a poem. I might enlarge on this; but there are few poets or painters, who can be sup-

[7] By the translation of Virgil, in which he was now engaged.

posed to sin so grossly against the laws of nature and of art. I remember only one play, and for once I will call it by its name, THE SLIGHTED MAID,[8] where there is nothing in the first act, but what might have been said or done in the fifth; nor any thing in the midst, which might not have been placed as well in the beginning, or the end. To express the passions which are seated in the heart, by outward signs, is one great precept of the painters, and very difficult to perform. In poetry, the same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed; and in this consists the principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that art. This, says my author, is the gift of Jupiter; and to speak in the same heathen language, we call it the gift of our Apollo,—not to be obtained by pains or study, if we are not born to it; for the motions which are studied, are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr. Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the ancients or moderns. I will

[8] A comedy written by Sir Robert Stapylton, and acted by the Duke of York's Servants, at their theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in 1663. Our author has again censured this piece, in the Prologue to CIRCE, 1675:

"Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
"Did no VOLPONE, nor no ARBACES write;
"But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
"From bough to bough, as if they were afraid;
"And each was guilty of some SLIGHTED MAID."

not defend every thing in his VENICE PRESERVED; but I must bear this testimony to his memory,—that the passions are truly touched in it,[9] though perhaps there is somewhat to be desired, both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression; but Nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.

"In the passions, (says our author,) we must have a very great regard to the quality of the persons, who are actually possessed with them." The joy of a monarch for the news of a victory, must not be expressed like the ecstasy of a Harlequin on the receipt of a letter from his mistress:—this is so much the same in both the arts, that it is no longer a comparison. What he says of face-painting, or the portrait of any one particular person,—concerning the likeness,—is also as applicable to poetry. In the character of an hero,

[9] "Otway (says Pope) has written but two tragedies out of six, that are pathetick. I believe he did it without much design, as Lillo has done in his BARNWELL. It is a talent of nature, rather than an effect of judgment, to write so movingly." Spence's ANECDOTES.

Dennis, the Critick, informed Mr. Spence, that "Otway had a friend, one Blakiston, who was shot: the murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him. In his return he drank water, when violently heated, and so got the fever which was the death of him." Ibid.

Dennis, in the Preface to his Observations on Pope's Translation of Homer, 8vo. 1717, says, Otway died in an alehouse; which is not inconsistent with this account. He certainly generally *lived* in one.

as well as in an inferior figure, there is a better or worse likeness to be taken: the better is a panegyrick, if it be not false, and the worse is a libel. Sophocles, says Aristotle, always drew men as they ought to be, that is, better than they were; another, whose name I have forgotten,[1] drew them worse than naturally they were: Euripides altered nothing in the character, but made them such as they were represented by history, epick poetry, or tradition. Of the three, the draught of Sophocles is most commended by Aristotle. I have followed it in that part of OEDIPUS which I writ,[2] though perhaps I have made him too good a man. But my characters of Antony and Cleopatra, though they are favourable to them, have nothing of outrageous panegyrick. Their passions were their own, and such as were given them by history; only the deformities of them were cast into shadows, that they might be objects of compassion: whereas if I had chosen a noon-day light for them,

[1] Aristotle, in the place referred to, (περι ποιητ. κ. μς.) does not mention any third dramatick poet by name. He does indeed put the case of a third poet, who might pursue a method different from the practice either of Sophocles or Euripides, and represent things *as they are said, and believed, to be*. In the same passage, (which is manifestly corrupt,) he mentions an observation of Xenophanes, who, I believe, was the person here in our author's thoughts.

[2] The first and third Acts; as appears from his own declaration in the VINDICATION OF THE DUKE OF GUISE.

somewhat must have been discovered, which would rather have moved our hatred than our pity.

The Gothick manner, and the barbarous ornaments, which are to be avoided in a picture, are just the same with those in an ill-ordered play. For example, our English tragi-comedy must be confessed to be wholly Gothick, notwithstanding the success which it has found upon our theatre, and in the PASTOR FIDO of Guarini; even though Corisca and the Satyr contribute somewhat to the main action. Neither can I defend my SPANISH FRYAR, as fond as otherwise I am of it, from this imputation; for though the comical parts are diverting, and the serious moving, yet they are of an unnatural mingle: for mirth and gravity destroy each other, and are no more to be allowed for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit.[3]

I had almost forgotten one considerable resemblance. Du Fresnoy tells us, "That the figures of the groups must not be all on a side, that is, with their face and bodies all turned the same way; but must contrast each other by their several positions." Thus in a play, some characters must be raised, to oppose others, and to set them off the better; according to the old maxim, *contraria juxta se posita, magis elucescunt.* Thus, in THE

[3] In a former Essay, however, he has said, that he who cannot relieve and lighten melancholy scenes by a course of mirth, is but *half a poet for the stage.* See vol. ii. p. 61.

Scornful Lady, the Usurer is set to confront the Prodigal: thus, in my Tyrannick Love, the atheist Maximin is opposed to the character of St. Catharine.

I am now come, though with the omission of many likenesses, to the third part of Painting, which is called the cromatick, or colouring. Expression, and all that belongs to words, is that in a poem, which colouring is in a picture. The colours well chosen in their proper places, together with the lights and shadows which belong to them, lighten the design, and make it pleasing to the eye. The words, the expressions, the tropes and figures, the versification, and all the other elegancies of sound, as cadences, turns of words upon the thought, and many other things which are all parts of expression, perform exactly the same office both in dramatick and epick poetry. Our author calls colouring—*lena sororis*; in plain English, the bawd of her sister, the design or drawing: she cloaths, she dresses her up, she paints her, she makes her appear more lovely than naturally she is; she *procures* for the design, and makes lovers for her: for the design of itself is only so many naked lines. Thus in poetry, the expression is that which charms the reader, and beautifies the design, which is only the outlines of the fables. It is true, the design must of itself be good; if it be vicious, or in one word, unpleasing, the cost of colouring is thrown away upon it: it is an ugly woman in a rich habit set out with jewels;—nothing can become her;

but granting the design to be moderately good, it is like an excellent complexion with indifferent features: the white and red well mingled on the face, make what was before but passable, appear beautiful. *Operum colores* is the very word which Horace uses, to signify words and elegant expressions, of which he himself was so great a master, in his Odes. Amongst the ancients, Zeuxis was most famous for his colouring; amongst the moderns, Titian and Correggio. Of the two ancient epick poets, who have so far excelled all the moderns, the invention and design were the particular talents of Homer. Virgil must yield to him in both: for the design of the Latin was borrowed from the Grecian; but the *dictio Virgiliana*, the expression of Virgil, his colouring, was incomparably the better; and in that I have always endeavoured to copy him. Most of the pedants, I know, maintain the contrary, and will have Homer excel even in this part. But of all people, as they are the most ill-mannered, so they are the worst judges. Even of words, which are their province, they seldom know more than the grammatical construction, unless they are born with a poetical genius, which is a rare portion amongst them. Yet some I know may stand excepted; and such I honour. Virgil is so exact in every word, that none can be changed but for a worse; nor any one removed from its place, but the harmony will be altered. He pretends sometimes to trip; but it is only to make you think him in danger of a fall, when he is

most secure: like a skilful dancer on the ropes, (if you will pardon the meanness of the similitude) who slips willingly, and makes a seeming stumble, that you may think him in great hazard of breaking his neck, while at the same time he is only giving you a proof of his dexterity. My late Lord Roscommon was often pleased with this reflection, and with the examples of it in this admirable author.

I have not leisure to run through the whole comparison of lights and shadows with tropes and figures; yet I cannot but take notice of metaphors, which like them have power to lessen or greaten any thing. Strong and glowing colours are the just resemblances of bold metaphors; but both must be judiciously applied; for there is a difference betwixt daring and fool-hardiness. Lucan and Statius often ventured them too far; our Virgil never. But the great defect of the PHARSALIA and the THEBAIS was in the design: if that had been more perfect, we might have forgiven many of their bold strokes in the colouring, or at least excused them: yet some of them are such as Demosthenes or Cicero could not have defended. Virgil, if he could have seen the first verses of the SYLVÆ,[4] would have thought Statius mad, in his

[4] Our author has already compared the first of the lines alluded to—

Quæ superimposito moles geminata Colosso—

with the first line of Virgil's Eclogues. See vol. ii. p. 57. Statius (says Dr. Johnson) perhaps heats himself, as he

fustian description of the Statue on the brazen horse. But that poet was always in a foam at his setting out, even before the motion of the race had warmed him. The soberness of Virgil, whom he read, it seems, to little purpose, might have shewn him the difference betwixt

Arma virumque cano - - - -

and

Magnanimum Æacidem, formidatamque tonanti
Progeniem.

But Virgil knew how to rise by degrees in his expressions: Statius was in his towering heights at the first stretch of his pinions. The description of his running horse, just starting in the Funeral Games for Archemorus, though the verses are wonderfully fine, are the true image of their author:

Stare adeò nescit, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam; absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum;[5]

which would cost me an hour, if I had the leisure to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original.

proceeds, to exaggerations somewhat hyperbolical; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too hasty, if he had condemned him to straw for one sounding line. Dryden wanted an instance, and the first that occurred was impressed into the service."

[5] THEB. vi. 400, 401.

Our author's confession of the difficulty of translating these lines, probably induced Pope to transplant them

Virgil, as he better knew his colours, so he knew better how and where to place them. In as much haste as I am, I cannot forbear giving one example. It is said of him, that he read the Second, Fourth, and Sixth Books of his ÆNEIDS to Augustus Cæsar. In the Sixth, (which we are sure he read, because we know Octavia was present, who rewarded him so bountifully for the twenty verses which were made in honour of her deceased son, Marcellus,)[6]—in this sixth book, I

into his WINDSOR FOREST, where they are thus beautifully paraphrased:

> The impatient courser pants in every vein,
> And pawing seems to beat the distant plain;
> Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost,
> And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

Our author trusted, as usual, to memory; for the first of the lines quoted from Statius, runs differently:

> Stare adeò *miserum est*—

but he was thinking on a passage in the THIRD GEORGICK:

> —— tum, si qua sonum procul arma dedere,
> Stare loco *nescit*: micat auribus, et tremit artus;
> Conlectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

[6] The story of Virgil's reading his Sixth Æneid to Augustus and Octavia, and of the latter's bountifully rewarding the poet for his exquisite verses on her son, is so honourable to all the parties, that one cannot but wish it to be true. Yet there are very good grounds for believing the whole of it a fiction. It is originally told by Donatus in his Life of Virgil, among many other *marvellous tales*: and is thus related by Dr. Chetwood in the Life with which he furnished our author, to be prefixed to his translation of the Æneid:

say, the poet speaking of Misenus, the trumpeter, says,

——— *quo non præstantior alter*
Ære ciere viros, - - - - -

and broke off in the hemistick, or midst of the verse; but in the very reading, seized as it were

" Not one book has his finishing strokes. The Sixth seems one of the most perfect, the which, after long entreaty, and sometimes threats, of Augustus, he was at last prevailed upon to recite. This fell out about four years before his own death. [A. U. C. 731.] That of Marcellus, whom Cæsar designed for his successor, happened a little before this recital. Virgil therefore, with his usual dexterity, inserted his funeral panegyrick in those admirable lines, beginning,

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum, &c.

His mother, the excellent Octavia, *the best wife of the worst husband that ever was*, to divert her grief, would be of the auditory. The poet artfully deferred the naming Marcellus, till their passions were raised to the highest; but the mention of it put both her and Augustus into such a passion of weeping, that they commanded him to proceed no further: Virgil answered, that he had already ended that passage. Some relate, that Octavia fainted away; but afterwards she presented the poet with two thousand one hundred pounds, odd money, a round sum for *twenty-seven* verses. But they were Virgil's. Another writer [Servius] says, that with a royal magnificence she ordered him massy plate unweighed, to a great value."

The sum supposed to be given, it is agreed on all hands was—*dena sestertia* for each verse, or £. 80. 14*s*. 7*d*. of our money; but authors differ with respect to the number of verses, some making them only twenty, others twenty-

with a divine fury, he made up the latter part of the hemistick with these following words,

——— *martemque accendere cantu.*

How warm, nay, how glowing a colouring is this!

five, and others again twenty-seven; which last is the true number, viz. from 860 to v. 886. Not less than twenty-five lines are required, to produce a sum exceeding 2000l.

Donatus the grammarian, and Servius, lived in the fourth century. Now let us hear the relation of Seneca, the philosopher, who has left us the following curious account of the grief of Octavia, (written probably about seventy years after the era of her supposed liberality to Virgil,) who (he tells us) not only rejected every kind of consolation, but even took exception against any representation of her son being presented to her sight, and *would on no account permit any verses in honour of his memory to be recited to her:*

" OCTAVIA et Livia, altera soror Augusti, altera uxor, amiserunt filios juvenes, utraque spe futuri principis certa. Octavia Marcellum, cui et avanculus et socer incumbere cœperat, in quem onus imperii reclinare: adolescentem animo alacrem, ingenio potentem; sed et frugalitatis continentiæque in illis aut annis aut opibus non mediocriter admirandum; patientem laboris, voluptatibus alienum; quantumcumque imponere illi avunculus, et (ut ita dicam) inædificare voluisset, laturum. Bene legerat nulli cessura pondera fundamenta. Nullum finem, per omne vitæ suæ tempus, [that is, for twelve years, for so long she survived her son,] flendi gemendique fecit, nec ullas admisit voces salutare aliquod afferentes, ne avocari quidem se passa est. Intenta in unam rem, et toto animo affixa, talis per omnem vitam fuit, qualis in funere; non dico, non ausa consurgere, sed allevari recusans: secundam orbitatem judicans, lacrimas mittere. Nullam ha-

In the beginning of his verse, the word ÆS, or brass, was taken for a trumpet, because the instru-

bere imaginem filii carissimi voluit, *nullam sibi fieri de illo mentionem.* Oderat omnes matres, et in Liviam maxime furebat; quia videbatur ad illius filium transisse sibi promissa felicitas. Tenebris et solitudini familiarissima, ne ad fratrem quidem respiciens, *carmina celebrandæ Marcelli memoriæ composita, aliosque studiorum honores, rejecit,* et aures suas adversus omne solatium clausit. A solemnibus officiis seducta, et ipsam magnitudinis fraternæ nimis circumlucentem fortunam exosa, defodit se, et abdidit. Assidentibus liberis, nepotibus, lugubrem vestem non deposuit; non sine contumelia omnium suorum, quibus salvis orba sibi videbatur." CONSOL. AD MARC. c. ii.

Donatus, the original relater of this story, it should be remembered, has also told us that Virgil read his GEORGICKS to Augustus four days successively; Mæcenas obligingly taking his place, when the poet's voice failed him. From the minuteness of this information, did not chronology stand in the way, one might be tempted to suppose that the grammarian had been of the party.—But unluckily he has fixed the precise place and time where this interview took place; it was at Atella, (a small town in Campania) immediately after the battle of Actium, A. U. C. 724. Now after that battle, we know, that Augustus went to the island of Samos, *to pass the winter*; where hearing that his troops were ready to mutiny at *Brandusium*, he went thither, and after staying there only twenty-seven days, returned to Asia. Thence he went to Egypt, where he laid siege to Alexandria, in which city Antony and Cleopatra had taken refuge; and in a short time made himself master of it. It is evident therefore, that the tale of Virgil's reading the GEORGICKS to Augustus at Atella in the year of Rome 724, is a mere fiction.

ment was made of that metal,—which of itself was fine; but in the latter end, which was made *extempore*, you see three metaphors, *martemque,—accendere,—cantu.* Good heavens! how the plain sense is raised by the beauty of the words! But this was happiness, the former might be only judgment: this was the *curiosa felicitas*, which Petronius attributes to Horace; it is the pencil thrown luckily full upon the horse's mouth, to express the foam which the painter with all his skill could not perform without it. These hits of words a true poet often finds, as I may say, without seeking; but he knows their value when he finds them, and is infinitely pleased. A bad poet may sometimes light on them, but he discerns not a diamond from a Bristol-stone; and would have been of the cock's mind in Æsop,—a grain of barley would have pleased him better than the jewel.

The lights and shadows which belong to Colouring, put me in mind of that verse in Horace,

Hoc amat obscurum, volt hoc sub luce videri.

Some parts of a poem require to be amply written, and with all the force and elegance of words; others must be cast into shadows, that is, passed over in silence, or but faintly touched. This belongs wholly to the judgment of the poet and the painter. The most beautiful parts of the picture, and the poem, must be the most finished, the colours and words most chosen; many things in both, which are not deserving of this care, must

be shifted off; content with vulgar expressions, and those very short, and left, as in a shadow, to the imagination of the reader.

We have the proverb, *manum de tabulâ*, from the painters; which signifies, to know when to give over, and to lay by the pencil. Both Homer and Virgil practised this precept wonderfully well, but Virgil the better of the two. Homer knew, that when Hector was slain, Troy was as good as already taken; therefore he concludes his action there: for what follows in the funerals of Patroclus, and the redemption of Hector's body, is not (properly speaking) a part of the main action. But Virgil concludes with the death of Turnus; for after that difficulty was removed, Æneas might marry, and establish the Trojans when he pleased. This rule I had before my eyes in the conclusion of the SPANISH FRYAR, when the discovery was made that the King was living, which was the knot of the play untied; the rest is shut up in the compass of some few lines, because nothing then hindered the happiness of Torismond and Leonora. The faults of that drama are in the kind of it, which is tragi-comedy. But it was given to the people; and I never writ any thing for myself but ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This remark, I must acknowledge, is not so proper for the Colouring, as the Design; but it will hold for both. As the words, &c. are evidently shown to be the cloathing of the thought, in the same sense as colours are the cloathing

of the design, so the painter and the poet ought to judge exactly, when the colouring and expressions are perfect, and then to think their work is truly finished. Apelles said of Protogenes,—that he knew not when to give over. A work may be over-wrought, as well as under-wrought; too much labour often takes away the spirit by adding to the polishing, so that there remains nothing but a dull correctness, a piece without any considerable faults, but with few beauties; for when the spirits are drawn off, there is nothing but a *caput mortuum*. Statius never thought an expression could be bold enough; and if a bolder could be found, he rejected the first. Virgil had judgment enough to know daring was necessary; but he knew the difference betwixt a glowing colour and a glaring. As, when he compared the shocking of the fleets at Actium to the justling of islands rent from their foundations, and meeting in the ocean, he knew the comparison was forced beyond nature, and raised too high; he therefore softens the metaphor with a *credas*: "you would *almost believe*—that mountains or islands rushed against each other:

> ——— *pelago credas innare revulsas*
> *Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.*

But here I must break off without finishing the discourse.

Cynthius aurem vellit, et admonuit, &c. The things which are behind are of too nice a con-

sideration for an Essay, begun and ended in twelve mornings; and perhaps the judges of painting and poetry, when I tell them how short a time it cost me, may make me the same answer which my late Lord Rochester made to one, who, to commend a tragedy, said it was written in three weeks: "How the devil could he be so long about it?" For that poem was infamously bad; and I doubt this PARALLEL is little better; and then the shortness of the time is so far from being a commendation, that it is scarcely an excuse. But if I have really drawn a portrait to the knees, or an half-length, with a tolerable likeness, then I may plead, with some justice, for myself, that the rest is left to the imagination. Let some better artist provide himself of a deeper canvas, and taking these hints which I have given, set the figure on its legs, and finish it in the invention, design, and colouring.[7]

[7] This "pleasing preface" Mr. Mason thought worthy of annexing to his poetical version of Du Fresnoy.—"There is a charm (he observes) in this great writer's prose, peculiar to itself; and though perhaps the Parallel between the two arts, which he has here drawn, be too superficial to stand the test of strict criticism, yet it will always give pleasure to readers of taste, even when it fails to satisfy their judgment."

THE

LIFE OF LUCIAN:

FIRST PRINTED IN OCTAVO, IN 1711.

THE

LIFE OF LUCIAN.[9]

THE writing a Life is at all times, and in all circumstances, the most difficult task of an historian; and notwithstanding the numerous tribe of biographers, we can scarce find one, except Plutarch, who deserves our perusal, or can invite a second view. But if the difficulty be so great where the materials are plentiful, and the incidents extraordinary, what must it be, when the person that affords the subject denies matter enough for a page? The learned seldom abound with action; and it is action only that furnishes the historian with things agreeable and instructive. It is true that Diogenes Laertius, and our learned countryman, Mr. Stanley,[1] have both written the Lives of

[9] This Life was prefixed to a translation of the Dialogues of Lucian, which was undertaken by some of our author's friends. It appears, from the publisher's Dedication and some other circumstances, to have been written in the year 1696; but the translation was not printed till some years after our author's death, having been first published in three volumes, 8vo. in 1711. Among the translators are found the names of Mr. Walter Moyle, Sir Henry Sheers, and Mr. Charles Blount.

[1] Thomas Stanley, Esq., whose HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, &c. was published in folio, in detached parts,

the Philosophers; but we are more obliged to the various principles of their several sects, than to any thing remarkable that they did, for our entertainment.

But Lucian, as pleasing and useful as he was in his writings, in the opinion of the most candid judges, has left so little of his own affairs on record, that there is scarce sufficient to fill a page, from his birth to his death.

There were many of the name of Lucian among the ancients, eminent in several ways, and whose names have reached posterity with honour and applause. Suidas mentions one, as a man of singular probity, who having discharged the administration of the Chief Prefect of the Oriental Empire,[2] under Arcadius, with extraordinary justice and praise of the people, drew on himself the envy and hate of the courtiers, (the constant attendant of eminent virtue and merit,)[3] and the

between 1655 and 1660. The whole was reprinted in 1687.

[2] A. D. 375. Rufinus was Chief Prefect of the East: the person here alluded to, was only Count of fifteen provinces. See the next note.

[3] It is observable that our author, though he had the good fortune to be warmly patronized by several distinguished men of his age, on whom he has certainly not been sparing of encomiums, occasionally throws out severe reflections on *Great Men*, in which he seems to have indulged the humour of the moment, without much solicitude concerning the propriety or truth of the charge. See the Dedication of AURENGZEBE, in vol. i.; and vol. ii. p. 23, and p. 35. In the present instance, when the facts

anger of the Emperor himself; and was at last murdered by Rufinus.[4]

Among those who were eminent for their learning, were some divines and philosophers. Of

shall have been examined, it will be found that the death of Lucian was not occasioned by the *envy of the Great Men* who formed the court of Arcadius, (as is here stated,) but principally by the wickedness of "*one* odious favourite, [Rufinus,] who in an age of civil and religious faction, has deserved from every party the imputation of every crime."—"His avarice (says Mr. Gibbon) which seems to have prevailed, in his corrupt mind, over every other sentiment, attracted the wealth of the East, by the various arts of partial and general extortion; oppressive taxes, scandalous bribery, immoderate fines, unjust confiscations, forced or fictitious testaments, by which the tyrant despoiled of their lawful inheritance the children of strangers or enemies; and the publick sale of justice, as well as of favour, which he instituted in the palace of Constantinople. - - - - The extreme parsimony of Rufinus left him only the reproach and envy of ill-gotten wealth: his dependents served him without attachment; the universal hatred of mankind was repressed only by the influence of servile fear. The fate of LUCIAN proclaimed to the East, that the Prefect, whose industry was much abated in the dispatch of ordinary business, was active and indefatigable in the pursuit of revenge. Lucian, (the son of the Prefect, Florentius, the oppressor of Gaul, and the enemy of Julian,) had employed a considerable part of his inheritance, the fruit of rapine and corruption, to purchase the friendship of Rufinus, and the high office of Count of the East. But the new magistrate imprudently departed from the maxims of the court and of the times; disgraced his benefactor, by the contrast of a virtuous and temperate administration;

the former we find one in St. Cyprian, to whom the fourth and seventeenth Epistles are inscribed. There was another, priest of the church of Antioch, who, as Suidas assures us, reviewed, cor-

and presumed to refuse an act of injustice, which might have tended to the profit of the emperor's uncle. Arcadius was easily persuaded to resent the supposed insult; and the Prefect of the East resolved to execute in person the cruel vengeance which he meditated against this ungrateful delegate of his power. He performed with incessant speed the journey of seven or eight hundred miles, from Constantinople to Antioch, entered the capital of Syria at the dead of night, and spread universal consternation among a people, ignorant of his design, but not ignorant of his character. The Count of the fifteen provinces of the East was dragged, like the vilest malefactor, before the arbitrary tribunal of Rufinus. Notwithstanding the clearest evidence of his integrity, which was not impeached even by the voice of an accuser, Lucian was condemned, almost without a trial, to suffer a cruel and ignominious punishment. The ministers of the tyrant, by the order, and in the presence of their master, beat him on the neck with leather thongs, armed at the extremities with lead; and when he fainted under the violence of the pain, he was removed in a close litter, to conceal his dying agonies from the eyes of the indignant city. No sooner had Rufinus perpetrated this inhuman act, the sole object of his expedition, than he returned amidst the deep and silent curses of a trembling people, from Antioch to Constantinople; and his diligence was accelerated by the hope of accomplishing, without delay, the nuptials of his daughter with the Emperor of the East." Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, vol. iii. p. 209.

[4] The punctuation throughout this piece is so inaccu-

rected and restored, to its primitive purity, the Hebrew Bible; and afterward suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia, under Maximinian.[5] A third was a priest of Jerusalem, who not only made a figure among the learned of his own age,[6] but as Gesnerus observes, conveyed his reputation to posterity by the remains of his writings.

But none of this name has met with the general applause of so many ages, as Lucian the Philosopher, and eminent Sophist, who was author of the following Dialogues; of whose birth, life, and death, I shall give you all I could collect of any certain and historical credit.

He had not the good fortune to be born of illustrious or wealthy parents, which give a man a very advantageous rise on his first appearance in the world; but the father of our Lucian laboured under so great a straitness of estate, that he was fain to put his son apprentice to a statuary, whose genius for the finer studies was so extraordinary, and so rare; because he hoped from that

rate, and the paragraphs so strangely divided, that it must have been printed from a copy very carelessly written. In the present passage we find *Rafiany*, instead of *Rufinus*.

[5] A. D. 312. He suffered for favouring the Arians.

[6] A. D. 415.—He was author of an Epistle in Greek, giving an account of the discovery of the remains of St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr. See Gibbon's HISTORY, vol. iii. p. 97.

Several other persons of this name, beside those here mentioned, are enumerated by Fabricius. BIBL. GRÆC. iv. 508.

business not only a speedy supply to his own wants, but was secure that his education in that art would be much less expensive to him.*

He was born in Samosata, a city of Syria, not far from the river Euphrates, and for this reason he calls himself more than once an Assyrian, and a Syrian; but he was derived from a Greek original, his forefathers having been citizens of Patras in Achaia.

We have nothing certain as to the exact time of his birth. Suidas confirms his flourishing under the Emperor Trajan; but then he was likewise before him: some mention the reign of Adrian; but it cannot be fixed to any year or consulate.

The person he was bound to was his uncle, a man of a severe and morose temper, of whom he was to learn the statuary's and stone-cutter's art; for his father observing our Lucian, now a boy, of his own head, and without any instructor, make various figures in wax, he persuaded himself that if he had a good master, he could not but arrive to an uncommon excellence in it.

But it happened, in the very beginning of his time, he broke a model, and was very severely called to account for it by his master. He not liking this treatment, and having a soul and genius above any mechanick trade, ran away home.

After which, in his sleep, there appeared to him

* Because the statuary with whom his son was placed, was his wife's brother; a circumstance which should have been *previously* told.

two young women, or rather the tutelar goddesses of the statuary art, and of the liberal sciences, hotly disputing of their preference to each other; and on a full hearing of both sides, he bids adieu to statuary, and entirely surrenders himself to the conduct of virtue and learning. And as his desires of improvement were great, and the instructions he had very good, the progress he made was as considerable; till by the maturity of his age and his study, he made his appearance in the world.

Though it is not to be supposed that there is any thing of reality in this dream or vision of Lucian, which he treats of in his works, yet this may be gathered from it,—that Lucian himself having consulted his genius, and the nature of the study his father had allotted him, and that to which he found a propensity in himself, he quitted the former, and pursued the latter; choosing rather to form the minds of men than their statues.

In his youth he taught rhetorick in Gaul, and in several other places. He pleaded likewise at the bar in Antioch, the capital of Syria; but the noise of the bar disgusting, and his ill success in causes disheartening him, he quitted the practice of rhetorick, and the law, and applied himself to writing.

He was forty years old, when he first took to philosophy. Having a mind to make himself known in Macedon, he took the opportunity of speaking in the publick assembly of all that region.

In his old age he was received into the imperial family, and had the place of Intendant of Egypt,[6] after he had travelled through almost all the known countries of that age, to improve his knowledge in men, manners, and arts. For some writers make this particular observation on his travel into Gaul, and residence in that country, that he gained there the greatest part of his knowledge in rhetorick; that region being in his age, and also before it, a nursery of eloquence and oratory, as Juvenal, Martial, and others, sufficiently witness.[7]

The manner of his death is obscure to us, though it is most probable he died of the gout. Suidas alone tells a story of his being worried to death, and devoured by dogs, returning from a feast; which being so uncommon a death, so very improbable, and attested only by one author, has found little credit with posterity. If it be true that he was once a Christian, and afterwards became a renegade to our belief, perhaps some zealots may have invented this tale of his death, as a just and signal punishment for his apostacy. All men are willing to have the miracle, or at least the wonderful Providence, go on their side; and will be teaching GOD Almighty what he ought to do in this world, as well as in the next; as if they were proper judges of his decrees, and for what end he prospers some, or punishes others, in this life. Ablancourt, and our learned countryman

[6] *Procurator principis*. Under Marcus Aurelius.

[7] See JUV. Sat. i. 44.; vii. 148; xv. 111.—QUINTIL. lib. x. cap. 3.

Dr. Mayne,[8] look on the story as a fiction; and for my part, I can see no reason either to believe he ever professed Christianity, or, if he did, why he might* not more probably die in his bed at so great an age as fourscore and ten, than be torn in pieces and devoured by dogs, when he was too feeble to defend himself. So early began the want of charity, the presumption of meddling with GOD's government, and the spirit of calumny, amongst the primitive believers.

Of his posterity we know nothing more, than that he left a son behind him, who was as much in favour with the Emperor Julian, as his father had been with Aurelius, the philosopher. This son became in time a famous sophist, and among the works of Julian we find an Epistle of that great person to him.[9]

I find that I have mingled, before I was aware, some things which are doubtful with some which are certain; forced indeed by the narrowness of

[8] Dr. Jasper Mayne, who published a translation of some select Dialogues of Lucian in folio, in 1664. The translation, however, was made in 1638, when he was a Student of Christ-Church.

* This being a posthumous piece, and consequently not having been corrected by the author, I have here ventured to substitute *might*, instead of *must*, which latter word is found in the printed copy.

[9] This assertion, as Fabricius has observed, is disproved by chronology. From the death of Marcus Aurelius to the accession of the Emperor Julian, was an interval of more than one hundred and eighty years. The favourite of Julian, therefore, could not be Lucian's son.

the subject, which affords very little of undisputed truth. Yet I find myself obliged to do right to Monsieur d'Ablancourt,[1] who is not positively of opinion that Suidas was the author of this fable; but rather that it descended to him by the tradition of former times, yet without any certain ground of truth. He concludes it however to be a calumny; perhaps a charitable kind of lie, to deter others from satirizing the new dogmas of Christianity, by the judgment shown on Lucian. We find nothing in his writings, which gives any hint of his professing our belief; but being naturally curious, and living not only amongst Christians, but in the neighbourhood of Judea, he might reasonably be supposed to be knowing in our points of faith, without believing them. He ran a muck,[2] and laid about him on all sides, with

[1] Nicolas Perrot, Sieur d'Ablancourt, whose translation of the Dialogues of Lucian into French was first published at Paris in 1634. The style being elegant, though the version is extremely unfaithful to the original, Menage called this work of d'Ablancourt, *la belle infidele*.

[2] Of this phrase, which I have not met with in any author before the Restoration, Dr. Johnson could not discover the origin. Our author again uses it in one of his poems:

"Frontless, and satire-proof, he scow'rs the streets,
"And *runs an* Indian *muck* at all he meets."

The late Rev. Mr. Pegge, who many years ago published a short Essay on the derivation of this phrase, under the fictitious name of T. Row, (see GENTLEMAN'S MAGA-

more fury on the heathens, whose religion he professed; he struck at ours but casually, as it came in his way, rather than as he sought it: he

ZINE, vol. xxxviii. p. 283,) conceived that it came to us from the island of Java, in the East Indies, perhaps through the medium of Holland. 'Tavernier (he observes) says, certain Java Lords on a particular occasion called the English, traitors, and drawing their poisoned daggers, cried—*a mocca* upon the English! killing a great number of them, before they had time to put themselves in a posture of defence.' VOYAGES, vol. ii. p. 202. Again he tells us, that a Bantamois newly come from Mecca, 'was upon the design of *moqua*; that is, in their language, when the rascality of the Mahometans return from Mecca, they presently take their axe in their hands, which is a kind of poniard, the blade whereof is half poisoned, with which they run through the streets, and kill all those which are not of the Mahometan law, till they be killed themselves.' Ibid. p. 199.

A writer, who dates his letter from Bengal, March 17, 1770, (GENT. MAG. vol. xl. p. 564,) says, that this explication is nearly, though not quite, accurate. The word (he observes) is Indian, as had been suggested, and is used particularly by the Malays on the same occasion on which we use it, though the particular meaning of it he did not know. "The inhabitants of the islands to the eastward of Bengal, such as Sumatra, Berneo, Banco, and the coast of Malay, are very famous for cock-fighting, in which they carry gaming to a much greater excess than the customs of Europe can admit. They stake first their property, and when by repeated losses all their money and effects are gone, they stake their wives and children. If fortune still frowns, so that nothing is left, the losing gamester begins to chew or eat what is called

contemned it too much, to write in earnest against it.

We have indeed the highest probabilities for our revealed religion; arguments which will preponderate with a reasonable man, upon a long and careful disquisition; but I have always been of opinion that we can demonstrate nothing, because the subject-matter is not capable of a demonstration. It is the particular grace of GOD, that any man believes the mysteries of our faith; which I think a conclusive argument against the doctrine of persecution in any church. And though I am absolutely convinced, as I heartily thank GOD I am, not only of the general principles of Chris-

bang, which I imagine to be the same as opium: when it begins to operate, he disfigures himself, and furnishes himself with such weapons as he can get, the more deadly, the fitter for his purpose; and the effect of the opium increasing, he at length becomes mad. This madness is of the furious kind, and when it seizes him, he rushes forth, and kills whatever comes in his way, whether man or beast, friend or foe; and commits every outrage which may be expected from a man in such circumstances.—This is what the Indians call *a muck*, or perhaps, as Mr. Row says, *a mocca*; and when it happens, the neighbours rise, and combining together, hunt down and kill the wretched desperado, as they would any other furious or destructive animal."

From the couplet quoted above, it appears that our author was acquainted with the Indian origin of this phrase. The *literal* meaning, however, of *a muck*, or *a mocca*, yet remains to be discovered.

tianity, but of all truths necessary to salvation in the Roman church, yet I cannot but detest our Inquisition, as it is practised in some foreign parts, particularly in Spain and in the Indies.

Those reasons which are cogent to me, may not prevail with others who bear the denomination of Christians; and those which are prevalent with all Christians, in regard of their birth and education, may find no force, when they are used against Mahometans or heathens. To instruct, is a charitable duty; to compel, by threatenings and punishment, is the office of a hangman, and the principle of a tyrant.

But my zeal in a good cause (as I believe,) has transported me beyond the limits of my subject. I was endeavouring to prove that Lucian had never been a member of the Christian church; and methinks it makes for my opinion, that in relating the death of Peregrinus, who being born a Pagan, pretended afterwards to turn Christian, and turned himself publickly at the Olympick Games,—at his death professing himself a Cynick philosopher,—it seems, I say, to me, that Lucian would not have so severely declaimed against this Proteus, (which was another of Peregrinus his names,) if he himself had been guilty of that apostacy.

I know not that this passage has been observed by any man before me.[3] And yet in this very

[3] This observation had been made by Gilbertas Cognatus, and Thomas Hickes, in his Life of Lucian, printed in 1634.

place it is, that this author has more severely handled our belief, and more at large, than in any other part of all his writings, excepting only the Dialogue of Triephon and Critias, wherein he lashes his own false gods with more severity than the true; and where the first Christians, with their cropped hair, their whining voices, melancholy faces, mournful discourses, nasty habits, are described with a greater air of Calvinists or Quakers, than of Roman Catholicks or Church of England-men.

After all, what if this discourse last mentioned, and the rest of the Dialogues wherein the Christians are satirized, were none of Lucian's? The learned and ingenious Dr. Mayne, whom I have before cited, is of this opinion; and confirms it by the attestation of Philander, Obsobœus, Mycillus, and Cognatus, whom since I have not read, or two of them but very superficially, I refer you, for the faith of his quotation, to the authors themselves.

The next supposition concerning Lucian's religion is, that he was of none at all. I doubt not but the same people who broached the story of his being once a Christian, followed their blow upon him in this second accusation.

There are several sorts of Christians at this day reigning in the world, who will not allow any man to believe in the Son of God, whose other articles of faith are not in all things conformable to theirs. Some of these exercise this rigid and severe kind of charity, with a good intent of re-

ducing several sects into one common church; but the spirit of others is evidently seen by their detraction, their malice, their spitting venom, their raising false reports of those who are not of their communion. I wish the ancientness of these censorious principles may be proved by better arguments, than by any near resemblance they have with the primitive believers. But till I am convinced that Lucian has been charged with atheism of old, I shall be apt to think that this accusation is very modern.

One of Lucian's translators pleads in his defence, that it was very improbable a man who has laughed Paganism out of doors, should believe no GOD; that he who could point to the sepulchre of Jupiter in Crete, as well as our Tertullian, should be an Atheist. But this argument, I confess, is of little weight, to prove him a Deist, only because he was no Polytheist. He might as well believe in none, as in many gods; and on the other side, he might believe in many, as Julian did, and not in one. For my own part, I think it is not proved that either of them were apostates; though one of them, in hopes of an empire, might temporize, while Christianity was the mode at court. Neither is our author cleared any thing the more, because his writings have served in the times of the heathens to destroy that vain, unreasonable, and impious religion: *that* was an oblique service, which Lucian never intended us; for his business, like that of some modern polemicks,

was rather to pull down every thing, than to set up any thing. With what show of probability can I urge in his defence, that one of the greatest among the fathers has drawn whole homilies from our author's Dialogues, since I know that Lucian made them not for that purpose? The occasional good which he has done, is not to be imputed to him. St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, and many others, have applied his arguments on better motives than their author proposed to himself in framing them.

These reasons therefore, as they make nothing against his being an Atheist, so they prove nothing of his believing one GOD; but only leave him as they found him, and leave us in as great an obscurity concerning his religion as before. I may be as much mistaken in my opinion as these great men have been before me; and this is very probable, because I know less of him than they; yet I have read him over more than once, and therefore will presume to say, that I think him either one of the Eclectick school, or else a Skeptick:[4] I mean, that he either formed a body of philosophy for his own use, out of the opinions and dogmas of several heathen philosophers, disagreeing amongst

[4] The great inaccuracy with which this piece is printed has already been mentioned. We here find the word *elective*, which I conceive to be a mistake of the printer for *eclectick*, a word which he certainly did not understand. Our author has more than once used it, speaking of the ancient sects of philosophy,

themselves, or that he doubted of every thing; weighed all opinions, and adhered to none of them; only used them as they served his occasion for the present Dialogue, and perhaps rejected them in the next. And indeed this last opinion is the more probable of the two, if we consider the genius of the man, whose image we may clearly see in the glass which he holds before us of his writings, which reflects him to our sight.

Not to dwell on examples, with which his works are amply furnished, I will only mention two. In one, Socrates convinces his friend Chærephon of the power of the gods in transformations, and of a supreme Providence which accompanies that power in the administration of the world. In another, he confutes Jupiter, and pulls him down from heaven to earth, by his own Homerical chain; and makes him only a subservient slave to blind eternal Fate. I might add, that he is, in one half of his book, a Stoick, in the other an Epicurean; never constant to himself in any scheme of divinity, unless it be in despising his gentile gods. And this derision, as it shews the man himself, so it gives us an idea of the age in which he lived; for if that had been devout or ignorant, his scoffing humour would either have been restrained, or had not passed unpunished; all knowing ages being naturally Skeptick, and not at all bigotted; which, if I am not much deceived, is the proper character of our own.

To conclude this article; he was too fantastical,

too giddy, too irresolute, either to be any thing at all, or any thing long; and in this view I cannot think he was either a steady Atheist, or a Deist, but a doubter, a Skeptick, as he plainly declares himself to be, when he puts himself under the name of Hermotimus the Stoick, in the Dialogue, called the DIALOGUE OF THE SECTS.

As for his morals, they are spoken of as variously as his opinions. Some are for decrying him more than he deserves: his defenders themselves dare not set him up for a pattern of severe virtue. No man is so profligate as openly to profess vice; and therefore it is no wonder, if under the reign of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines, of which the last was his patron and benefactor, he lived not so much a libertine as he had it to be in his nature. He is more accused for his love of boys than of women. Not that we have any particular story to convince us of this detestable passion in him; but his own writings bear this record against him,—that he speaks often of it, and I know not that ever he condemns it. Repeated expressions, as well as repeated actions, witness some secret pleasure in the deed, or at least some secret inclination to it. He seems to insinuate, in his Dialogue of LOVES, that Socrates was given to this vice; but we find not that he blames him for it, which if he had been wholly innocent himself, it became a philosopher to have done. But as we pass over a foul way as hastily

as we can, so I will leave this abominable subject, which strikes me with horrour when I name it.

If there be any who are guilty of this sin, we may assure ourselves they will never stop at any other; for when they have overleaped the bounds of nature, they run so fast to all other immoralities, that the grace of GOD, without a miracle, can never overtake them.

Lucian is accused likewise for his writing too lusciously in his Dialogue of THE HARLOTS. It has been the common fault of all satirists, to make vice too amiable, while they expose it; but of all men living, I am the most unfit to accuse Lucian, who am so little able to defend myself from the same objection. We find not, however, that Lucian was charged with the wantonness of his Dialogues in his own life-time. If he had been, he would certainly have answered for himself, as he did to those who accused him for exposing Socrates, Plato, Diogenes, and other great philosophers, to the laughter of the people, when Jupiter sold them by an inch of candle. But, to confess the truth, [as] I am of their opinion, who think that answer of his not over-ingenuous, viz. that he only attacked the false philosophers of their sects, in their persons whom he honoured; so I am persuaded, that he could not have alleged more in his excuse for these Dialogues, than, that as he taught harlots to deceive, so, at the same time, he discovered their deceits to the know-

ledge of young men, and thereby warned them to avoid the snare.

I find him not charged with any other faults, than what I have already mentioned. He was otherwise of a life as unblameable as any man, for aught we find to the contrary: and I have this probable inducement to believe it, because he had so honourable an employment under Marcus Aurelius, an Emperor as clear-sighted as he was truly virtuous; for both which qualities we need not quote Lucian, who was so much obliged to him, but may securely appeal to Herodian, and to all the historians who have written of him,—besides the testimony of his own admirable works, which are yet in the hands of all the learned.

As for those who condemn our author for the too much gall and virulency of his satires, it is to be suspected, says Dr. Mayne, that they themselves are guilty of those hypocrisies, crimes and follies, which he so sharply exposes, and at the same time endeavours to reform. I may add, that for the most part, he rather laughs like Horace, than bites like Juvenal. Indeed his genius was of kin to both, but more nearly related to the former. Some diseases are curable by lenitives; to others corrosives are necessary. Can a man inveigh too sharply against the cruelty of tyrants, the pride and vanity of the great, the covetousness of the rich, the baseness of the Sophists, and particularly of the Cynicks, (who while they preach

poverty to others, are heaping up riches, and living in gluttony,) besides the wrangling of the sects amongst themselves about supreme happiness, which he describes at a drunken feast, and calls it the battle of the LAPITHÆ.

Excepting what already is excepted, he seems to me to be an enemy to nothing but to vice and folly. The pictures which he draws of Nigrinus and of Demonax are as fair as that of virtue herself, if, as the philosopher said, she could wear a body. And if we oppose to them the lives of Alexander the false prophet, and of Peregrinus, how pleasingly, and with how much profit, does the deformity of the last set off the beauty of the first!

Some of his censurers accuse him of flatness and want of wit in many places. These I suppose have read him in some Latin translations, which I confess, are generally dull; and this is the only excuse I can make for them. Otherwise they accuse themselves too manifestly for want of taste or understanding. Of this number is the wretched author of the *Lucien en Belle Humeur*, who being himself as insipid as a Dutch poet, yet arraigns Lucian for his own fault; introduces the ghost of Ablancourt, confessing his coldness in many places, the poorness of his thoughts, and his want of humour; represents his readers tired and yawning at his ill buffoonery and false mirth, and sleeping over his melancholick stories, which

are every where stuffed with improbabilities. He could have said no worse of a Leyden slip.[3]

The best on't is, the jaundice is only in his own eyes, which makes Lucian look yellow to him.[4] All mankind will exclaim against him for preaching this doctrine; and be of opinion when they read his Lucian, that he looked in a glass when he drew his picture. I wish I had the liberty to lash this frog-land wit as he deserves; but when a speech is not seconded in parliament, it falls of course; and this author has the whole senate of the learned to pull him down: *incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.*

It is to be acknowledged that his best translator, Ablancourt, thinks him not a profound master in any sort of philosophy; but only that he skimmed enough from every sect, to serve his turn in rhetorick, which was his profession. This he gathers from his superficial way of arguing. But why may not another man reply in his defence, that he made choice of those kinds of reasons which were most capable of being made to shine in his facetious way of arguing; and those un-

[5] We have here, I apprehend, a gross errour of the press, which, however, I am unable to rectify: nor can I form any probable conjecture what was the word meant. *Slip* affords no sense.

[6] This image has already occurred in the Epistle to Lord Radcliffe. See p. 271. The notion, however, that "all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye," is, I believe, altogether groundless.

doubtedly were not the most knotty, nor the deepest, but the most diverting by the sharpness of the raillery. Dr. Mayne, so often praised, has another opinion of Lucian's learning and the strength of his witty arguments, concluding on that subject in these words, or near them : " For my part, I know not to whose writings we owe more our Christianity, where the true GOD has succeeded a multitude of false,—whether to the grave confutation of Clemens Alexandrinus, Arnobius, Justin Martyr, St. Augustin, Lactantius, &c. or the facetious wit of Lucian."—I cannot doubt but the treacherous translator would have given his hand to what the Englishman has said of their common author. The success has justified his opinon in the sight of all the world. Lucian's manner of convincing was certainly more pleasant than that of the Christian writers, and we know the effect was full as powerful; so easily can the Eternal Wisdom draw good out of evil, and make his enemy subservient to the establishment of his faith.

I will not enlarge on the praises of his oratory. If we compare his style with the Greek historians, his contemporaries, or near his time, we shall find it much more pure than that of Plutarch, Dion, or Appian, though not so grave; because his subjects and theirs required to be treated after a different manner. It was not of an uniform web, says Mayne, like Thucydides, Polybius, and some others whom he names, but was somewhat peculiar to himself; his words well chosen, his periods

round, the parts of his sentences harmoniously divided, a full flood or even a torrent of persuasion, without inequalities or swellings; such as might be put in equal comparison with the best orations of Demosthenes or Isocrates; not so dry as the first, nor so flowery as the last. His wit, says Ablancourt, was full of urbanity, that Attick salt, which the French call—fine raillery; not obscene, not gross, not rude, but facetious, well mannered, and well bred: only he will not allow his love the quality last mentioned, but thinks it rustical, and according either to his own genius, or that of the age in which he lived.

If wit consists in the propriety of thoughts and words,[5] (which I imagined I had first found out, but since am pleasingly convinced that Aristotle has made the same definition in other terms,) then Lucian's thoughts and words are always proper to his characters and his subject. If the pleasure arising from comedy and satire be either laughter, or some nobler sort of delight, which is above it, no man is so great a master of irony as our author. That figure is not only a keen, but a shining weapon in his hand; it glitters in the eyes of those it kills; his own gods, his greatest enemies, are not butchered by him, but fairly slain: they must acknowledge the hero in the stroke, and take the comfort which Virgil gives to a dying captain:

Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis.

[5] See p. 32, n. 9.; and vol. ii. p. 151.

I know not whom Lucian imitated, unless it might be Aristophanes; (for you never find him mentioning any Roman wit, so much the Grecians thought themselves superior to their conquerors:) but he who has best imitated him in Latin is Erasmus, and in French, Fontenelle, in his DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD; which I never read but with a new pleasure.

Any one may see that our author's chief design was, to disnest heaven of so many immoral and debauched deities; his next, to expose the mock-philosophers; and his last to give us examples of a good life in the persons of the true.

The rest of his Discourses are on mixed subjects, less for profit than delight; and some of them too libertine.

The way which Lucian chose of delivering these profitable and pleasing truths, was that of Dialogue; a choice worthy of the author; happily followed, as I said above, by Erasmus and Fontenelle particularly, to whom I may justly add a triumvir of our own,—the reverend, ingenious, and learned Dr. Eachard,[6] who by using the same method, and the same ingredients of raillery and reason, has more baffled the philosopher of

[6] The work alluded to, which was written by the Rev. Dr. John Eachard, (Master of Catharine Hall, in Cambridge, and author of "The Grounds of the Contempt of the Clergy,)" was published in 1671, and was entitled "Mr. Hobbes's State of Nature considered; in a Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy."

Malmesbury, than those who assaulted him with blunt heavy arguments, drawn from orthodox divinity: for Hobbes foresaw where those strokes would fall, and leaped aside before they could descend; but he could not avoid those nimble passes which were made on him by a wit more active than his own, and which were within his body, before he could provide for his defence.

I will not here take notice of the several kinds of dialogue, and the whole art of it, which would ask an entire volume to perform. This has been a work long wanted, and much desired, of which the ancients have not sufficiently informed us; and I question whether any man now living can treat it accurately. Lucian, it seems, was very sensible of the difficult task which he undertook in writing dialogues, as appears in his Discourse against one who had called him Prometheus. He owns himself, in this particular, to be like to him to whom he was resembled; to be the inventor of a new work, attempted in a new manner,—the model of which he had from none before him; but adds withal, that if he could not give it the graces which belong to so happy an invention, he deserves to be torn by twelve vultures, instead of one, which preys upon the heart of that first man-potter. For, to quit the beaten road of the ancients, and take a path of his own choosing, he acknowledges to be a bold and ridiculous attempt, if it succeed not. "The mirth of dialogue and comedy in my work, (says he) is

not enough to make it pleasing, because the union of two contraries may as well produce a monster as a miracle; as a centaur results from the joint natures of a horse and man. It is not but that from two excellent beings a third may arise of perfect beauty; but it is what I dare not promise to myself; for dialogue being a solemn entertainment of grave discourse, and comedy the wit and fooling of a theatre, I fear that through the corruption of two good things, I have made one bad. But whatever the child be, it is my own at least; I beg not with another's brat upon my back. From which of the ancients should I have stolen or borrowed it? My chimeras have no other being than my own imagination; let every man produce who can; and whether this be a lawful birth, or a misshapen mass, is left for the present age, and for posterity, to judge."

This is the sense of my author's words, contracted in a narrow compass; for, if you will believe Ablancourt, and others, his greatest fault is, that he exhausts his argument,—like Ovid, knows not when to give over, but is perpetually galloping beyond his stage.

But though I cannot pursue our author any farther, I find myself obliged to say something of those translators of the following Dialogues, whom I have the honour to know, as well as of some other translations of this author; and a word or two of translation itself.

As for the translators, all of them that I know,

are men of established reputation, both for wit and learning; at least sufficiently known to be so among all the finer spirits of the age. Sir Henry Sheers[7] has given many proofs of his excellence in this kind; for while we, by his admirable address, enjoy Polybius in our mother tongue, we can never forget the hand that bestowed the benefit. The learning and judgment above his age, which every one discovers in Mr. Moyle,[8] are proofs of those abilities he has shown in his country's service, when he was chose to serve it in the senate, as his father had done. The wit of Mr. Blount,[9] and his other performances, need no

[7] Of Sir Henry Sheers, or *Shere*, for so our author writes his name in the Notes on Virgil, some account has already been given. See p. 229.

[8] This gentleman, whom our author has again mentioned with esteem in the PARALLEL OF POETRY AND PAINTING, was the son of Sir Walter Moyle, and was born in the year 1672. After having been educated at Oxford, he for some time applied himself to the study of law. In 1695 he was chosen to represent the borough of Saltash in parliament; a circumstance which ascertains the piece before us to have been written subsequent to that period.—Mr. Moyle assisted Mr. Trenchard in writing his celebrated tract against Standing Armies, and was author of various pieces, first printed in two volumes 8vo. in 1726. An additional volume was published by his friend Antony Hammond, in the following year, containing various tracts, which had been formerly published, and were omitted in that collection of his works.—He died June 11, 1721.

[9] Charles Blount, who in the Dedication of his RELIGIO

recommendation from me; they have made too much noise in the world to need a herald. There are some other persons concerned in this work, whose names deserve a place among the foremost, but that they have not thought fit to be known, either out of a bashful diffidence of their own

LAICI calls Dryden "his much honoured friend." He was the second son of the learned traveller, Sir Henry Blount, and was younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount. Charles Blount was born in 1654; and when he was only nineteen, published anonymously a small tract in defence of our author, entitled, "Mr. Dryden Vindicated, in reply to *the Friendly Vindication of Mr. Dryden*, with Reflections on the Rota."—An accurate account of his other works, which are in much esteem with the Deists, may be found in the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA. The notes of his most celebrated work, the translation of "The two first Books of Philostratus, concerning the Life of Apollonius Tyaneus," are said to have been partly taken from a MS. of Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and in his ANIMA MUNDI, he is supposed to have been assisted by his father. Having lost his wife, (a daughter of Sir Timothy Tyrrel, of Shotover, in Oxfordshire,) whom he had married in 1672, he became enamoured of her sister; and on her refusing to marry him, solely from a scruple concerning the lawfulness of such an union, he in August 1693, put an end to his life by shooting himself through the head. He lived, however, a few days after he had shot himself, during which he would accept of nothing but from the hands of the lady to whom he wished to have been united. His miscellaneous works were collected and published in two volumes, by his friend, Charles Gildon.

performance, or out of apprehension of the censure of an ill-natured and ill-judging age. For criticism is now become mere hangman's work, and meddles only with the faults of authors;[1] nay, the critick is disgusted less with their absurdities, than excellence, and you cannot displease him more than in leaving him little room for his malice, in your correctness and perfection: though that indeed is what he never allows any man; for, like the bed of Procustes, they stretch or cut off an author to its length. These spoilers of Parnassus are a just excuse for concealing the name, since most of their malice is levelled more at the person than the thing: and as a sure mark of their judgment, they will extol to the skies the anonymous work of a person they will not allow to write common sense.[2]

But this consideration of our modern criticks has led me astray, and made me insensibly deviate from the subject before me; the modesty, or caution of the anonymous translators of the following work. Whatever the motive of concealing their names may be, I shall not determine; but it

[1] We have nearly the same complaint in the Epistle to Lord Radcliffe. See p. 272.

[2] Pope, by publishing his ESSAY ON MAN anonymously, extorted praise from some of those whom he had personally offended, (to whom he sent his poem as a present before publication,) who, if they had not been thus entrapped, would probably not have *allowed the work common sense.*

is certain, nothing could more contribute to make a perfect version of Lucian, than a confederacy of many men of parts and learning to do him justice. It seems a task too hard for any one to undertake; the burden would indeed be insupportable, unless we did what the French have done in some of their translations,—allow twenty years to perfect the work, and bestow all the brightest intervals, the most sprightly hours, to polish and finish the work.*

But this has not been the fate of our author hitherto; for Lucian, that is the sincere example of Attick eloquence, as Grævius says of him, is only a mass of solecism, and mere vulgarisms, in Mr. Spence.[3] I do not think it worth my while to rake into the filth of so scandalous a version; nor had I vouchsafed so much as to take notice of it, had it not been so gross an affront to the memory of Lucian, and so great a scandal to our nation. D'Ablancourt has taken a great deal of pains to furnish this intruder into print, with Lucian, in a language more known to him than Greek; nay, he has left him not one crabbed idiotism to study for, since he has admirably cloathed him in a garb more familiar to the moderns, still

* This and two or three other passages shew, that this Life was written hastily, and that it had not been carefully revised by the author.

[3] Ferrand Spence, who published a translation of Lucian's Dialogues in four volumes, 8vo. in 1684.

keeping the sense of his author in view. But in spite of all these helps, these leading-strings were not sufficient to keep Mr. Spence from falling to the ground every step he made; while he makes him speak in the style and language of a Jack-Pudding, not a master of eloquence, admired for it through all the ages since he wrote. But too much of this trifler.

I have said enough already of the version of the learned Dr. Mayne, to shew my approbation of it; but it is only a select parcel of Lucian's Dialogues, which pleased him most, but far from the whole. As for any other translation, if there be any such in our language, it is what I never saw,[4] and suppose it must be antiquated, or of so inferior a degree, as not even to rival Spence.

The present translation, as far as I can judge by what I have seen, is no way inferior to Ablancourt's, and in many things is superior. It has indeed the advantage of appearing in a language more strong and expressive than French, and by the hands of gentlemen who perfectly understand him and their own language.

This has brought me to say a word or two about translation in general; in which no nation might

[4] I have more than once had occasion to remark, that our author was not very conversant with the writers of the beginning of his own century.—A translation of select Dialogues of Lucian by Francis Hickes, was published in quarto in 1634, to which was prefixed the Life of Lucian, written by Thomas Hickes, a son of the translator.

more excel than the English, though, as matters are now managed, we come so far short of the French. There may indeed be a reason assigned, which bears a very great probability; and that is, that here the booksellers are the undertakers of works of this nature, and they are persons more devoted to their own gain than the publick honour. They are very parsimonious in rewarding the wretched scribblers they employ; and care not how the business is done, so that it be but done. They live by selling titles, not books; and if that carry off one impression, they have their ends, and value not the curses they and their authors meet with from the bubbled chapmen. While translations are thus at the disposal of the booksellers, and have no better judges or rewarders of the performance, it is impossible that we should make any progress[5] in an art so very useful to an enquiring people, and for the improvement and

[5] Since this was written, the following valuable English translations have been published: The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer by Pope; Herodotus by Littlebury and Beloe; Pindar by Gilbert West; Anacreon by Broome and Fawkes; Æschylus, and Euripides, by Potter; Sophocles, and Lucian, by Franklin; Thucydides, Xenophon, and Longinus, by Smith; Demosthenes by Leland and Francis; Aristotle's Poeticks by Twining; Polybius by Hampton; Epictetus by Carter; Plutarch by Langhorne; Tibullus by Hammond, and Grainger; Cicero's Letters, and other pieces, by Melmoth; Virgil by Dryden, Pitt, and Warton; Horace by Francis; Persius by Brewster; Lucan by Rowe; Tacitus by Murphy; the Younger Pliny by Melmoth; and Suetonius by J. Hughes.

spreading of knowledge, which is none of the worst preservatives against slavery.

It must be confessed, that when the bookseller has interest with gentlemen of genius and quality, above the mercenary prospects of little writers, as in that of Plutarch's Lives,[6] and this of Lucian, the reader may satisfy himself that he shall have the author's spirit and soul in the traduction.[7] These gentlemen know very well, that they are not to creep after the words of their author, in so servile a manner as some have done; for that must infallibly throw them on a necessity of introducing a new mode of diction and phraseology, with which we are not at all acquainted, and would incur that censure which my Lord Dorset made formerly on those of Mr. Spence, viz. that he was so cunning a translator, that a man must consult the original, to understand the version. For every language has a propriety and idiom peculiar to itself, which cannot be conveyed to another without perpetual absurdities.

The qualification of a translator, worth reading,

[6] See vol. ii. p. 331.

[7] It has been suggested in vol. ii. p. 424, that the ADVERTISEMENT there inserted was written by our author, in the name and character of his bookseller; and here we have a slight confirmation of my conjecture: "the very *spirit of the original* of Plutarch (we are there told) has been transfused into the *traduction*." Jacob Tonson was certainly very little acquainted with *traductions*.

must be, a mastery of the language he translates out of, and that he translates into; but if a deficience be to be allowed in either, it is in the original; since if he be but master enough of the tongue of his author, as to be master of his sense, it is possible for him to express that sense with eloquence in his own, if he have a thorough command of that. But without the latter, he can never arrive at the useful and the delightful; without which reading is a penance and fatigue.

It is true that there will be a great many beauties, which in every tongue depend on the diction, that will be lost[8] in the version of a man not skilled in the original language of the author; but then on the other side, first it is impossible to render all those little ornaments of speech in any two languages; and if he have a mastery in the sense and spirit of his author, and in his own language have a style and happiness of expression, he will easily supply all that is lost by that defect.

A translator that would write with any force or spirit of an original, must never dwell on the words of his author. He ought to possess himself entirely, and perfectly comprehend the genius and sense of his author, the nature of the subject, and the terms of the art or subject treated of; and then he will express himself as justly, and with as

[8] The original copy, which I have already observed is very inaccurately printed, reads—*left*. The conclusion of the sentence shews that the author wrote—*lost*.

much life, as if he wrote an original: whereas, he who copies word for word, loses all the spirit in the tedious transfusion.

I would not be understood that he should be at liberty to give such a turn as Mr. Spence has in some of his; where for the fine raillery and Attick salt of Lucian, we find the gross expressions of Billingsgate, or Moorfields and Bartholomew Fair. For I write not to such translators, but to men capacious of the soul and genius of their authors, without which all their labour will be of no use but to disgrace themselves, and injure the author that falls into their slaughter-house.

I believe I need give no other rules to the reader than the following version, where example will be stronger than precept, to which I now refer them; in which a man justly qualified for a translator will discover many rules extremely useful to that end. But [to] a man who wants these natural qualifications which are necessary for such an undertaking, all particular precepts are of no other use, than to make him a more remarkable coxcomb.

DEDICATION

OF THE

PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

FIRST PRINTED IN FOLIO, IN 1697.

DEDICATION

OF

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.[9]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HUGH, LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.[1]

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation; for though England is not wanting in a learned nobility,[2] yet such are my

[9] Our author's translation of Virgil, which was begun in 1694, and completed in about three years, was published in folio, by subscription, in 1697.—The several parts were dedicated to different noblemen; the Eclogues to Lord Clifford, the Georgicks to Lord Chesterfield, and the Æneid to the Marquis of Normanby,

[1] Of this nobleman, who was son of the Lord Treasurer Clifford, (see vol. i. p. 379,) no memorials have been transmitted to us. He died in 1730.

[2] In a former Essay our author has spoken less respectfully of the English Nobility. See vol. ii. p. 35. His present sentiment, however, was, I believe, well founded.

unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot shew at present, by any publick act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart.[3] Yet I have no reason to complain of fortune, since in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus,[4] who introduced me to Augustus; and though he soon dismissed himself

[3] This description seems intended to include those who, like our author, had been unfriendly to the Revolution.

[4] See Virgil's fourth and sixth Eclogues.—Who the poet's Varus was, has been much disputed among the learned; and their various opinions have been collected by Professor Heyne, in a Dissertation on this subject.—VIRG. vol. i. Excursus ad Bucal. ii.

Virgil's patron, C. Asinius Pollio, was one of the most accomplished men of his age, at once an able and successful general, an excellent poet, orator, and historian. His Letters to Cicero shew him in a less favourable light. He lived to the age of eighty, dying A. U. C. 757, about ten years before Augustus.

Pollio was the first person who erected a publick library at Rome, adorned with statues of the most famous authors. Vid. PLIN. l. vii. c. 30; l. xxxv. c. 2.

Having been appointed Governor of Cisalpine Gaul,

from state affairs, yet in the short time of his administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist, at least, in the long winter which succeeded.

What I now offer to your Lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune; without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my Lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe; I can only hear of that blessing; for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets who condemn their Tantalus to hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium; which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter;

A. U. C. 711, within which district Mantua lay, he there became acquainted with Virgil, who was born at Andes, (now *Pietola,*) a village two miles from thence, in the year 684; and he was so much pleased with the young poet, that he procured for him the restoration of his portion of the lands of Mantua, which, with those of Cremona, had been distributed, under Pollio's direction, among the successful veterans after the battle of Philippi. Virgil having gone to Rome in 713 on this business, is supposed to have been then made known by Pollio to Mæcenas, by whom he was introduced to Octavius.—See MART. viii. 56.

and if they could, yet I want a palate, as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect; and I am not altogether out of hope, that these PASTORALS of Virgil may give your Lordship some delight, though made English by one who scarcely remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry (if the CEIRIS was not his): and it was more excusable in him to describe love, when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I began this work in my great climacterick; but having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own,[5] or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errours, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which Pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of shepherds; for he found the strength of his genius betimes,[6]

[5] Lord Surrey, Phaer, Twyne, Stanyhurst, Fleming, May, Vicars, Boys, Harrington, Ogilby, &c.

[6] Virgil is supposed to have written his first Eclogue, the ALEXIS, (now misplaced) in his twenty-seventh year, A. U. C. 711.

It is probable, from various circumstances, that the

and was even in his youth preluding to his GEORGICKS and his ÆNEIS. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight; yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing to the ground: like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights; still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better musick. The Fourth, the Sixth, and the Eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first[7] he contains himself within his bounds; but ad-

Eclogues were written, and ought to be arranged, in the following order. The Arabick figures denote the order in which they stand at present; the Roman numerals that in which they ought to be placed. The year in which each Pastoral has on probable grounds been supposed to be written, is subjoined.

I.	ALEXIS - - - - - -	[2]	- - - - 711.
II.	PALÆMON - - - -	[3]	- - - - 711.
III.	DAPHNIS - - - - -	[5]	- - - - 712.
IV.	TITYRUS - - - - -	[1]	- - - - 713.
V.	MŒRIS - - - - - -	[9]	- - - - 713.
VI.	SILENUS - - - - -	[6]	- - - - 714.
VII.	POLLIO - - - - - -	[4]	- - - - 714.
VIII.	PHARMACEUTRIA -	[8]	- - - - 715.
IX.	MELIBŒUS - - - -	[7]	- - - - 716.
X.	GALLUS - - - - - -	[10]	- - - - 717.

[7] The impropriety of this phrase has already been pointed out. See vol. ii. p. 193.

dressing to Pollio,[8] his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity; putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sybil, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paulo majora*, which begins his

[8] There are good grounds for believing that the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, (which should be the seventh,) though inscribed to Pollio, was not written in honour of his son, (C. Asinius Gallus) but either to celebrate the birth of young Marcellus, nephew to Octavius, in the year of Rome, 714, or on the prospect that the offspring with which Seribonia, who had been married to Octavius in the early part of that year, was pregnant, would prove a son, and so perpetuate in his family the power which he then began to assume. In the beginning of the following year, she was delivered of a child, which however, disappointed the poet's hopes, proving a daughter,—the infamous Julia. The former of these notions, which the Jesuit, Catrou, produced as his own, was originally suggested by Badius Ascensius. The latter opinion (suggested by Boulacre in *Bibliotheque Francoise*, tom. 28, p. 243,) appears to me much more probable; for the child of which Octavia was then pregnant, being not by Antony, but by her former husband, Virgil had no particular inducement to make that circumstance the subject of his verse; or at least had not so strong an inducement as the pregnancy of the new-married wife of his patron and benefactor afforded; neither had he *at this time* any reason to prognosticate such great things of young Marcellus, (supposing him to have been the child of which Octavia was then pregnant,) however highly he might afterwards speak of him.

Fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius,[9] that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage, which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the Sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him, as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his Eighth Eclogue he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover; the latter, a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topicks which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original.

There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed both in the POLLIO and the SILENUS; where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and mea-

[9] Who was cruelly beheaded by his father, T. Manlius Torquatus, for fighting with the General of the Latins, contrary to his order, though successfully, A. U. C. 414. Vid. LIV. lib. iv. c. 29; AUL. GEL. ix. 13.

dows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his patron; somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the Ninth Pastoral he collects some beautiful passages which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes, like him, a just decorum, both of the subject, and the persons. As particularly in the Third Pastoral; where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved :—

In medio duo signa; Conon,—et quis fuit alter,
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose :—whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus, I dispute not; but he was certainly forgotten, to shew his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could; as in the *cujum pecus*, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad criticks of his age, who could not see the beauties of that *merum rus*, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred

as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral into his own country; and brought it there to bear as happily, as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR of Spencer is not to be matched in any modern language: not even by Tasso's AMINTA, which infinitely transcends Guarini's PASTOR-FIDO, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning.[1] I will say nothing of the PISCATORY ECLOGUES,* because no

[1] See p. 45, n. 9.

* By Sannazarius, and N. Parthenius Giannettasius. The PISCATORIA of the latter, together with his NAUTICA in eight books, were published in 8vo. at Naples, in 1685; but I doubt whether our author had seen them. Sannazarius was the inventor of this species of Eclogue. "Postremo (says the Jesuit Parthenius, in the preface to his PISCATORIA,) etsi sciam esse nonnullos, qui inter Eclogas non censent Piscatoria, tamen apud me plus valet ACTII nostri auctoritas, qui *primus* eâ laudo piscatores introduxit in Eclogas, ut post Virgilium nemo sit, qui illi præponendus videatur."

The Eclogues of Sannazarius, together with some pieces of Fracastorius and other Italians who have written Latin poetry, were published, with an elegant preface, by Bishop Atterbury, (then a student of Christ Church,) in 8vo. in 1684.

modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder that rolling down through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordures of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master, Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

——————— *si Pergama dextrâ*
Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.

But Spencer being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Dorick of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My Lord, I know to whom I dedicate; and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other, into unlearned hands. You have read him with pleasure, and I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, which without flattery are eminent, the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from

whence you are descended, and of which our Chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have besides the fresh remembrance of your noble father, from whom you never can degenerate:

——— *nec imbellem feroces*
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind, I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know without my information, that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons; and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line, which had formerly protected them, and followed their principles and fortunes to the last: so that I am your Lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right; for I was wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you.

Be pleased therefore to accept the rudiments of Virgil's poetry; coarsely translated, I confess, but which yet retains some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that

they appear sometimes in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise; and gives fortune no more hold of him than of necessity he must. It is good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity; and to provide ourselves of the virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your Lordship is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil, and not lessen it for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

DEDICATION

OF THE

GEORGICKS OF VIRGIL:

FIRST PRINTED IN FOLIO, IN 1697.

DEDICATION

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DEDICATION

OF

THE GEORGICKS OF VIRGIL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, &c.[9]

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my address to your Lordship better than in the words of Virgil:

——— *quod optanti divum promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

Seven years together I have concealed the longing

[9] Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield, who was born in the year 1634, and consequently at this time was sixty-three years old. His mother, who became a widow soon after his birth, having been Governess to Mary, daughter of Charles the First, who married William, the second Prince of Orange, and having attended the Princess to Holland, with her son, then a youth, he became acquainted with King William the Third, when a boy.—His services in promoting the Restoration, during his residence in Holland, were considered of such value, that he filled several offices during the reign of Charles the Second, but in that of William he had no employment. —He died at his house in London, on Jan. 28th, 1713.

which I had to appear before you; a time as tedious as Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promised Italy: but I considered, that nothing which my meanness could produce was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy occasion offered of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I baulked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes; and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world, for want of that protection, of which he had been so long ambitious.

I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before King Charles the Second, though he much desired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his Majesty, that under her protection he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence I present myself before your Lordship, and attending on Virgil, hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him, but according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have *traduced* him. It is the

fault of many a well-meaning man to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his GEORGICKS in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had, according to our homely saying, his full swing at this poem, beginning it about the age of thirty-five;[1]

[1] The received opinion is, that Virgil began to write the Georgicks in 717, at which time he was thirty-three years old, and that he was seven years employed on that work, which he finished in 724. It is said to have been undertaken at the desire of Mæcenas; and it has been suggested that his motive for proposing this subject to Virgil was, that he might by the charms of verse revive a spirit of husbandry, and lead his countrymen to the cultivation of the lands of Italy, which had been desolated and neglected during the preceding civil wars. Perhaps there is in this notion somewhat too much of refinement; but it is not improbable (as Heyne has observed) that the desolation of Italy, and the best mode of cultivating the wasted lands, might have been a frequent subject of discourse at the table of Mæcenas, and that this subject might have been thus suggested to the poet.

Of the first Georgick our author says, in a note, that the poetry of it is more sublime than any other part of Virgil, and that if ever he copied his majestick style, it was in his version of that book.

It has not, I believe, been observed, that there is a passage in the Life of Atticus, by Cornelius Nepos, from which it may be collected, that Virgil, though he probably composed his Eclogues at the times already mentioned, and without doubt had shewn them to his patrons, had

and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is observed both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets, that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his first and second Book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the third.[2] After which, his judgment was an overpoize to his imagination; he grew too cautious to be bold enough; for he descended in his fourth by slow degrees, and in his SATIRES and EPISTLES was more a philosopher and a critick, than a poet. In the beginning of summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the

not made them publick before the year 719, or 720, and that his Georgicks had certainly not then appeared.—Speaking of L. Julius Calidius, whom Atticus had befriended, he calls him "the most elegant poet that had appeared since the death of Lucretius and Catullus:" a praise which would scarcely have been bestowed, had even the Pastorals of Virgil been then in every hand.—The greater part of the Life of Atticus, including the passage in question, appears to have been written in the latter part of his life, certainly posterior to the year 712, and probably about the year 720. The conclusion was added, as Nepos himself tells us, after the death of Atticus in 722.

[2] Our author does not seem to have known, that neither the Odes, or other works of Horace, are arranged pre-

diurnal motion of the sun partakes more of a right line, than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropick; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore, the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates; for he loses not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases. His succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer.[3] I have called this some-

cisely in the order in which they were written. Thus the third Ode of the first book appears to have been written in 735, and the fourteenth of the same book in 712. Again, the twenty-first Ode of the first book was written in 737, and the third Ode of the third book was written eleven years before, viz. in 726.—The tenth Satire of the first book, in which there is an elegant allusion to the Eclogues and Georgicks of Virgil, was written in 728, and the sixth Satire of the second book in 721.—It may be added, that many of the Satires, and some of the Epistles, were written before a great part of the Odes which now compose the third and fourth books: circumstances which render the observation here made somewhat questionable.

[3] "And he said unto them, what have I done now, in comparison of you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" JUDGES, ch. viii. v. 2.

where by a bold metaphor,—a green old age; but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure:

Jam senior; sed cruda deo viridisque senectus.

Amongst those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your Lordship is a rare example; who being now arrived at your great climacterick, yet give no proof of the least decay in your excellent judgment and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive, and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said; but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested: a clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject; for you leave us in an eagerness of learning more; pleased with what we hear, but not satisfied, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your Lordship from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the criticks make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply; that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at first they could, and think they had added to his thought, when it was all there

beforehand, and he only saved himself the expence of words. However it was, I never went from your Lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing, when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your Lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth; for too much of heat is required at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains; and yours, my Lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends who stand about you, are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dullness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy; discretion in leading-strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil in his third Georgick, when he describes a colt who promises a courser for the race, or for the field of battle, shews him the first to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and

to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness,—a noble fault; but time and experience will correct that errour, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your Lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroick virtue; so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The world knows this without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity:

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improved them both with a softness of manners, and a sweetness of conversation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

——— *digito monstrari, et dicier hic est.*

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad;

for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shews the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my Lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business, which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the publick, as they who have least deserved their stations; but such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes, (for who would always be a Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men, who, from time to time, have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them; some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But while they were in action, I have constantly observed, that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness, they said, was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease. They saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing which every day it was in their power to possess;

but they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy. They would have more, and laid in to make their solitude luxurious: a wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden. They loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession; they would first be old, and made as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of a present choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called death to his assistance, but refused it when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion; who indeed sought honours in his youth, and endured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country when it was in need of his courage and his conduct, till he thought it was time to serve himself; but dismounted from the saddle, when he found the beast which bore him, began to grow restiff and ungovernable.[4] But your

[4] Fabius Maximus, Cato the Censor, and Tiberius Gracchus, father of the celebrated Gracchi, being jealous of the great popularity and power of Scipio Africanus the elder, commenced a prosecution against him, A. U. C. 565. Disdaining to vindicate his character before the fickle multitude, he refused to obey the summons for his appearance, retiring to his villa at Liternum, near Naples, where he died in the year 568.—See VALERIUS MAXIMUS, l. v. c. 3. "Africanus Superior non solum contusam et confractam belli Punici armis rempublicam, sed

Lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore, though you were formed alike for the greatest of civil employments and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either; but contented yourself with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel, when you were called. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honours of the court; a place of forgetfulness at the best, for well deservers. It is necessary for the polishing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the best morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the first of being cheated; and he recovers not his losses but by learning to cheat others. The undermining smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible conversation is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have

pene jam exsanguem atque morientem, Africæ dominam reddidit: cujus clarissima opera injuriis pensando cives vici eum ignobilis ac desertæ paludis accolam fecerunt; ejusque voluntarii exilii acerbitatem non tacitus ad inferos tulit, sepulchro suo inscribi jubendo, INGRATA. PATRIA. NE. OSSA. QUIDEM. MEA. HABES."

been a looker on, without venturing to play; that a man may know false dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forsakes it, because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures; for almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life, and the danger is the less when we are young; for having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your Lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat; and not to have chosen it, till you had maturely weighed the advantages of rising higher, with the hazards of the fall. *Res non parta labore, sed relicta,* was thought by a poet[5] to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it into the power of Fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her? Let him venture, says Horace, *qui zonam perdidit.* He who has nothing, plays securely, for he may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses; but he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at

[5] Martial. EPIGR. x. 47.

court, sets a stake to fortune, which she can seldom answer: if he gains nothing, he loses all, or part, of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund. In short, however he succeeds, it is covetousness that induced him first to play, and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The odds are against him that he loses, and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the present war of the Christians against the Turk; every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but if they are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire.

You, my Lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden,* where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is land-locked on every side; and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing, and such it is to men of honour and integrity, who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Corycian,

* The second Earl of Chesterfield, in the latter part of his life, passed much of his time at an elegant villa near Twickenham.

whom my author describes in his Fourth Georgick; whose fruits and sallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth and his own plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas!

It is but half possession, not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. GOD has bestowed on your Lordship the first of these, and you have bestowed on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it; but for their master, who studied GOD in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition, into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

Et *secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.*

As I began this Dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health to enjoy that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

Your Lordship's most devoted,

and most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Mr. Spence, in his ANECDOTES, has preserved the following remarks made by Pope, in conversation, on the works of the great Roman poet:

"Virgil is very sparing in his commendation of other poets, and scarce ever does it, unless he is forced. He hints at Theocritus, (ECL. vii. 2.) because he has taken so much from him, and his subject led to it; and does the same by Hesiod, (GEO. ii. 176,) for the same reason. He never speaks a single word of Homer, and indeed could not do it, where some would have had him, because of the anachronism. They blame him for not mentioning Homer instead of Musæus, (ÆNEID. vi. 667,) without considering, that then Homer must have been put into Elysium long before he was born.

"Virgil's triumph over the Greek poets in his GEORGICKS, is one of the vainest things that ever was written.

"There are not above two or three lines in Virgil, from what we now have of Hesiod's works. Virgil owns the imitating that poet, and would not do so for two or three lines only.

"Perhaps what we call Hesiod's works at present, is

misnamed. The THEOGONY has little prettinesses in it, not like the great antiquity. The shield of Hercules is taken from Homer's shield of Achilles, and there are several lines exactly the same in both. The ΗΜΕΡΩΝ has the truest air of antiquity. *Nudus ara*, (GEO. i. 299,) is, I think, from the ΕΡΓΩΝ; but possibly none of it is Hesiod's.

"Virgil's great judgment appears in putting things together; and in his picking gold out of the dunghills of the old Roman writers.

"He borrowed even from his contemporaries:—*Perdita, nec seræ meminit decedere nocti*, from Varius, as, I think, Aulus Gellius tells us."

Mr. Holdsworth remarked to Mr. Spence, (as the latter has mentioned in the same collection,) that "the third Georgick is the most epick of all the Georgicks; and the introduction to it, as well as several passages in it, show that Virgil regarded it as such, himself." See GEO. iii. 291—294.

The same gentleman observed, that "each book of the GEORGICKS is in a different style from all the rest: that of the first, plain; of the second, various; of the third, grand; and of the fourth, pleasing." Ibid.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

EPICK POETRY:

FIRST PRINTED IN FOLIO, IN 1697.

A

DISCOURSE ON EPICK POETRY:[5]

ADDRESSED

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY,

EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c. AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.[6]

A HEROICK poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform. The design of it is, to form the mind to heroick virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it in-

[5] Prefixed, in the form of a Dedication, to the Translation of the ÆNEID.

[6] John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, of whom some account has already been given, (see vol. i. p. 415,) was created Marquis of Normanby, May 10, 1694; and on the accession of Queen Anne, of whom he is said to have been an admirer in his youth, in May, 1702, he was created Duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby, and appointed Lord Privy Seal.

He is (says Macky, in his CHARACTERS, 8vo. 1732, p. 20,) a nobleman of learning, and good natural parts, but of no principles. Violent for the High Church, yet seldom goes to it. Very proud, insolent, and covetous, and takes all advantages. In paying his debts, unwilling; and is neither esteemed, nor beloved: for notwithstanding his great interest at court, it is certain he has none in

structs. The action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design: either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength; but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epick kind; all things must be grave, majestical, and sublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels which Ariosto* and others

either house of parliament, or in the country.—He is of a middle stature, of a brown complexion, with a sour lofty look."

To this representation Swift gave his assent, by writing on the margin of his copy of Macky's book—'*This character is the truest of any.*'

"If we credit the testimony of his contemporaries, he was a poet of no vulgar rank. But favour and flattery are now at an end: criticism is no longer softened by his bounties, or awed by his splendour; and, being able to take a more steady view, discovers him to be a writer that sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines, feebly laborious, and at best but pretty." Johnson's Life of SHEFFIELD.

* Both the folios printed in our author's life-time, read here "—which *Aristotle*," &c. in which they have been followed in all the modern editions. But it was un-

have inserted in their poems; by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epick poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work; which he is driving on, labouring, and hastening, in every line: the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master, Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of Homer, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or

questionably an errour of the press in the original copy, which escaped our author's notice, though he employed some time in correcting the first edition of his work, before the second was undertaken. In one of his letters to Jacob Tonson, he complains that the person employed in printing his Virgil "*was a beast*, and understood nothing of correcting the press." The present passage fully confirms that remark; for there can be no doubt that Dryden here wrote *Ariosto*. See pp. 89, 90, 442.—It is hardly necessary to observe, that *Aristotle*, though for an entire century he has been represented in this Essay as an epick poet, never wrote any poem, with or without *trifling novels* in it.

at best convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who through his whole poem is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his Seven Champions, (who are heroes all alike) or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform, when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second, went out of his way, as it were on prepense malice, to commit a fault.[7] For he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a serpent, (that author of

[7] This observation of our author drew from Mr. Walter Harte, several years afterwards, the following remark, subjoined to his translation of the sixth THEBAID:

"Mr. Dryden, in his excellent Preface to the ÆNEID, takes occasion to quarrel with Statius, and calls the present book [the sixth] 'an ill-timed and injudicious episode.' I wonder so severe a remark could pass from that gentleman, who was an admirer of our author, even to superstition. I own I can scarce forgive myself to contradict so great a poet, and so good a critick: *talium enim virorum ut admiratio maxima, ita censura difficilis.* However, the present case may admit of very alleviating circumstances. It may be replied in general, that the design of this book was, to give a respite to the main action, introducing a mournful but pleasing variation from terrour to pity. It is also highly probable, that Statius had an eye to the funeral obsequies of Polydore and Anchises, mentioned in the third and fifth books of Virgil. We may also look upon them as a prelude, opening the mind by degrees to receive the miseries and horrour of a future war.

all evil,) to make way for those funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his THEBAIS, if he had either farthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse, at least, for detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprize.

If this œconomy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epick poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it, what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's ILIADS and ODYSSES, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations

This is intimated in some measure by the derivation of the word ARCHEMORUS." POEMS, 8vo. 1727.

Mr. Harte's assertion that Dryden *was an admirer of* Statius, *even to superstition*, might have had some weight, had not our author frequently mentioned that poet, and never, I think, without disapprobation. In the Dedication of THE SPANISH FRYAR, (vol. ii. p. 57,) he says, "Virgil had all the majesty of a lawful prince, and Statius only the blustering of a tyrant."

from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under Æschilus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For the original of the stage was from the epick poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action. Out of his limbs they formed their bodies; what he had contracted, they enlarged; out of one Hercules were made infinite of pigmies, yet all endued with human souls; for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the *divinæ particulam auræ*. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them, according to the proportions of the drama. If he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass; which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day. So that, as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life; an epick poem is the draught at length.—Here, my Lord, I must contract also, for before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression to prove that there

is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them; for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action; and better a mechanick rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy: great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epick poem is not in so much haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow, but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated, this is tacitly to confess that there is more virtue in one heroick poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next.

Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epick poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight.

It is one reason of Aristotle's, to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well, that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night.[8] A chariot may be driven

[8] "If Aristotle had said that tragedy was the more noble, because a poet could *compose* a tragedy in much less time than an epick poem, the simile would have been justly applied. Dryden had but just before said, that "the effects of tragedy are too violent to be lasting." But he did not give himself time to see, that tragedy owes this greater *violence of effect* to the shortness of its plan; that is, to its strict unity, the more concentrated and unbroken interest, its "close accelerated plot;" to that ἀθροον, as Aristotle calls it, so essential to the purpose of tragedy, which is, to give the pleasure of strong emotion. The Epick Poem is of too tedious a length, too various and episodick, to produce *that* effect in the same degree as tragedy, which is read, or seen, *at once*, and without interruption.

"But the case was, that Dryden, (who, as I had before occasion to remark, appears to have taken his idea of Aristotle from French translation,) wrote this in the preface to his translation of an Epick Poem; on the contrary, when he was writing on tragedy, he gave tragedy the preference." ["—though tragedy be justly preferred

round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs* are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epick poem; where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished, and those more amply treated than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epick hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive; and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the ILIADS, that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the

above the other," i. e. the epick poem. ESSAY ON DRAMATICK POESY.]—Aristotle's Treatise on Poetry, translated by Twining, Note 273; p. 556.

* *Orb* was often used by our author and his contemporaries, for *orbit*. It has been already so used in p. 430.

Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his General; nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example the criticks have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous; they are poetically good, if they are of a piece. Though, where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author; this is that idea of perfection in an epick poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator, Homer, has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore, they are either not faults in a heroick poem, or faults common to the drama.

After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged, that the epick poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and

acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives; wherein, though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epick poem works at greater leisure; yet is active too, when need requires: for dialogue is imitated by the drama from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit, like the quinquina,[9] and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use, in process of time, and in its proper season.

I proceed from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the King inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of

[9] The Peruvian, or Jesuits' bark, of which some specimens had been sent to London about 1633, but it did not get into general use till about 1655, during the Usurpation.

the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroick poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage, which tragedy can boast above heroick poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your Lordship knows some modern tragedies, which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer,[1] complains, they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*;[2] nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately

[1] A bookseller at Rome, in the time of Martial. See his EPIGR. iv. 72. xiii. 3.

[2] *Ruelle* is an assembly of persons in a morning, in a lady's dressing-room, while she is at her toilet. This fashion of introducing French words into our language, Dr. Johnson has justly reprobated. "Dryden (says that most judicious critick,) had a vanity unworthy of his abilities, to shew, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators." Life of DRYDEN.

fustian, and lofty childishness.[3] Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting;—the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add, that many things which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage; and those not only the *speciosa miracula*, as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphates, and the Lestrygons, which cannot be represented even in operas; but the prowess of Achilles or Æneas would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies, in Homer or in Virgil; but *ne Hercules contra duos*, in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot or ought not to represent; for I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me,—that I plead for the preeminence of epick poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil,—if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute: but I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote tragedies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking.[4] I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better

[3] Our author had here, probably, some of Lee's plays in his thoughts.

[4] See vol. i. p. 218. In 1692 also he delivered the same opinion. See p. 218 of this volume.

qualified than any man I know, to decide this controversy. You come, my Lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your ESSAY OF POETRY, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence,[5] I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction; and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epick poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge; there is a tincture of malice in his commendations: for where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A Judge upon the bench may, out of good nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor, but he does not willingly commend his brother-serjeant at the bar; especially when he controuls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I

[5] The ESSAY OF POETRY was first published anonymously in 1682. I have said in a former note, (p. 41,) that it was written in 1675; but my memory deceived me: it was the ESSAY ON SATIRE, by the same author, that was written (as he himself tells us) in 1675.

must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the titlepage? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critick, as the ladies are with a lampooner, because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge; but great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded, rather out of decency, than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politick; for by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles.[6] Thus, like

[6] This and the preceding passages undoubtedly con-

Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author; and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your Lordship longer than I intended, in this dispute of preference betwixt the epick poem and the drama, and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections. For in this Address to your Lordship, I design not a treatise of heroick poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, some-

tain very elegant praise, but surely more than the performance in question is entitled to.

"Of this Essay, (says Johnson) which Dryden has exalted so highly, it may be justly said, that the precepts are judicious, sometimes new, and often happily expressed; but there are, after all the emendations, many weak lines, and some strange appearances of negligence; as, when he gives the laws of elegy, he insists upon connection and coherence, without which, says he,

"'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
"But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
"No Panegyrick, nor a Cooper's-Hill.

"Who would not suppose that Waller's Panegyrick, and Denham's Cooper's-Hill, were Elegies?

"His verses are often insipid, but his Memoirs are lively and agreeable: he had the perspicuity and elegance of an historian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet."

what tending to that subject, after the example of Horace in his First Epistle of the Second Book to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Pisos, which we call his ART OF POETRY; in both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed, as often as I pleased, the same subject; and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this Prefatory Dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning; the greatness and excellency of an heroick poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison therefore which I made betwixt the epopee and the tragedy, was not altogether a digression; for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the masterpieces of human wit.

In the mean time I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said,—that the file of heroick poets is very short; all are not such, who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great ILIAS, and one ÆNEIS, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the JERUSALEM;[7]

[7] Tasso's great poem, LA GERUSALEMME LIBERATA; first printed complete in 1574.

I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some Lord Chamberlain should be appointed, some critick of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your Lordship's ears with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.

Mere fustian, (as Horace would tell you from behind, without pressing forward,) and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto,[8] would cry out,—make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line. Father Le Moine, with his SAINT LOUIS, and Scudery with his ALARICK,* for a godly King, and a Gothick conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill, that his MAID[9] should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spencer has a better plea for his FAIRY QUEEN, had his action been finished, or had been one; and Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady errant; and if there had not been more

[8] The MORGANTE MAGGIORE of Luigi Pulci first appeared at Florence, in 1488; Boiardo's L'ORLANDO INNAMORATO in 1496; the ORLANDO FURIOSO of Ariosto in 1515.

* See p. 91.

[9] Chapelain's MAID is La Pucelle d'Orleans.

machining persons than human in his poem.—After these the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epick poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the Preface of Segrais before his translation of the Æneis, or out of Bossu,—no matter which. "The style of the heroick poem is and ought to be more lofty than that of the drama." The critick is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged; the work of tragedy is on the passions, and in dialogue; both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage, for *volat irrevocabile verbum:* the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence. That which cures the manners by alterative physick, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and with-

out repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure.—Thus, my Lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness, and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hardheartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business, and not think of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies; he has a whole confederacy against him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero, I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians; at the worst, but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tannegui le Fevrè, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated, and without contradicting my first opinion,

I can shew that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his, in what time so ever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was, to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in the several chiefs to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the General and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior, on dishonourable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain:

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shewn the bad effects of discord, so, after the reconcilement, he gives the good effects of unity;

for Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By this, it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy. Such was his moral; which all criticks have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it; for then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian, or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar; in effect, by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the publick good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party. He too had nothing but liberty

and reformation in his mouth; for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the Christian priesthood, refining on the heathen. Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people, than Marius before him, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives, and took the estates, of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power. Such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabrick of consequence must fall betwixt them, and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. THIS COMES OF ALTERING FUNDAMENTAL LAWS AND CONSTITUTIONS. Like him, who being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physick, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: *Stavo ben*, (was written on his monument,) *ma, per star meglio, sto qui.*[6]

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time; but it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and each being a

[6] i. e. I was well, but endeavouring to be better, I am here.

check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the publick-spirited men of their age, that is, patriots for their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management; spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your Lordship with the repetition of what you know,—after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar, broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him: Cæsar thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost, (for he was a Marian,) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country, whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him, and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of Perpetual Dictator. He being murdered by his own son,[7] whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame, (though Dante in his INFERNO has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth,) the com-

[7] Brutus, whose mother, Servilia, was supposed to have granted favours to Julius Cæsar, when he was very young.

monwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled twice or thrice over, and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotick power could not have fallen into better hands than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your Lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource: the heads of it destroyed; the senate, new moulded, grown degenerate, and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author, (as men of good sense are generally honest,) that he was still of republican principles in heart.

Secretosque pios; his dantem jura Catonem.

I think I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the Eighth Book of the ÆNEIS. If he had not well studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince.[8] But Augustus

[8] Our author has here expressed himself very carelessly and inaccurately. A slight addition would render

was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium;

the passage perfectly correct: "If he had not well studied his patron's temper, *he would not have ventured on such an eulogy:* it might have ruined him with another prince."

After all, however, I believe, that this argument to prove that Virgil was a republican in his heart, is wholly unfounded; and that the person here meant was not Cato who killed himself at Utica, but Cato the Censor. Pope indeed was once of Dryden's opinion:

To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line:
O let my country's friends illumine mine!

This he wrote in 1738, but afterwards he changed his opinion, as appears from the following passage in Spence's ANECDOTES, subscribed with the name of Pope:

"I have formerly said that Virgil wrote one honest line,—

Secretosque pios; his dantem jura Catonem;

and that I now believe was not meant of Cato *Uticensis*."

Virgil himself has furnished us with a strong confirmation of Pope's "amended judgment;" for in his description of the infernal regions, (ÆN. vi. 434,) he has expressly excluded self-murderers from the Elysium of the blessed:

Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecere animas. - - - -

This circumstance should seem decisive; and accordingly we find that the ingenuity of the learned Heyne, who contends that the younger Cato was meant, has not been able to furnish any other excuse for his here being placed among holy spirits, than this;—that a poet is not obliged

and there giving laws to the holy souls, who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of

to observe a uniform course throughout the whole of his work: "Licet poetae diversis carminis partibus diversas rationes sequi."—According to this reasoning, if Æneas had been described in the first ÆNEID as a low fair man, the poet with propriety might have given him a brown complexion in the sixth, and in the eighth have introduced him as six feet high.

I may add, that supposing even that Virgil had any partiality for Cato Uticensis, of which there is no proof whatsoever, neither his age, (for he died at forty-eight,) nor his character, so well entitled him to the high situation in which the lawgiver of the blessed is here placed, as his progenitor, who during a life of near ninety years was so eminently distinguished for his strict severity as a rigid censor of manners.—See also ÆN. vi. 841, where he is again honourably mentioned.

Mr. Spence, several years after his conversation with Pope on this subject, had occasion to publish the ingenious comments on Virgil, which he found among his friend Mr. Holdsworth's papers; with these he has blended several of his own; and his remark on the passage before us affords an additional confirmation of what has been now stated:

"Virgil represents the blessed in Elysium, and Cato giving laws to them. This agrees best with the character of Cato the Censor. See Plutarch's account of the Elder Cato; of his strict judgments and laws; of the statue set up to his honour in the temple of Salus, and of the inscription under it, in his Life of that great lawgiver. Seneca speaks as highly of him in that capacity, as of Scipio in the military way:" M. Porcius Censorius, quem tam reipublicæ profuit nasci, quam Scipionem; alter enim cum hostibus nostris bellum, alter cum moribus gessit."

good spirits.* For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate; that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though after his death he received divine honours, for the good he did on earth, yet he was but a god of their own making; that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and mal-administration: for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom, and I meddle not with others; being, for my own opinion, of Montange's principles,—that an honest man ought to be contented with that form of goverment, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born; though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice;

EPIST. lxxxvii.—If Cato Uticensis could have been placed at all in Elysium by Virgil, (who says that such as kill themselves are in another part of Hades,) he would, at least, be a very improper person to be set by him in so eminent a situation there."—Mr. Spence acknowledges that it appears from a passage in Macrobius, (SATURNAL. l. ii. c. 4.) that Augustus was not disinclined to commend Cato; and he did not forget that Horace has mentioned with applause "*Catonis nobile letum*;" to the latter of which circumstances more weight than it deserves has, I think, been given by those who suppose Cato of Utica to have been the person meant in the eighth Æneid.

* By *secretos* surely we must understand—segregatos *ab impiis*, who are mentioned in the preceding lines.

which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.[9]

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved; that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it; that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished; that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it; that the arts of peace flourished under him; that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet; that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate; that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them, and prorogued his government from time to time, still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from publick cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed; to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince; by that respect to confirm their obedience to him; and by that

[9] We have had, if I remember right, this sentiment nearly in the same words, in a former Essay.

obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem ;[1] honest in the poet ;

[1] That the ÆNEID was written with a view of reconciling the Roman people to a monarchical form of government, was originally suggested by Bossu, (TRAITE DU POEME EPIQUE, l. i. c. xi.) and his notion was afterwards enlarged on by the Abbé Vatry, in his *Discours sur la Fable de l'Eneide*, (MEM. DE LITERAT. t. xix. p. 345,) in which he endeavoured to prove that throughout this great poem Augustus was shadowed under the person of Æneas. With these Frenchmen, Pope, Spence, and the ingenious and learned Dr. Joseph Warton, concur.

"That Virgil wrote this excellent poem, (says Mr. Spence, in a note published among Holdsworth's Comments, 4to. 1768,) with a design of confirming Augustus's usurpation of the sole government of the Roman state, is proved at large in POLYMETIS, D. III. notes 6 to 13. One must use so hard a term for it, when one looks back upon his proscription ; but one cannot use it without pain, when we look onward to the mildness of his administration, and his patronage of the most deserving in all works of genius and art." The same gentleman, in his ANECDOTES, introduces Pope saying—"The ÆNEID was evidently a party-piece, as much so as ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL."

As POLYMETIS is not an uncommon book, I do not think it necessary to transcribe the arguments urged by Spence in support of this notion, which may be also found in Dr. Warton's Life of Virgil ; more especially as the learned Heyne has, I think, clearly shewn that this conjecture, however ingenious and plausible, is not supported by any similitude between the personal characters of Æneas and Augustus, or any resemblance in the circumstances of their fortunes, or the events of their lives. He concludes therefore very justly, in my opinion, that

honourable to the Emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction, and reflecting part of that

if Virgil's plan was such as has been suggested, he has executed it most lamely and imperfectly; as the late Dr. Johnson, when an ingenious Essay was published to prove that Falstaff was no coward, confuted it in the shortest and clearest manner, by observing, that if Shakspeare did not intend the fat knight for a coward, he must be acknowledged to have been the most bungling dramatist that ever wrote.

Heyne's very judicious observations on this subject not easily admitting of abridgment, I subjoin them in his own words:

" De *consilio* quod poeta in Aeneide conscribenda sequutus sit, et de *fine*, quem propositum habuerit, multa varii comminiscuntur. Nihil quidem magis alienum esse potest ab epico carmine quam *allegoria*; jugulat enim totam ejus vim, rerum et hominum dignitatem attenuat, gratum animi errorem excutit, et aestum inter legendum refrigerat, voluptatemque omnem intercipit. Certatim tamen viri docti argutiis suis Aeneae personam nobis eripere, et Augustum submittere allaborarunt. Etiam ex parata nova in Latio sede miseros Trojanos exturbarunt; adumbratum esse a poeta novum tum Romae constitutum unius principatum. Simili acumine alii arcana, nescio quae, dominationis Augusteae consilia, in Aeneide condenda deprehendere sibi visi sunt. Ita SPENCIUS, elegantis ingenii vir, [Polymetis, Dial. iii. p. 17, sqq.] πολιτικὸν epos esse Aeneidem sibi persuasum habebat; neque aliud quicquam poetam spectasse, quam ut animis libertatis ereptae desiderio aegris fomenta admoveret, et novum principem approbaret. Nihil tamen Aeneae personam, fortunam, facta, et fata habere videas, quod ei consilio respondeat; nullus in Aeneide populus est liber,

honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable,

qui dominum accipiat; nulla regni seu imperii, monarchiam vocamus, bona videas exposita aut commendata; verbo nihil occurrit, quo libertatis amore contacti animi adduci aut allici possint, ut a bono principe malint tuto regnari quam cum libertatis vano nomine paucorum potentium dominatione vexari. In Juliae gentis honorem, quæ ab Iulo Aeneae filio originem ducere videri volebat, nonnulla passim suaviter memorari, ad Augusti laudes ingeniose alia inseri, ipsa carminis lectione manifestum sit, et a veteribus quoque Grammaticis jam monitum est locis pluribus; sed, quantam vim ea res ad dominationem Augusti commendandam haber epotuerit, mihi non satis constare lubenter fateor. Neque, si nova Aeneae sedes in Latio diuinis humanisque juribus vallata fuerit, quale inde propugnaculum novo Augusti regno partum sit, intelligo; ut adeo, si demonstrari hoc possit, poetae consilium illud in Aeneide condenda propositum fuisse, parum feliciter eum in eo perficiendo et exsequendo versatum videri dicerem.

" In eandem tamen opinionem jam ante Spencium inciderat vir doctus inter Francogallos, [L'Abbé Vatry,] qui imprimis similitudinem inter Aeneae et Augusti personam et fortunam diserte persequitur. Ingeniose eum ludere non neges; et convenit ei cum multis aliis doctis viris, qui opinantur, Augustum sub Aeneae persona esse adumbratum; eo referunt multa alia. Videas nonnullos tam egregie sibi placere in hoc invento, ut undique conquirant et venentur ea, quae ad Augustum accommodari possint. Sic oris dignitas (lib. i. 589, *Os humerosque deo* s.) cum assentatione in Augustum memorata est. Ignoscenda haec putem alicui ex media assentatorum turba, qui Aeneide lecta unam vel alteram Aeneae laudem ad Au-

but necessary to the present age, and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received

gustum traheret, ut Principi palparet. Sed, ut MARO tam dissimiles personas, fortunas, virtutes et facta ac res gestas, inter se comparare voluerit, mihi quidem, si ejus judicium et elegantiam recte teneo, parum probabile videtur. Sapientior erat poeta, et rei poeticae intelligentior, quam ut talem cogitationem in animum admitteret. Nam praeterquam quod Aeneae characterem non invenit, sed ab aliis jam traditum accepit, circumspiciendae erant a poeta virtutes Aeneae ejusmodi, quae in epico argumento vim et splendorem haberent, et factorum, quae enarranda erant, caussas idoneas suppeditarent. Quod si ille studium suum ponere voluisset maxime in hoc, et Aeneas Augusto assimularetur, quam multa et quam parum consentanea epicae narrationi, argumento, operis characteri, temporum rationi, illaturus in carmen suum fuisset!

" Eadem fere via carmen πολιτικὸν conditum a poeta visum jam olim erat R. Patri le Bossu, ut Romanos partim ad amplectendum et probandum praesentem rerum statum adducere, partim Augustum ad moderationem ac clementiam adhortari, et a dominationis libidine et impotentia revocare voluerit. Sed nec huic consilio ulla ex parte respondet Aeneidis sive argumentum sive tractatio: profugus ex urbe incensa Aeneas novam sedem quaerit, armis vim illatam propulsat, et sic porro; quid tandem his inest, quod ad imperandi artes ac virtutes spectet? Fabulae tamen Virgilianae universe inesse, et in singulis carminis partibus aut locis ac versibus occurrere talia, quae principibus pro salubribus praeceptis commendari possint, nemo neget; quin potius inter utilitates, quae poetarum carminibus debentur, praecipue hoc commemorandum est. Verum non propterea dici potest ac debet, in condendo carmine et in fabula deligenda et ordinanda tale prae-

opinion, that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus, the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil; though perhaps he thought not so himself; or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there. But that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them, (though they were all graven after his death,) as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason[2] why Augustus should

ceptum propositum poetae fuisse, cujus explicandi caussa narrationem institueret. Narrare ille voluit ac debuit rem magnam et arduam et mirabilem. Quod narratio illa, et delectatio quae inde accipitur, cum utilitate ad omnes hominum ordines, inprimisque ad principum animos conjuncta est, hoc epicae narrationi per se consentaneum est; ipsa enim rei natura ita fert, ut magnorum virorum facta magna et praeclara sine summo ad hominum animos, mores ac virtutem, fructu exponi et narrari nequeant, multo magis si cum sententiarum splendore et orationis ornatu instituta sit narratio." VIRG. a C. G. Heyne. Disquisit. i. de Carm. Epico.

[2] In both the editions printed in our author's life-time, (in 1697 and 1698,) as well as in all the subsequent editions, this passage stands thus: "I doubt not but *it was*

be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the ÆNEIS, which its author had condemned to be burnt as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service as well as an honour,—that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse, which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flourished in his time, less obliged by him than the Emperor. Your Lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships, or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the ÆNEIS; but there are whole constellations of them in the Fifth Book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Mnestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind; that those

one reason why Augustus - - - -, *was*, because," &c. It was doubtless an errour of the press, which escaped our author's notice; and arose probably from his having wavered between two modes of expression, *both* of which he could not mean to retain.

who lost the prizes were such as had disobliged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenas; and this was the poetical revenge he took: for *genus irritabile vatum*, as Horace says. When a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him, *animamque in vulnere ponit*. I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators: but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten.—I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy; an ancestry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector; and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas.[3] Spencer favours this opinion what he can. His Prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral led me. But if your Lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas, of which I shall say more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero, I must

[3] Brutus, the supposed founder of Britain, according to Jeffrey of Monmouth, was the great grandson of Æneas.

prepare that subject, by shewing how dexterously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both; which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave.* I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a freeborn subject, as I am; though such things, perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your Lordship my opinion of Virgil,—that he was no arbitrary man. Obliged he was to his master for his bounty, and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the Father of his Country. From this consideration it is, that he chose for the groundwork of his poem one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was just the parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir in a lineal succession; for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family, and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his ÆNEIS, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam, who was slain by Pyrrhus in the

* This cant about the knavery of courtiers our author repeats *usquè ad nauseam*. Cowley, when he retired to the country, found there was just as much knavery among peasants, as in courts.

second book. Æneas had only married Creusa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is, that of an Elective King. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of King. Our poet, who all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance derived from Julius Cæsar; such a title being but one degree removed from conquest: for what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take; since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a trust. Virgil gives us an example of this in the person of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily; he was expelled, and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shews us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus. He was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and a gracious prince; solicitous for the welfare of his people; always consulting with his senate to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall; speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a King by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas,

though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. *Socer arma Latinus habeto,* &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country gods, who were not those of Latium; wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high priesthood, with which Augustus was invested, and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant by the death of Pantheus, in the second book of the ÆNEIS, for his hero to succeed in it; and consequently for Augustus to enjoy.[4] I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation. The words of Virgil are very plain:

Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates.

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from Æneas, that title is already out of doors. Æneas succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was foredoomed to fall for ever:

[4] The ingenious Mr. Holdsworth thought this a very judicious observation. See his Notes on Virgil, 4to. 1768, p. 227.

Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere gentem,
Immeritam visum superis, - - - -.

ÆNEIS, l. iii. lin. 1.

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire; but Horace writes an Ode[5] on purpose to deter him from that thought, declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it as it should be raised. Hereupon the Emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my Lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head; and had an itch of being thought a divine King, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them. What follows next is of great importance, if the criticks can make out their charge; for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus. Those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to those who had obliged him; and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your Lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character; and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it

[5] Lib. iii. Ode 3.

comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the Deities of Troy and his own Penates are made the companions of his flight; they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little son, his wife follows him; but losing[6] his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death; of the games instituted in honour of his memory; or seeking him, by his command, even after death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which every where is visible; of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funerals of his nurse; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven: and then the poem had been left imperfect; for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved.

[6] Our author has here expressed himself very negligently. He means—but *she* (Creusa) losing his footsteps, he goes back, &c. So below, he should have written—*his raising*, not—*of* his raising.

Of the other parts which compose his character as a King, or as a General, I need say nothing; the whole ÆNEIS is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed,[7] it shall suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your Lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein Segrais, in his admirable Preface to his Translation of the ÆNEIS, as the author of the Dauphin's VIRGIL justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him: for, impartially speaking, the French are as much better criticks than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superior to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their Generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall say perhaps as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good,* which is but doing justice to my country: part of which honour will reflect on your Lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmo-

[7] i. e. censured. So, in AS YOU LIKE IT:

"—— my *taxing* like a wild goose flies,—."

Again, in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:

"Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you."

* Our author did not execute this scheme, at which, I think, he has hinted in another place.

nious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries,) as a principal ornament of our language; but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your Lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him; and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his Preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durst not touch; for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my Lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same excellency; and for the same reason I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour, and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have said already from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man; therefore neither

Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish,—thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me; and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was, to instruct in virtue, by shewing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of that I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais.

"Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people, which caused him to reign for more than forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politick, and religious: he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have

not considered, as they ought, that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious; but the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? to a man who should abandon his father, or desert his King, in his last necessity?"

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour: I will now follow him, where he considers this valour, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his ÆNEAS, and that in a heroical degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best, in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years' war of Troy he was considered as the second champion of his country, allowing Hector the first place; and this, even by the confession of Homer,[8] who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen, the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite,)

[8] Iliad. ϱ. 513. Cf. Iliad. ε. 467, 468.

makes Diomede give him * a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book:

——————— *Stetimus tela aspera contra,*
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et versis lugeret Græcia fatis.
Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris Æneæque manu victoria Grajûm
Hæsit; et in decumum vestigia retulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior.

I give not here my translation of these verses, though I think I have not ill succeeded in them; because your Lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my Lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek; and insinuates, that Homer had done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman, though Diomedes was manifestly the second champion of the Grecians: and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the companion of his nightly expedition; for he had a headpiece of his own, and wanted only the

* This surely is very ill expressed. He means, that Virgil gives him, *Æneas*, (who is not the person last mentioned,) a higher character for strength and courage, (not than *Hector*, as the reader would naturally suppose, but) than *Homer* gives *Æneas*.

fortitude of another to bring him off with safety, and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: "They who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answered." Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your Lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneids. In short, more could not be expected from an Amadis, a Sir Lancelot, or the whole Round Table, than he performs. *Proxima quæque metit gladio,* is the perfect account of a knight-errant. If it be replied, continues Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprizes, because he wore enchanted arms, that accusation, in the first place, must fall on Homer, ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them; and Ariosto, the two Tassos, (Bernardo, and Torquato,) even our own Spencer, in a word, all modern poets, have copied Homer as well as Virgil: he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more, than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us out of Virgil, (who was

well versed in the Chaldean mysteries,) under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself, thought otherwise.[9] But in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predecessor or his descendants. For Æneas was actually wounded in the twelfth of the ÆNEIS, though he had the same godsmith[1] to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no *warluck*, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help, because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces, and renews the combat. I need say no more, for Virgil defends himself, without needing my assistance; and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate

[9] As did our author himself.

[1] Our author has again used this extraordinary compound, which I believe was of his own coinage, in ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL:

"Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
"That *godsmiths* could produce, or priests devise."

champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero.

But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant; because he wept more often, as they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described, lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecians, Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea-shore, and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by arms: Æneas took a nobler course; for having secured his father and his son, he repeated all his former dangers, to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your Lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero's shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander

for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot, Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas, his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched criticks dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin hero,[2] always raining. One of these censors[3] is bold enough to argue him of cowardice, when in the beginning of the first book he not only weeps, but trembles, at an approaching storm:

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but for his people.[4] And who can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest,

[2] The vulgar notion is, that if it rains on St. Swithin's day, (July 15th,) it will continue to rain for forty days afterwards.

[3] St. Evremont.

[4] See what our author has already said on this subject. p. 69.

and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise: all this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil;[5] and since, I have been informed by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend,[6] that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods. But how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken; Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire: for that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes answer in these words:

Parce metu, Cytherea, manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi; etc.

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured; for even after this, through

[5] See p. 69.
[6] See p. 382.

the course of the whole ÆNEIS, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in heaven, whether he could alter fate or not; and indeed some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion, Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny:—*tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!*[7] To which he graciously answers:

Si mora præsentis leti, tempusque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis.
Hactenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inaneis.

But that he could not alter those decrees, the King of Gods himself confesses, in the book above cited, when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid, before he threw his lance at Turnus:

——————— Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Tot nati cecidere deûm; quin occidit unà
Sarpedon, mea progenies; etiam sua Turnum
Fata vocant, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi.

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could

[7] These words do not precede, but follow, the gracious speech of Jupiter. Vid. ÆNEID. X. 632.

not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person, Sir Robert Howard,[8] who is better conversant than any man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoicks; and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis,

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come; that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage; and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more shew of reason by the ladies, who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost;

[8] See vol. i. pp. 147, 155.

and for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befell others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, they say, has shewn his hero with these inconsistent characters; acknowledging, and ungrateful; compassionate, and hard-hearted; but at the bottom, fickle, and self-interested. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion:

Vultis et his mecum pariter considere regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est. - - - -

This was an obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them. After the intrigue

of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave; he had accepted the favour, and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My Lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty; and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Doctor Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a GOD, and Providence,[9] that many think he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this abrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude: but at the same time he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas; and this being allowed, as I am afraid it must, he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy; for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion, or,—take it in the strongest sense,—to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its groundwork, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an im-

[9] Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Master of Christ's College in Cambridge, and author of THE TRUE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE, fol. 1678; the work here alluded to.

mediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law; yet if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; because the propriety was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shewn a little more sensibility, when he left her; for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

——— *curam sub corde premebat,*
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore. *

Upon the whole matter, and humanly speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame, than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions; where he excuses himself, when it is too

* Our author still quotes from memory. These two lines are in different parts of the fourth Æneid.

late, and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author by saying, that the ÆNEIS is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it; and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire:[1] though at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole ÆNEIS. O, how convenient is a machine sometimes in a heroick poem! This of Mercury is plainly one; and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shewn him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus:[2] for if too

[1] If this story depended only on the testimony of Donatus, it might well be questioned; but we have higher and much better authority for its truth, that of the elder Pliny: "D. Augustus carmina Virgilii cremari contra testamenti ejus verecundiam, vetuit; majusque ita vati testimonium contigit, quam si ipse sua probasset." HIST. NAT. vii. 30. See also AUL. GEL. xvii. 10. MACROB. SATURNAL. i. 24.

"It is difficult, (says Pope,) to find out any fault in Virgil's Eclogues or Georgicks. He could not bear to have any in his Æneid, and therefore ordered it to be burnt." Spence's ANECDOTES.

[2] The fable is, that Orpheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanals of Thrace, while they were celebrating their orgies, and that they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus, in revenge for the aversion which he

much constancy may be a fault sometimes, then want of constancy, and ingratitude after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place, where I shall shew with how much judgment they have been used by Virgil; and in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall; but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the Jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome: she was also present at the reading of the sixth Æneid, and we know not that she condemned Æneas; but we are sure she presented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her son, Marcellus.[3]

shewed to all women, after the loss of Eurydice. VIRG. Georg. iv. 516—527. Others say, that the Mænades were provoked by his having sung the praises of all the gods except Bacchus.

[3] See the passage quoted from Seneca, in p. 347, n. 6, which renders this tale at least extremely doubtful.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described than in any other poet. Love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the shortest of the whole Æneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion; and had exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero; she smothered those sparkles out of decency, but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confident of her, whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her publick owning it; and after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing; for they were all machining work. But possession having cooled his love, as it increased her's, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble, and entreats: and, nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory; to be interessed in its con-

cerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step for endeavouring to do honour to it. It is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause; for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy; Virgil, indeed, made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him: but all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country. For Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly; Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezenteus, but was slain by him; and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Este, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil; he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shews her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband; doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true, he colours the falsehood of Æneas by an express command from Jupiter to forsake the queen, who had obliged him: but he

knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expence of his hero's honesty; but he gained his cause, however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love, for still he had the advantage of the amour. It was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him, if he had not got the start of her: she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus; and *varium et mutabile semper femina*, is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be understood, to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand; and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frighted him. It seems, he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your Lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, till the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning; *notumque furens quid femina possit:* she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious; for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of *Punica fides*, many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my Lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lie as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as Sir Henry Wotton has defined.[4]

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries; for it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Boccalini, says, that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this errour. The god soon found that he was not able to defend his favourite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence;—

[4] "*Legatus est vir bonus, peregrè missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causa;*" a sentence which Sir Henry wrote in the *Album* of Christopher Flecamore, as he passed through Germany, when he went as Ambassador to Venice. These words, says his biographer, Isaac Walton, "he could have been content should have been thus Englished: *An Ambassador is an honest man, sent to* lie *abroad for the good of his country:* but the word *mentiendum* not admitting of a double meaning, like *lie*, (which at that time signified to *sojourn*, as well as to utter criminal falshood,) this pleasantry brought my Lord Ambassador into some trouble; Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, about eight years afterwards, asserting in one of his works, that this was an acknowledged principle of the religion professed by King James, and those whom he employed as his representatives in foreign countries. See the Life of Sir Henry Wotton, p. 38. edit. 1670.

that any thing might be allowed to his son, Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors, in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future,—no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology at best is but a cobweb law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose as he did, an obscure and a remote era, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him: this Segrais says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend, Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid; to which I refer your Lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentick history, or at least as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive;

and very unluckily for himself, is[5] for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of THE ART OF LOVE has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him; and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others; for our author needs not their admiration.

The motive that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shewed already; and have also begun to shew that he might make this anachronism,[6]

[5] The modern editions read, after the second folio,—"*as* for measuring a sword," by which the passage is rendered nonsense. The true reading is found in the original copy of 1697.

[6] Heyne has shewn, that this anachronism is by no means so certain as has been commonly supposed; the precise period when Carthage was founded, being itself extremely doubtful: some ancient authorities placing its foundation fifty years, others thirty-seven years, *before* the destruction of Troy; others again placing it one hundred and thirty-three years after Troy was destroyed; and others three hundred and twenty-three. "In hoc itaque scriptorum optimorum dissensu, (says this excellent critick,) tantaque rei obscuritate, quis hoc a poeta postulet vel expectet, ut temporum rationes subtilius

by superseding the mechanick rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets, who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what else are the splendid miracles of the METAMORPHOSES? Yet these are beautiful, as they are related; and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them. But to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his coun-

quam ipsi historici nonnulli fecerunt, subducere sustineat? Ultimo loco et illud monendum, jam ante Virgilium amores Didonis et Aeneae videri celebratos fuisse ab historicis Rom. Nam ad lib. iv. 682, Servius: 'Varro *ait, non Didonem, sed Annam, amore Aeneae impulsam se super rogum interimisse.*' Cf. eund. ad. v. 4. Nullam igitur in Didone ad Aeneae aetatem revocanda reprehensionis materiam subesse, ex iis quae disputata sunt, satis intelligi puto." EXCURS. I. ad lib. iv.—The quotation from Varro shews that the love-adventure of Æneas in Carthage was not, as our author represents it, wholly of Virgil's invention.

try, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world; as for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful, (which they always are, if they be natural,) if they be of a piece, if the beginning, the middle, and the end be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas; where the sourest critick must acknowledge, that if he had deprived his ÆNEIS of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem.

I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is,—want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm, in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the ÆNEIS, but was so accounted in his own age, and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it; for which I need produce no

other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary:

Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto,
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.

Where by the way, you may observe, my Lord, that Ovid in those words, *non legitimo fœdere junctus amor*, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas. He was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus. You, Sir, saith he, have sent me into exile for writing my ART OF LOVE, and my wanton Elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over-honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to shew it in the action? But was Ovid, the court-poet, so bad a courtier, as to find no other plea to excuse himself, than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddess of matrimony, had ratified it by her presence; for it was her business to bring matters to that issue: that the ceremonies were short we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an inuendo,—*pulchramque uxorius urbem extruis*. He calls Æneas not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word *uxorius* implies. Now mark a little, if your Lordship pleases, why Virgil

is so much concerned to make this marriage* (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom); it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards; for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid; and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had passed betwixt the Emperor and Scribonia.[7] He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place.[8] Thus, as we say in our home-spun English proverb, he killed two birds with one stone; pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age: for to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. *Neque hæc in fœdera veni*, is the very excuse which Æneas makes, when he leaves his lady. I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my business was Italy, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had

* Here certainly our author strains a point. Virgil's own testimony is against him. *Nec conjugis unquam prætendi tædas*, says Æneas to Dido.

[7] Augustus was divorced from his second wife, Scribonia, in the year of Rome 715, after having lived with her about a year; and shortly afterwards he married Livia, who was then pregnant by her husband, Tiberius, whom he compelled to resign her.

[8] See Heyne's remark, p. 488.

not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast; be as kind an hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witness, that I leave your shore unwillingly; for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your Lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a Spiritual Court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next I think is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age: I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge; a capital charge, I must acknowledge: for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies, and who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strong[9] at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed

[9] Both the copies printed in our author's life-time, as well as the modern editions, here read—"That which makes this accusation look so *strange*," &c. It was clearly an errour of the press in the first edition, which was implicitly followed in all subsequent. From a passage in one of our author's letters, it should seem that he

so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer as well as Virgil must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroick poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature: every poet hath as much right to them as every man hath to air or water:

Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.

did not himself correct the proof-sheets of his work, as they passed through the press; but having corrected such errours as struck him, in the first edition of his Virgil, left his emendations to their fate. Here, however, I believe the misprint (for so it must have been) wholly escaped him.—The same words are more than once confounded in the early editions of Shakspeare's plays.

But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the œconomy and disposition of it,—these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet who borrows nothing from others, is yet to be born; he and the Jews' Messias will come together. There are parts of the ÆNEIS, which resemble some parts both of the ILIAS and of the ODYSSES; as for example, Æneas descended into Hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulysses loved Calypso: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's ODYSSES in his first six books, and in his six last the ILIAS. But from hence can we infer that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's ÆNEIS? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nysus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy?* of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony? to say nothing of the

* The answer to this question will not add any support to our author's argument. "It appears (says Mr. Holdsworth) from Dionysius Halicarnassensis's account of Æneas's going into Italy, that Virgil did not follow his own fancy, but the tradition of those times. That historian gives much the same account of his course both by sea and land, and mentions several of the little particulars, that might be most suspected of being rather poetical than historical." Spence's ANECDOTES.

honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. *Æneadum genetrix* was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners; and both in so eminent a degree, that having done what was possible for man to save his King and country, his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention, nor the conduct of this great action, were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better a name than that of animal; he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raffaelle imitated nature; they who copy one of Raffaelle's pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raffaelle; for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses

travelled, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first travellers: for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born, and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes; one went home, and the other sought a home.

To return to my first similitude. Suppose Apelles and Raffaelle had each of them painted a burning Troy, might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt before either of them were in being. But to close the simile as I began it; they would not have designed it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and shewed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures; because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raffaelle, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece, and perhaps not with his father on his back, his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other, and his wife following; for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture, as an act of

courage: he would rather have drawn him killing Androgeus, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This I think is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypso for being left, to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the ODYSSES? If this be to copy, let the criticks shew us the same disposition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to hell; which was not of Homer's invention neither: he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost. There he was to shew him all the succeeding heroes of his race; and next to Romulus, (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil,) his own patron, Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour: that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath

been copied by so many signpost daubers, that now it is grown fulsome; rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the last place, I may safely grant, that by reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention; that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter studied Raffaelle, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroick poem, and yet the invention be my own; but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel; for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiary, and cry—"this I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse." This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dexterously performing on the high.

I will trouble your Lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether I found in Le Fevre, or Valois; but I am sure I have read it in another French critick, whom I will not name,[1] because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, suppose for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on

[1] I suspect, Dacier is the person meant.

the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mispends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroick poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art, to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment; for there they deaden, where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy. A metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroick poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business: and admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horrour, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general,

that they are not placed, as our unobserving criticks tell us, in the heat of any action, but commonly in its declining: when he has warmed us in his description, as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your Lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole ÆNEIS in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which Æolus had raised a tempest, without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds, for obeying the commands of their usurping master; he had warned them from the seas; he had beaten down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while Triton and Cymothoe were heaving the ships from off the quicksands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration:

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
Jamque faces, et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat;
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes

in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole; for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper; for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself: consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: *nunc non erat his locus*; and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment, which have been made against the ÆNEIS by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius; or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor; of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year: at least Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer: and if I

examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful, whether Virgil's action were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which number I am sure your Lordship is one, I will translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read; for he has made it highly probable that the action of the ÆNEIS began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn: and we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and half, ground their calculation thus. Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring: Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy: he is surprized by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is, that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Africk: he stays at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following; sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time: this

part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funerals, and shortly after arrives at Cumes; and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war; the siege of his camp by Turnus; his going for succours to relieve it; his return; the raising of the siege by the first battle; the twelve days' truce; the second battle; the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus; all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil. He allows the time of year when Anchises died, to be in the latter end of winter, or the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges that when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Africk, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter; for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem.

But whereas Ronsard's followers suppose, that when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail

immediately for Italy (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage); Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August; at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer; staying there the winter following; departing thence in the very beginning of the spring; making a short abode in Sicily the second time; landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days; that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These indeed are but suppositions on both sides; yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which

seems already almost ended, when he begins his story; therefore the love was made in autumn: the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining. The winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required; and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of Tyber, which marks the season of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds saluting the dawn, and by the beauty of the place: which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the Seventh Æneid:

Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
Cùm venti posuere; - - - -
——————— variæ circumque supraque[1]
Assuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, - - - - -.

The remainder of the action required but three months more; for when Æneas went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander: so that according to this calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.[2]

[1] By the negligence of the printer, this and the preceding hemistick were exhibited in the original copy of 1697, as one line; and the errour was adopted in all the subsequent editions. See Æn. vii. v. 26.

[2] According to Heyne, the action of the Æneid employs not more than *six months*. Disquis. I. de Carm. Epico, p. 51.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the PASTORALS, but more particularly in the GEORGICKS, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer, according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus, whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans, attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido :

Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion, - - - -.

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is, when it comes from under the rays of the sun, and begins to appear before daylight. The achronical rising, on the contrary, is, when it appears at the close of day, and in opposition of the sun's diurnal course. The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July ; and about that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during the winter, she speaks also of Orion :

Dum pelago desævit hiems, et aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion, Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem

to manifest. Ilioneus calls him, *nimbosus*, Anna *aquosus*. He is tempestuous in the summer, when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter, when he rises achronically. Your Lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais; who I think deserves no little commendation in this new criticism.

I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods, and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities; as did also the Trojans: from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury; and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers; he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said, that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than from Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did: but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party;

therefore we find him busy in the beginning of the ÆNEIS to calm the tempest raised by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumes in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples, amongst a hundred which I omit,—to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? What wonder, if amongst so many ships there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there, which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? At least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

O nimium cœlo et pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible:[4] and besides,

[4] Modern writers, (Mr. Spence observes, in his POLYMETIS,) from not having a right notion of the ancient scheme of machinery, have fallen into two principal errours on this subject; "first, that machinery was used by the poets only for ornament, or to make a poem look

it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We who are better taught by our

more strange and surprising; secondly, that the poets were too apt to introduce machines, or supernatural causes, where they could not naturally account for events; whereas in the works of the ancients, nature and machinery generally go hand in hand, and serve chiefly to manifest each other. Thus in the storm [raised by Æolus at Juno's request] imaginary beings are introduced; but they are only such as are proper for the part assigned them, and appear only to carry on the true order of natural effects. The god of the winds, at the request of the goddess of the air, lets loose his turbulent subjects, and the sea is instantly in a tumult. The god of the sea appears to make a calm again. There seems to be no other difference in this and the natural account of the thing, than if one should say, that all the parts of matter tend towards each other; and another should say, that they are impelled to each other by some spiritual power. The effects are just the same; only in one case matter is considered as acting, in the other as acted upon.

"In a word, the whole mystery of the ancient machinery seems to be this: what the vulgar believed to be done by the will of the gods, the poets described as performed by a visible interposition of a deity. When a god is thus introduced in a poem, to help on a fact with which he is supposed to be particularly concerned, the machinery may then be said to be easy and obvious; and when the god is the most proper for that occasion, it may be said to be well adapted. For instance, it was supposed among the Romans, that Æneas came to Italy by the will of heaven, declared in oracles and prophecies. This supposition Virgil realizes. The will of heaven is

religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befalls us for the best, to be brought to pass by some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I

Jupiter giving his orders; and the declaration of it to Æneas is expressed by Mercury (the usual messenger) coming down to him, and giving him the orders he had from Jupiter. This machinery is both obvious, and well adapted; and likewise well timed, when Æneas was in most danger of quitting his design of going to Italy. Thus the vulgar among the Romans believed that Romulus was the son of Mars, and received among the gods, on account of his birth and warlike exploits. The poets therefore say, that Mars descended in his chariot, and carried up Romulus with him to heaven. They both say the same thing; only the poetical way of expressing it is more personal, beautiful, and descriptive, than the prose one.

"Had Dryden viewed things in this light, he would not have fallen into the most vulgar and mistaken notion of machinery. [See pp. 481, 483, 514.] He would have seen, that Virgil did not employ it uselessly, or merely to adorn his poem, or because he could not otherwise well account for events. He would have seen that it was used by him, in consequence of the general belief that man can do nothing of himself, but is actuated in every thing by the direction of heaven, or the will of Jove. He would have seen, that upon this single principle the poets might fairly introduce some deity as assistant in any action, whenever they thought it would strengthen or beautify the narration."

The substance of the foregoing remarks may be found in Polymetes, p. 318; but Mr. Spence being a very diffusive writer, I have chosen rather to quote Tindal's Abridgment, which is perfectly faithful.

might infer, that no heroick poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles; which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son, Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy, in that fatal night when it was surprized, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision; which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem. But the Greeks had done their business, though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses, is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the Twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity; for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed; and the poet had considered, that the dittany which she brought from Crete could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus: the wound was skinned, but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? And how came the cuishes to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen?

These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work, though he had reviewed it, and found those errours which he resolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his ÆNEIS should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous, as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beside that the ἰχωρ which they shed, was so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his ART OF POETRY, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,—

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,—

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery, then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience. But this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epick poem.

In the last place, for the *Dira*, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of Turnus, and flut-

tering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, —I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections; for the criticks, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion: they say, our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword; for that of Turnus was not his own, which was forged by Vulcan for his father, but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and by mistake, belonging to his charioteer, Metiscus. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the Fates a collateral security, by sending the screech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of Virgil:

——— *non me tua turbida virtus*
Terret, ait; dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis. *

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than his description of the three *Diræ*, or the setting of the

* Our author here again quotes inaccurately. See Æn. xii. 895.

——— non me tua *fervida terrent*
Dicta, ferox; dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end; for first he makes GOD Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow; then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount; quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense:

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet, et fata imponit diversa duorum;
Quem damnet labor, et quo vergat pondere letum.

For I have taken these words, *Quem damnet labor*, in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place,—*(Damnabis tu quoque votis,)* to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton; for I am much mistaken, if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my subject.—I said above, that these two machines, of the balance, and the *Dira*, were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them. For when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was *impar pugna*, and that their chief was overmatched. Whereupon Juturna, who was of the same opinion,

took this opportunity to break the treaty, and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand, that her brother was to fight

Imparibus fatis; nec diis, nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus; he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The *Dira* only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken:

——— *non me tua turbida virtus*
Terret, ait; dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.

I doubt not but the adverb, *solum*, is to be understood; "it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment, but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy:" for Turnus fled before, when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better; which indeed he could not use, because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly for giving Turnus a second sword to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the *Dira* was to warn Juturna from the field; for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might farther add, that Æneas was so eager of the fight, that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with

Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it; for it is plain he knew her by these words:

O soror, et dudum agnovi, cum prima per artem
Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
Et tunc necquicquam fallis dea; - - - -.

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say in reference to my translation; unless I would swell my Preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your Lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself, for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet; who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will give your Lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his Odes and Epodes; for his Satires and Epistles, being intended wholly for instruction, required another style,

(Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri;)

and therefore, as he himself professes, are *sermoni propriora*, nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyrick verse,[5] is everywhere elegant, sweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound: he who removes them from the station wherein their master sets them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read in order, as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses; but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master, and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the *cæsura* as much as possibly I could. For wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse, of which we can have little need in a language which is overstocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other; yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with *cæsuras*.

[5] Martial was of opinion, that Virgil could have written better odes than Horace, but that he abstained from lyrick poetry out of deference to his friend. See p. 86, n. 1.

Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one, gives majesty to another; and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely; and hence it is that his versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound. To perform which, a mastery in the language is required; the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels,—which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet;—and so dispose them as his present occasions require: all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own *verve*, (as the French call it,) the proverb will fall heavily upon him;—"Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master."

Virgil employed eleven years upon his ÆNEIS, yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect; which when I seriously consider, I wish that, instead of three years, which I have spent in the

translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errours, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age, nor sickness, in excuse of the faults which I have made. That I wanted time, is all I have to say: for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your Lordship, and your often-experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances, with Horace:

——— *si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parùm cavit natura. - - - -

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a *cæsura*, in this whole poem. But where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our *W* and *H* aspirate, and our diphthongs, are plainly such: the greatest latitude I take is in the letter *Y*, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule,—that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as *He, She, Me, I,* &c. Virgil thinks it

sometimes a beauty, to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the Third Pastoral,

Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

But *nobis non licet esse tam disertis*; at least, if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English *Prosodia*, containing all the mechanical rules of Versification,[6] wherein I have treated with some exactness of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France, within this last century: and we see how they adorn their alexandrines. But as Virgil propounds a riddle, which he leaves unsolved,—

Dic quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto;

so I will give your Lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in COOPER'S HILL:

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.[7]

[6] See the Preface to ALBION AND ALBANIUS, vol. ii. p. 163, where also our author mentions that he had collected some materials for an Essay on English Versification, which, however, he never published. Pope, in a Letter to Mr. Walsh, has left some critical observations on this subject.

[7] This celebrated couplet was an addition, not being

and there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation, and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroick poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since, if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and above all, since your Lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts publick. In the mean time, that I may arrogate nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spencer in English, have been my masters. Spencer has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrin line, which we call, though improperly, the Pindarick, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his Odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from

found in the original copy of this poem, 4to. 1643.—According to Mr. Auditor Benson, its beauty and excellence are in a great measure owing "to the frequence and variety of the pauses." Spence's ANECDOTES.

overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables in their heroick verse; but since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epick poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength.* Their language is not strung with sinews like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and *pondere, non numero,* is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroick poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epick poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for Queens and Goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid, but much more sparing

* A French hendecasyllable verse runs exactly like our ballad-measure:

A cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall, - - - -

La raison, pour marcher, n'a souvent qu'une voye.

of them in his ÆNEIS, than in his PASTORALS and GEORGICKS.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his ÆNEIS sometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.

The poet found it before his criticks, but it was a darling sin, which he would not be persuaded to reform. [8]

The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master[9] has not been

[8] The story, as told by Seneca, is, that some of Ovid's friends having requested him to leave out of his works three verses which they should name, he agreed, provided he might save three, pointed out by himself. The lines being put by both parties into the hands of arbitrators, proved the same. Pedo Albinovanus, a friend of Ovid, and himself an elegant poet, was one of the arbitrators, and related that one of the lines was that cited by our author; which, however, runs differently in his Book de ART. AMAND. ii. 24. Another was,

Egelidum Boream, egelidumque Notum.

From this circumstance Seneca infers, that Ovid—*non ignoravit vitia sua, sed amavit.* CONTROVERS. ii. 10.

[9] Louis XIV.

wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements; for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The Triumvir and Proscriber[1] had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the Emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon; yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital? and then his exile was a favour.[2] Ariosto, who with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an Evangelist; but whether they will pass for gospel now, I cannot tell:

Non fu si santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;
L' haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua gli pardona.

But heroick poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spencer wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu; for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill; and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrais, whose Preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers,[3] or any of the rest who

[1] Augustus.

[2] See p. 7.

[3] Robert and Ant. Chevalier, who published a trans-

have attempted Virgil. Annibale Caro is a great name amongst the Italians, yet his translation of the ÆNEIS is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme,—if it be modern; for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as errant rhyme as they are translated. Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease; though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an author's meaning. As if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white.[4]

I return to our Italian translator of the ÆNEIS: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doc-

lation of Virgil into French in 1582. Segrais's translation into French verse appeared first in 1668.

[4] The white mark, at which archers formerly aimed.

tor Morelli,[5] who is no mean critick in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly; for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him. Of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth Æneid:

——— *sorti pater æquus utrique* —.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word *pater* is to be referred to Evander, the father of Pallas; but how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame. The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind; who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be

Mr. Spence, in his Essay on Pope's ODYSSEY, 12mo. 1747, p. 113, quotes the foregoing passage as "an unconquerable quotation" to prove that our author thought an epick poem should be translated into blank verse; but he forgot (as Dr. Johnson has observed) "that when Dryden attempted the ILIAD some years afterwards, he departed from his own decision, and translated into rhyme."

[5] Dr. Henry Morelli, one of the College of Physicians in our author's time; whose name appears among the Subscribers to the scheme for a publick Dispensary, in 1696.

more favourable to Turnus, than to him.[7]—The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder, though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance; because the gods cannot controul destiny. The verse follows:

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.

Which the same Ruæus thus construes: Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutulian fields, and beholds the duel. I have given this place another exposition,—that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The word *rejicit*, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle.[8] But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet is intended for the honour of my

[7] Heyne's interpretation is this: *Sorti pater equus utrique*, scil. ferendæ par est; is est pater, qui utramque fortunam, et victoriæ et mortis gloriosæ, æquo animo ferat: ut fere Serv. Respicit enim ad verba Turni,—vs. 443,—*cuperem ipse parens Evander adesset.*

[8] In this interpretation Heyne agrees with our author.

country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it than either the French or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success: as particularly your Lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley;[1] it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly; and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burthen light, let them attempt the Fourth, Sixth, or Eighth Pastoral; the First or Fourth Georgick; and amongst the ÆNEIDS, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Seventh, the Ninth, the Tenth, the Eleventh, or the Twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves

[1] Denham translated a small portion of the fourth Æneid; Waller about one hundred and forty lines of the same book; Cowley only eighty lines of the second Georgick.

somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure: but above all, the elegance of his expressions, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have said in a former Dissertation,[2] the words are in poetry what the colours are in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spencer and Milton are the nearest, in English, to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style by imitating their masters. I will farther own to you, my Lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers, who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes: (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits:* such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression. These are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best

[2] See p. 341.

on't is, they are but a sort of French huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not land of two pounds *per annum* in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level; fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they, who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense, (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment,) they soon forsake them; and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mançanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers, (as we hold there is a middle state of souls,) such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right; for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better, if they were not corrupted; but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Owen's Epigrams, but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say, their poets are of the same paste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes: an

ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pedagogue at school, their tutor at the University, or their governor in their travels; and many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of GOD, as a wit* said formerly, they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers. He chose to please the most judicious; souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding. These are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the Church.[4] For this reason, a well-weighed judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the

* Lord Rochester.

[4] i. e. the established church, as opposed to all dissenters: in other words, the approved directors of the publick taste.

world, than to be just received, and rather not blamed than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at the first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's ÆNEIS, and Marini's ADONE. And if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the Fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page,—*sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis*: and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the Peers, of which your Lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the *judices natos*, I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement; when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him. And we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour: *nec dona*

moror: for Dampier has informed us in his Voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold, is never wholesome.

I had long since considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and Virgil least of any other. For his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroick verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the ÆNEIS is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd by Fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame:

where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable. It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words; for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes

Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them.

The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase; some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own. Yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense.[5] They will seem (at least I have the vanity to think so,) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built, by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek; and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare, comprehending in one word what we are constrained to express in two; which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word *pater*, for example, signifies not only a father, but your

[5] Many of our author's additions, however, are not warranted by the original; and this perhaps is the greatest fault of his translation. See Mr. Spence's Observations at the end of this Discourse.

father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues, and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed that Virgil endeavours to be short, and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity. For there he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation; to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words: and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graff on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has sometimes two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroick verse is not capable of receiving more than one; and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that taking all the materials of this divine

author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge, with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire; yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject before I end the Preface.

When I mentioned the Pindarick line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses; for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason,—because they bound the sense. And therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindarick; for besides the majesty which it gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spencer is my example for both these privileges of English verses; and Chapman has followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given in to them after both; and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the *Magna Charta* of heroick poetry; and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity; strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the

affected purity of the French has unsinewed their heroick verse. The language of an epick poem is almost wholly figurative; yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approaching it so close as to singe their wings; they may come as near it as their master. Not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend his franchises; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure. But at the same time, I must excuse him; for through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother tongue; which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus, by gaining abroad, he lost at home; like the painter in the ARCADIA, who going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off; and returned, says Sir Philip Sydney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spencer. They both make hemisticks, or half verses, breaking off

in the middle of a line. I confess there are not many such in the FAIRY QUEEN; and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroick poem, as being all too lyrical; yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses, of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But I am confident our poet never meant to leave him or any other such a precedent.[6] And I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistick in any of his PASTORALS or GEORGICKS; for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems; but his ÆNEIS he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it. And in the second place, I reasonably presume that he intended to have filled up all those hemisticks, because in one of them we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Troja[7] - - - -

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with a half line of nonsense:

[6] The second folio, and all the modern editions, read —our poet never meant to leave *him any other* such a precedent. The true reading is found in the first copy.

[7] ÆN. iii. 340.

——— *peperit fumante Creusa.*

For Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city; which I need not prove. On the other side we find also, that he himself filled up one line in the Sixth Æneid, the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to Augustus,—

Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, - - - - -.

to which he added in that transport, *Martemque accendere cantu:*[8] and never was any line more nobly finished, for the reasons which I have given in the Book of Painting.[9]

On these considerations I have shunned hemisticks; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault; like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your Lordship is by this time of my opinion; and that you will look on those half lines hereafter as the imperfect products of a hasty muse; like the frogs and serpents in the Nile,—part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to

[8] This fable is not mentioned by any writer who lived near the time of Virgil; it rests solely on the authority of the Pseudo-Donatus, and that of Servius. See the commentary of the latter on the Sixth Æneid, v. 165.

[9] See p. 346.

digest them better. But give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer,—that Charlemagne, who made the Paladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defence, that from the beginning of the first Georgick to the end of the last Æneid, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book. For Virgil, above all poets, had a stock which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words: I who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of Banks, but of Exchequers, cracks when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt; so that the latter end must needs be more burthensome than the beginning or the middle: and consequently the twelfth

Æneid cost me double the time of the first and second.[1] What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the publick in hammered money, for want of milled; that is, in the same old words which I had used before: and the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty, with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over, there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned; for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or

[1] In this respect our author differed from his scholar, Pope. "In the beginning of my translating the ILIAD, (says that great poet,) I wished any body would hang me, a hundred times. It sat so heavily on my mind *at first*, that I often used to dream of it, and do so sometimes still. [*This was said in* 1739.] When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easily enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure." "He used (his friend adds) to dream that he was engaged in a long journey, puzzled which way to take, and full of fears that he should never get to the end of it."

"In translating both the ILIAD and ODYSSEY, my usual method was, to take advantage of the first heat; and then to correct each book, first by the original; next by other translations; and lastly, to give it a reading for the versification only." Spence's ANECDOTES.

diminished, on pain of an anathema. But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation; we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's. If the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged; if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked: for the proud reader will only say,—the poor drudge has done his duty. But this is nothing to what follows; for being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege; for being tied to the thoughts, he must make what musick he can in the expression: and for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that *mollis amaracus*, on which Venus lays Cupid in the first Æneid. If I should translate it sweet-marjoram, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil; for those village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing: but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb, and to spread roses

under him, and strew lilies over him; a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime? *Quem*

—— quisquis studet æmulari,
—— cæratis ope Dedaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

What modern language, or what poet, can express the majestick beauty of this one verse, amongst a thousand others!

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, - - - - - -. [4]

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your Lordship and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original muse is absent; but like Spencer's false Florimel, made of snow, it melts and vanishes, when the true one comes in sight.

I will not excuse, but justify, myself for one pretended crime with which I am liable to be charged by false criticks, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems,—that I

[4] Vid. Æn. viii. 364. Servius highly praises these lines.

Latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin or any other language; but when I want at home, I must seek abroad. If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates; for if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendour, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classick author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and if the publick approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry; every man therefore is not fit to innovate.

Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages: and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this license very sparingly; for if too

many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your Lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late Earl of Lauderdale[3] sent me over his new translation of the ÆNEIS, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design. Neither did I then intend it; but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his Lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to shew for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense; for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them, which had they pleased to have given the publick, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him.[4]

[3] Richard Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, (nephew to John, Duke of Lauderdale,) who, on the Revolution, followed the fortunes of King James the Second, and died in France a few years afterwards.

[4] It was published in the early part of the present century. From this translation Dryden adopted a few lines.

Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the ÆNEIS, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own, that this excellent young man has shewed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more, and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed,[5] seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me

[5] Dr. Chetwood, and Addison. The latter, as appears from Mr. Tickell's preface to his collection of his friend's works, wrote the Essay on the GEORGICKS; and he also furnished the arguments of the several books. Mr. Tickell having said that he often wondered Dryden did not acknowledge his obligations to Addison for that Essay, Steele very properly observed (Dedication of the DRUMMER, 1722,) that this was a most unjust reflection on our author, "who, though tied down not to name Mr. Addison, pointed at him, so as all mankind conversant in these matters knew him, with an elogium equal to the highest merit, considering who it was that bestowed it,"

The Life of Virgil, and the Preface to the Pastorals, were written by Dr. Chetwood, for whom our author appears to have had a great regard. "The PRAISES OF ITALY (says he, in his Notes on Virgil,) translated by the learned and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood, which are printed in one of my Miscellany Poems, are the greatest ornament of this book [the second Georgick]."

Knightly Chetwood was born in 1652. He was bred at Eton, and from thence removed to Cambridge, where he was Fellow of King's College in 1683, when he con-

the Life of Virgil, the two Prefaces—to the PASTORALS and the GEORGICKS, and all the arguments

tributed the Life of Lycurgus to the translation of Plutarch's Lives published in that year. He was intimately connected with Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon, whose Life, written by him, is preserved in the publick library of Cambridge, among Baker's manuscript collections, (vol. xxxvi.) and furnished Fenton with some of the anecdotes concerning that nobleman, which are found among his Notes on Waller's Poems. Jacob mentions that he had a claim to an ancient English barony; a circumstance which accounts for his being styled *a person of honour*, in the translation which he published of some of St. Evremont's pieces. See p. 65.

By the favour probably of the Earl of Dartmouth, he was nominated to the see of Bristol by King James II.; but soon after his nomination, the King's Abdication took place. In April 1707, he was installed Dean of Glocester, which preferment he enjoyed till his death, which happened April 11th, 1720, at Tempsford in Bedfordshire, where he had an estate, and where he was buried with the following inscription: "Knightley Chetwood, egregius sane et singularis vir, ingenio adeo sublimi et venusto, adeo divinis et humanis literis exculto, ut nihil supra. Ecclesiæ et patriæ amicissimus, catholicæ fidei rigidus servator, immortalitatem adivit, annum exigens sexagesimum octavum, tertio Nonas Aprilis, 1720."

He married a daughter of the celebrated Sheriff of London in the time of Charles the Second, Samuel Shute; by whom he left a son named John, who was fellow of Trinity Hall, in Cambridge, and died in 1735.

The following particulars concerning this gentleman are found in one of Baker's MSS. in the Museum:

"Knightley Chetwood, *extraordinariè electus*, born at

in prose to the whole translation; which perhaps has caused a report that the two first poems are not

Coventry, came into the place of Thomas Brinley [as fellow of King's College]; chaplain to the Lord Dartmouth, to the Princess of Denmark, and to King James II.; prebend of Wells, rector of Broad Risington in Glocestershire, archdeacon of York; nominated Bishop of Bristol by King James, just before his Abdication; went afterwards chaplain to all the English forces [sent] into Holland under the Earl of Marlborough, 1689; commenced D. D. 1691: dean of Gloucester." MS. Harl. 7038. p. 221.

Two copies of verses by Dr. Chetwood, one in English and the other in Latin, are prefixed to Lord Roscommon's ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE, 4to. 1685. He was also author of several poems, some of which are preserved in Dryden's Miscellany. He likewise published three single sermons, and "a Speech to the Lower House of Convocation, May 20, 1715, against the late riots."

The most curious passage in his Life of Virgil, (which is often erroneously attributed to Dryden,) is one relative to Cromwell; the following proof of the great agitation of mind which that odious impostor suffered, while the crown was suspended over his head, not being noticed, I believe, by any earlier writer:

"Cromwell had never been more desirous of the power, than he was afterwards of the title, of King; and there was nothing in which the heads of the parties, who were all his creatures, would not comply with him; but by too vehement allegation of arguments against it, he who had outwitted every body besides, at last outwitted himself, by too deep dissimulation; for his Council, thinking to make their court by assenting to his judgment, voted unanimously *for him* against *his inclination*; which

mine. If it had been true, that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and like Terence, have farthered the opinion, that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient that this is one man's work; and your Lordship is too well acquainted with my manner, to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your Lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly, that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.[6]

surprized and troubled him to such a degree, that *as soon as he got into his coach, he fell in a swoon.*"

The principal topicks urged by Whitelocke, Glynne, St. John, Lord Broghill, Thurloe, &c. to induce him to accept the crown, in a conference held at Whitehall, in April, 1657, were reduced by Dr. Johnson into one argument, which may be found in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1741, vol. x. p. 93.

[6] Our author, however, is sometimes guilty of this

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first Æneid,[7] because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem; and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective *vicina* in the second line, and the substantive *arva* in the latter end of the third; which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long, and is contrary to the clearness of his style. *Ut quamvis avido* is too ambitious an ornament to be his, and *gratum opus agricolis* are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he had said before. *Horrentia Martis arma* is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet, as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil.

Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangour of a trumpet:

Arma, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris,—.

Scarce a word without an *r*, and the vowels for the greater part sonorous. The Prefacer began with *Ille ego*, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with *at nunc*, to make the sense cohere; and if both those words are not

affectation; for in his translation he has—*tack to the larboard,—veer starboard,*—and other similar expressions.

[7] *Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena*
Carmen, et, egressus silvis, vicina coegi
Ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono,
Gratum opus agricolis; at nunc horrentia Martis . . . .;

notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.[8]

I know it may be answered by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines,—that he asserts his title to the ÆNEIS in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the last lines of the fourth Georgick. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping

[8] Heyne, who agrees with our author in thinking these lines spurious, objects to the words *cogere arva ut parerent*, which, he thinks the language of prose; and of *arma horrentia* he could find no example, though *tela horrentia* and *hastæ horrentes* are common. He supposes these verses to have been written by some grammarian; by one of which fraternity similar introductory lines have been prefixed to the Georgicks of Hesiod. Ovid (TRIST. ii. 1.) and others, he observes, have quoted *Arma virumque* as the first words of the Æneid:

Transtulit in Tyrios armâ virumque *toros* - - - -

which affords a slight proof that the lines in question are not genuine: this circumstance, however, it is acknowledged, is not decisive, because *ille ego* might have been rejected as incommodious, or the other words preferred as being the first used in opening the subject of the poem. But the great and unanswerable objection to the introductory lines, he adds, is, that they are wholly unsuitable to the design and dignity of an Epick Poem.

from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his stead. My master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim: his own majestick mien discovers him to be the King amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office, and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil; but have rejected them to my own Preface:

> I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
> Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
> And issuing thence, compell'd the neighb'ring field
> A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield;
> Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
> (A poem grateful to the greedy swain,) &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the Prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place: but I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation. Want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme, and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line? For even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me,—why then did you attempt it? To which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length so many times by the daubers of almost

all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth Pastoral, a Pharmaceutria, a single Orpheus, and some other features, have been exactly taken: but those holiday-authors writ for pleasure; and only shewed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my Lord, to accept with your wonted goodness this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections. And though some part of them are covered in the verse, (as Ericthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness,)* such of them as cannot be concealed, you will please to connive at, though in the strictness of your judgment you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes, in so long a work it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my AURENGZEBE into your protection,[9] with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my Jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge: if I had said partial, would your Lordship have for-

* See Virg. Geo. iii. 113.

9 The tragedy of AURENGZEBE was dedicated to Lord Mulgrave.

given me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world, that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the Revolution. Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your Lordship, or your noble kinsman,[1] the Earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet when I least expected it, you have both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family, not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom, to return my thanks; and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty: but nothing of disrespect or of unthankfulness. I will not say that your Lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in publick, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your Lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own than your ESSAY ON POETRY. It was on this consideration that I have drawn out my Preface to so great a length. Had

[1] The Marquis of Normanby's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, by his first wife; the mother of Charles, Earl of Dorset, was Frances, daughter of the same nobleman, by a second wife.

I not addressed to a poet, and a critick of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my Lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art; neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is *ad Clerum*:[z] at least, when he begins to be weary, the church doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer, after a long sermon,

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry; which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obliged, and most
obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

[z] i. e. addressed to the learned. A Latin sermon preached before the Clergy assembled in Convocation, or in the Universities for degrees in divinity, is entitled *Concio ad Clerum*.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease,* I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed by sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of GOD on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the publick, when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dis-

* Virgil died possessed of upward of eighty thousand pounds, sterling, Sept. 22d, A. U. C. 735, in the fifty-first year of his age; leaving his great work, to which he had devoted eleven years, unfinished.

honour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets; even in those, who being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care: or relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words and sweetness of sound unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold, to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me; but since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physick to the great, when he is uncalled; to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others:

——— *Cynthius aurem*
Vellit, et admonuit.

It is enough for me, if the government will let

me pass unquestioned. In the mean time I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet;[3] have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion; amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Derby[4] and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality [was] as much unexpected as it was undeserved. The present Earl of Peterborough[5] has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I

[3] Many persons of this description appear among the Subscribers to the translation of Virgil.

[4] William, ninth Earl of Derby, who succeeded to the title in 1672, and died November 5, 1712.

[5] Charles, the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, (afterwards the friend of Pope,) who died at Lisbon in October 1735, aged seventy-seven.

receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me; and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine amongst its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumbull,[6] one of the principal

[6] Sir William Trumbull was born in the year 1639, and was descended from that William Trumbull, who was Envoy to the Court of Brussels in the time of James the First. Sir William was originally of St. John's College, in Oxford, but afterwards was elected a fellow of All Souls. In October 1659, he was admitted Bachelor, and in July 1667, Doctor, of the Civil Law. He afterwards became an Advocate in Doctors' Commons, was made Judge of the Admiralty Court, Master of the Faculties, and Clerk of the Signet. In Nov. 1684, he was knighted, and in the following year was sent Ambassador Extraordinary to France. King James the Second, in 1587, sent him Ambassador to Constantinople, to which city, Mr. Ruffhead informs us, he went through the continent on foot. In May 1694, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, from which office, after holding it about eighteen months, he was in 1695 removed to that of Secretary of State, and appointed a Privy Counsellor; and in the same year he was chosen to represent the University of Oxford in Parliament. Two years afterwards (1697) he resigned all his employments, and retired to East Hampstead, in Berkshire, where he died in Dec. 1716. Here it was that, in 1705, he became acquainted with Pope, who then lived at Binfield. This amiable old

Secretaries of State, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse for this last office:

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, - - - - -.
————; neget quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin: amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphin's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini[8] I had also sent me from Italy; but either he under-

statesman, as Pope informed Mr. Spence, "loved very much to read and talk of the classicks in his retirement. We used to take a ride out together three or four days in the week, and at last almost every day." Spence's ANECDOTES. At the commencement of their acquaintance, Pope was only seventeen.—Beside five Letters of Sir William Trumbull in Pope's Works, several written by him while he was Ambassador in France, are preserved in the Paper-Office, and extracts from others have been printed by Sir John Dalrymple. Dr. Warton mentions also an elegant character of Sir William Dolben, Archbishop of York, written by Sir W. Trumbull, which I have not seen.

[7] Printed at Venice in 1623.

stands Virgil very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman, Sir William Bowyer,[8] to Denham-Court, I translated the first Georgick at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder therefore, if both those versions surpass the rest; and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The Seventh Æneid was made English at Burghley, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter:[9] in a village

[8] "Nature (says our author, in one of his Notes on Virgil,) has conspired with art, to make the garden at Denham-Court, of Sir William's own plantation, one of the most delicious spots of ground in England. It contains not above five acres, just the compass of Alcinous his garden, described in the ODYSSES: but Virgil says in this very Georgick, [the Second,]

——— *Laudato ingentia rura,*
Exiguum colito.

"Concerning grafting (he adds) my honoured friend has assured me, that Virgil has shewn more of poetry, than skill, at least in relation to our more northern climates; and that many of our stocks will not bear such grafts as our poet tells us would bear in Italy."

[9] John Cecil, the fifth Earl of Exeter, who was born about the year 1650, succeeded to the title in 1687-8, and died at a village near Paris, a few months after our author, August 29, 1700. Being a nonjuror, he lived during the whole of King William's reign in retirement. He

belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in English with as much lustre as I could; though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from William Walsh, of Abberley, Esq.[1], (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critick of our nation,) I have been informed that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury[2] has procured

had been a great traveller, and collected in Italy many of the pictures which are now at Burghley. As our author appears to have been long attached to this family, it is extraordinary that he has not dedicated any of his pieces to this accomplished nobleman. He was an early patron of Prior, who probably wrote the elegant Latin epitaph inscribed on a monument in St. Martin's church at Stamford, in honour of him and his Countess.

[1] See p. 53. Dr. Warton, in his late edition of Pope's Works, (vol. 1. p. 82,) has ascribed to this gentleman, (I suppose on the authority of the modern collector of Walsh's pieces,) the Essay prefixed to our author's translation of Virgil's Pastorals. But it certainly was written by Dr. Chetwood, as appears from one of Dryden's letters.

[2] Charles Talbot, the twelfth Earl, and only Duke of Shrewsbury; who on the death of Queen Anne, enjoyed the three great posts of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household. He died in the fifty-eighth year of his age, Feb. 1, 1717-18. A remark of this nobleman, which was true at all times, particularly deserves the attention

a printed copy of the PASTORALS, GEORGICKS, and six first ÆNEIDS, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation which I presume not to insert, has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation.—Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third GEORGICK,[3] which he calls "The Power of Love," has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my Lord Roscommon's

of the present age. He often used to say, that "all Englishmen ought to travel into foreign countries, to increase their attachment to that easy and happy government in church and state, under which they live at home."

[3] From the high praise here given to these verses, which greatly exceeds their merit, I suspect that the concealed translator was our author's friend, George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown. The poem which immediately precedes this, in Dryden's third MISCELLANY, was written by him.

SILENUS had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account: after his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's praise of a country life is excellent; but it is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to GOD's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons [4] and Dr. Hobbs,[5] the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me; and the only one of them who endeavoured to defame me,[6] had it not in his power. I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them: and with my acknowledgments to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few notes which follow are *par*

[4] Dr. William Guibbons, one of the College of Physicians, who strongly opposed the establishment of a publick Dispensary, and is therefore ridiculed in Garth's poem, under the name of MIRMILLO.

[5] Dr. Hobbs is ridiculed in the same poem, under the name of GUIACUM.

[6] Sir Richard Blackmore, in whose "*provoking* Preface" to PRINCE ARTHUR, as the author himself calls it, Dryden's plays are severely censured. PRINCE ARTHUR was first published in 1695.—See a note near the conclusion of the Preface to the FABLES.

maniere d'acquit, because I had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical Dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not; but that little which I say, is either new or necessary: and the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.

In our author's translation of Virgil, Mr. Spence observes, there is so much spirit, that it has the air rather of an original, than a translation. Hence it is read with so much pleasure, that the faults of it are scarcely perceived. However, faults it certainly has; but they are of such a kind as almost all our poets have been guilty of, and relate to things which had not then been considered so regularly as they ought to be. They are therefore to be deemed the faults of the times, rather than the defects of Dryden; for exactness in things of this nature, when he wrote, had been little attended to.

In the first place, the personages, dress, and attributes, of the allegorical persons in Virgil, are sometimes misrepresented in the translation. Thus Bacchus is described as having a plump jovial face, instead of that fine beauty which was his characteristick among the ancients, (Virg. Geo. ii. v. 392. Dryd. 540); Proteus with grey hair (Geo. iv. v. 519. Dryd. v. 766); the Goddess of Peace with wings (Æn. iv. v. 520. Dryd. v. 762); the Minotaur with his lower parts brutal, and his upper parts human (Æn. vi. v. 25. Dryd. v. 37); Aurora with the

new attribute of a streamer in her hand (Æn. vii. v. 26. Dryd. v. 35), as the attendants of Bacchus carry flags in theirs (Æn. vii. v. 582. Dryd. v. 803): Cybele is drawn by Bacchus's tigers, instead of her own lions (Æn. x. v. 255. Dryd. v. 356); Neptune is equipped (like the figure of Julius Cæsar in the great church at Breda) with a Gothick mace (Æn. ii. v. 612. Dryd. v. 829); Janus with a bunch of keys (Æn. vii. v. 181. Dryd. v. 246; and compare Ovid's Fast. i. 99); and Priapus with a lath-sword (Geo. iv. v. 111. Dryd. v. 168): all these, and many more without any authority from Virgil, and contrary to the representation of those beings in the works of the ancient artists that remain to us.

As Dryden in some places gives the deities attributes that do not belong to them, so he misrepresents their actions and attitudes in others. Thus, where the original speaks of Tisiphone, as sitting alone before the gates of Tartarus, the translation represents her as a ghost walking at the head of several others (Æn. vi. 575. Dryd. v. 777). Instead of Juno's flying to our earth, Dryden makes her descend to hell (Æn. vii. v. 525. Dryd. v. 450); and when Virgil speaks of Eridanus's directing some of his waters down towards the vales of Elysium, Dryden represents this river-god as making his stream first mount upward, and then as hiding his head under-ground (Æn. vi. v. 659. Dryd. v. 894). There is something of the same kind too, where the translation makes Somnus draw a trail of light after him, in his descent to Palinurus (Æn. v. v. 840. Dryd. v. 1092), whereas the original only mentions his cleaving the dark air, or perhaps causing a serenity in it, the better to deceive that pilot;—and where it describes Sabinus as resting his head on a little pruning-hook (Æn. vii. v. 179. Dryd. v. 249); contrary to the original, and to the reason of the thing; for a painter or statuary would be reckoned to want judgment, who should represent any

figure as resting its head on a pruning-hook, and scarce any thing can be good in a poetical description, which would appear absurd, if represented in a statue or picture.

Our best poets have been too apt to mix the natural and allegorical ways of speaking together: a mixture very blamable wherever it is introduced, but peculiarly so in a translator, who can have no right to represent his author as confused, where he is uniform and clear. Yet there are instances in this translation, of mixed allegories, where the original is quite free from any such mixture; and of other liberties scarce allowable in a translator; such as the introducing the allegorical style, where Virgil has not made use of it, and the omitting it where he has. Of the first kind, i. e. of mixed metaphor, where there is no such mixture in Virgil, (to give an instance or two out of many that might be produced,) is his idea of the morning-star, shaking dew from his hair (Æn. viii. v. 591. Dryd. v. 781; and see also Æn. v. 808. Dryd. v. 1056); of the second species of impropriety, (that of introducing allegory where Virgil is literal,) Deucalion's hurling his mother's entrails over the world, and Vulcan's riding with loosened reins, are instances (Geo. i. v. 62. Dryd. v. 94.—Æn. v. v. 663. Dryd. v. 865); of the third, (that of being literal, where Virgil is allegorical) the calmness of the Tiber in the eighth book of the ÆNEID, and the storm of hail in the ninth (Æn. viii. v. 89. Dryd. v. 123.—Æn. ix. v. 671. Dryd. v. 913).

The want of a sufficient knowledge of the particular characters, rank, and dignity of the allegorical personages, makes Dryden sometimes vary from his original; and carries him in some measure so far, as quite to destroy the character he is speaking of. Virgil describes the face of Neptune as serene and undisturbed, at the very time that he strongly resents the liberty taken by Æolus, in raising a storm; but Dryden turns this serenity into anger

and rage (Æn. i. v. 127—131—141. Dryd. v. 89—202.) Hence he thinks it presumption in Minerva to throw the thunderbolts of Jupiter (Æn. i. v. 43. Dryd. v. 63); and makes Venus thunder, perhaps without authority from Virgil (Æn. viii. 529. Dryd. v. 699): hence he represents Iris as a mischievous goddess, with extraordinary terrours on her brow (Æn. v. v. 628—648. Dryd. v. 803—844); and Somnus, the most gentle and most pleasing of all the deities, as a traitor-god and a devil (Æn. v. v. 841—861. Dryd. v. 1097—1120).

Dryden is apt to fall into faults of this kind on many other occasions, as well as the last mentioned, from his not guarding sufficiently against vulgarisms. He wrote in general with as much spirit as any man; and in this work was pressed on by other causes to write with yet more rapidity than usual. This must have occasioned several negligencies; and among the rest some low expressions and mean lines, sometimes very unworthy of the subject he is treating. Hence he speaks of Bacchus's honest face (Geo. ii. v. 392. Dryd. v. 540), and of the jolly Autumn (Geo. ii. v. 5. Dryd. v. 9). It is hence that he calls Juno the buxom bride of Jupiter (Geo. ii. v. 327. Dryd. v. 443); and Cybele, the grandam-goddess (Æn. ix. v. 83. Dryd. v. 95). It is thus that he talks of Juno's sailing on the winds (Æn. xii. v. 160. Dryd. v. 243), and Apollo's bestriding the clouds (Æn. ix. v. 640. Dryd. v. 875). This made him fall into that slovenly description of Aurora (Geo. i. v. 447. Dryd. v. 596), and that strange one of Taurus (Geo. i. v. 218. Dryd. v. 308). This led him to use Bacchus with so much familiarity, as he does in the following couplet (Geo. ii. v. 8. Dryd. v. 12):

Come, strip with me, my God! come, drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink in every pore;

and to insert those little particularities in his description of Typhœus's surprize (Æn. ix. v. 716. Dryd. v. 968):

Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhœus, thrown beneath by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that wakes the land,
Soon shakes his weary side; and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

And this, in Juturna's flight (Æn. xii. v. 886. Dryd. v. 1283):

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head;
Then plung'd into her stream with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

To his hurry and impetuosity in performing this work may be attributed his taking sometimes one person for another, and sometimes one thing for another. Thus Tellus is mentioned in the translation, instead of Vesta in the original (Geo. i. v. 499. Dryd. v. 670); Ate, instead of Tisiphone (Æn. x. v. 761. Dryd. v. 1080); Scorpion, instead of Piscis (Geo. iv. v. 235. Dryd. v. 343); Nereids, instead of Naiads (Æn. i. v. 172. Dryd. v. 236); and Nymphs of the waters, instead of Nymphs of the air (Æn. i. v. 77. Dryd. v. 111). Thus, where the original speaks of a mountain, the translation turns it into a river-god (Geo. iii. v. 30. Dryd. v. 47); where the former mentions the three bodies of Geryon, the latter makes it three lives (Æn. viii. v. 205. Dryd. v. 268); and where Virgil speaks at most but of eighteen water-nymphs, Dryden has increased them to fifty (Geo. iv. v. 333. Dryd. v. 447) - - - -.

The substance of the foregoing remarks may be found in POLYMETIS, p. 309—316.

" In the comparison of Homer and Virgil, (says our great English critick) the discriminative excellence of Homer is elevation and comprehension of thought, and that of Virgil is grace and splendour of diction. The beauties of Homer are therefore difficult to be lost, and

those of Virgil difficult to be retained. The massy trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity, but the blossoms of elocution easily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, selects those which he can best adorn; the translator must, at all hazards, follow his original, and express thoughts which perhaps he would not have chosen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language so much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected that they who read the GEORGICK and the ÆNEID should be much delighted with any version.

" All these obstacles Dryden saw, and all these he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, and another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison.

" The hopes of the publick were not disappointed. He produced, says Pope, *the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language.* It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. - - - -

" When admiration had subsided, the translation was more coolly examined, and found like all others, to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licentious. Those who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and Dr. Brady attempted in blank verse a translation of the ÆNEID, which, when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.

" With not much better success, Trapp, when his Tragedy and his PRELECTIONS had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the ÆNEID; to which,

notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the ECLOGUES and GEORGICKS. His book may continue its existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys.

" Since the English ear has been accustomed to the mellifluence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more splendid, new attempts have been made to translate Virgil; and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myself in an invidious comparison by opposing one passage to another; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offensive without use.

" It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place; to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version: but what is given to the parts, may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critick may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurement and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain, which the reader throws away. He only is the master, who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

" By his proportion of this predomination I will consent that Dryden should be tried; of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy; of this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama." Johnson's Life of DRYDEN.

DEDICATION AND PREFACE

TO THE

FABLES:

FIRST PRINTED IN FOLIO, IN 1700.

DEDICATION

OF

FABLES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ORMOND.[7]

MY LORD,

SOME estates are held in England by paying a fine at the change of every lord. I have enjoyed the patronage of your family from the time of your excellent grandfather to this present day. I have dedicated the translation of the Lives of Plutarch to the first Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroick father. Though I

[7] James, the second Duke of Ormond, was the eldest son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, of whom some account has already been given. See vol. ii. p. 388. He was born in the Castle of Dublin about the year 1662, and in 1683 married Lady Anne Hyde, one of the daughters of Laurence, Earl of Rochester; who dying in 1685, he married Lady Mary Somerset, second daughter of Henry, Duke of Beaufort. On the landing of King William the Third, he was one of the first of the nobility who joined that Prince at Sherborne; and was made by him a Lord of his

am very short of the age of Nestor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your house; and by

Bedchamber, and Knight of the Garter. In the subsequent reign he filled several high offices, civil and military; but soon after the accession of George the First, being zealously attached to the Pretender, with whom it is now well known, that he, Lord Bolingbroke, the Duke of Marlborough, Bishop Atterbury, and others, held a correspondence previous to the death of Queen Anne, he fled, and was attainted by act of Parliament. He died in Spain, from whence his body was brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey, May 22, 1746.

In confirmation of what has here been stated, with respect to the Duke of Ormond and the Bishop of Rochester, I subjoin the following anecdote, communicated to Mr. Spence by Dr. Lockier, already mentioned.

"Upon the death of the Queen, Ormond, Atterbury, and Lord Mareschall, held a private conversation together, in which Atterbury desired the latter to go out immediately, and to proclaim the PRETENDER in form. Ormond, who was more afraid of consequences, desired to communicate it first to the Council. "*Damn it*, says Atterbury, in a great heat, (for he did not value swearing,) *you very well know that things have not been concerted enough for that yet, and that we have not a moment to lose.*" Indeed, it was the only thing they could have done: such a bold step would have made people believe they were a great deal stronger than they really were, and might have taken strangely. The late King, [George I.] I am fully persuaded, would not have stirred a foot, if there had been a strong opposition." - - -

A few years afterwards the Bishop of Rochester being sent to the Tower, "upon its being said in the Drawing-

your Grace's favour, am admitted still to hold from you by the same tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the value of so illustrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three descents they have been pleased to distinguish my poems from those of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to say, that as your grandfather and father were cherished and adorned with honours by two successive monarchs, so I have been esteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the son, descended from one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe.

room, *What shall we do with the man?* Lord Cadogan answered, *Fling him to the lions.* The Bishop was told of this; and soon after, in a letter to Mr. Pope, said, that he had fallen upon some verses, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extreme severe lines against Lord Cadogan;"—which are said to have run thus:

" By fear unmoved, by shame unaw'd,
" Offspring of hangman and of bawd;
" Ungrateful to the ungrateful man he grew by,
" A bold bad boist'rous blust'ring bloody booby."

Spence's ANECDOTES.

This anecdote was communicated by Pope, who, however, only recollected the concluding line. The other lines were furnished by another hand.

The violence of Atterbury's temper, and Tickell's encomium on Lord Cadogan, induce me to believe that these sarcastick verses were merely the effect of party-spleen, and had no foundation in truth whatsoever.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my last fine, when it was due by your Grace's accession to the titles and patrimonies of your house, I may seem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim: yet my heart has always been devoted to your service; and since you have been graciously pleased, by your permission of this address, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay these poems at your feet.

The world is sensible that you worthily succeed not only to the honours of your ancestors, but also to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, easiness of access, and desire of doing good, even to the prejudice of your fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late posterity: and your flourishing youth, and that of your excellent Duchess, are happy omens of my wish.

It is observed by Livy and by others, that some of the noblest Roman families retained a resemblance of their ancestry, not only in their shapes and features, but also in their manners, their qualities, and the distinguishing characters of their minds. Some lines were noted for a stern, rigid virtue, savage, haughty, parsimonious, and unpopular; others were more sweet and affable, made of a more pliant paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable offices, and diffusive of the goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible character

of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a softness, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others, and so sensible of their misery, that the wounds of fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations; as if what was yours was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topick which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, that it blushes even to have it known;[8] and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience, which, though it be a silent panegyrick, is yet the best.

You are so easy of access, that Poplicola[9] was not more, whose doors were opened on the outside to save the people even the common civility of asking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where I can scarce forbear saying that want itself was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The history of Peru assures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest,

[8] So Pope:

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
"*Do good* by stealth, and *blush to find it fame.*"

[9] P. Valerius Poplicola, the third Roman Consul, A. U. C. 245. See Val. Max. iv. 1.

which called them Lovers of the Poor; a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Augustus, of the Roman Emperors, which were epithets of flattery, deserved by few of them; and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleness, and inherent goodness, of the ORMOND family.

Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest and most ductile of all metals. Iron, which is the hardest, gathers rust, corrodes itself, and is therefore subject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear the faces and inscriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off insults, and preserve the wearer in the day of battle; but the danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil conversation: a necessary guard in war, but too harsh and cumbersome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reason, my Lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I ascribe it to you but as your second attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compassion, claim precedence, as they are first in the Divine Nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a holiday-kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity; affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curses of

the vanquished, follow acts of compassion and of charity; but a sincere pleasure and serenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the misfortunes of another without redress, lest they should bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse tempers of mankind, since oppression on one side, and ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable occasions of war, that courage, that magnanimity and resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended. And here it grieves me that I am scanted in the pleasure of dwelling on many of your actions; but αἰδέομαι Τρῶας is an expression which Tully often uses, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the censure of the Romans.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the subject is so fruitful, that the harvest overcomes the reaper, I am shortened by my chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the extent of my wishes, and much less is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits.

Yet in this frugality of your praises, there are some things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have so formed your own education, as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country,—or more properly speaking, both your countries; because you were

born, I may almost say, in purple, at the Castle of Dublin, when your grandfather was Lord Lieutenant, and have since been bred in the court of England.

If this Address had been in verse, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury, *numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo.* The better to satisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the service of Britain or Ireland shall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practised in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæsar (to omit a crowd of shining Romans,) formed themselves to the war, by the study of history, and by the examples of the greatest Captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name those two commanders in particular, because they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be sent into the field, against the most formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned Consul in derision; but then he was not born a soldier; his head was turned another way: when he read the tacticks, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a General, who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution; in him it will

direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science distinguishes a man of honour from one of those athletick brutes whom undeservedly we call heroes. Cursed be the poet, who first honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulysses of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he understood not the shield for which he pleaded: there was engraven on it plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his fellow-beast, the lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the education of his rival; you have studied every spot of ground in Flanders, which for these ten years past has been the scene of battles and of sieges. No wonder if you performed your part with such applause, on a theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a poetical encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a subject; but confining myself to the severity of truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many instances of your military skill, but also those of your assiduous diligence in the war, and of your personal bravery, attended with an ardent thirst of honour; a long train of generosity; profuseness of doing good; a soul unsatisfied with all it has done, and an unextinguished desire of doing more. But all this is matter for

your own historians; I am, as Virgil says, *spatiis exclusus iniquis.*

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your charities, I must stay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the consideration of yourself. When, in the battle of Landen,[1] your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth,) had transported you so far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but in all appearance, mortally wounded; when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable instance of your heroick charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiscard, who was Governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor; by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune; or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those, whom, in humility, you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your Grace

[1] A town in Brabant, where King William was beaten by Mareschal Luxembourg, July 29, 1693.

was made their fellow-sufferer? And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others? The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a Christian:

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made *de meliore luto*; when examples of charity were frequent, and when there were in being,

——— *Teucri pulcherrima proles,*
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis.

No envy can detract from this: it will shine in history, and like swans, grow whiter the longer it endures; and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greatest triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece, as waters keep the tenour of their fountains: your compassion is general, and has the same effect as well on enemies as friends. It is so much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many; as the sun is always carrying his light to some part or other of the world. And were it not that your reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more than is consisting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that being born for a blessing to mankind, your supposed death in that engagement was so generally lamented through the nation? The concernment for it was as universal as the loss; and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in some, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your favours, yet built so much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loss of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into fresh remembrance,—as if the same decree had passed on two short successive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same verses which I had formerly applied to him:

Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.

But to the joy not only of all good men, but mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living, to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity, and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your Grace's
Most humble,
Most obliged, and
Most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

TO

THE FABLES.[3]

It is with a poet, as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expence he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me; I have built a house, where I intended but a lodge; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived.

From translating the First of Homer's ILIADS, (which I intended as an Essay to the whole work,)

[3] The volume of Poems which our author entitled FABLES, ANCIENT AND MODERN, &c. was first published in folio, in January 1699—1700. This preface therefore, and the preceding Dedication, were his last compositions in prose. He died on the 1st of the following May.

I proceeded to the translation of the twelfth book of Ovid's METAMORPHOSES, because it contains, among other things, the causes, the beginning and ending, of the Trojan war. Here I ought in reason to have stopped; but the speeches of Ajax and Ulysses lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former part of the fifteenth book, which is the masterpiece of the whole METAMORPHOSES, that I enjoined myself the pleasing task of rendering it into English. And now I found, by the number of my verses, that they began to swell into a little volume; which gave me an occasion of looking backward on some beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, CINYRAS and MYRRHA, the good-natured story of BAUCIS and PHILEMON, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same turn of verse which they had in the original; and this I may say, without vanity, is not the talent of every poet. He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys,[4] the best versifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name, which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spencer and Fairfax[5] both flourished in the reign

[4] In a former work our author has spoken less respectfully of Sandys. See p. 282.

[5] Very little is known of Edward Fairfax, the celebrated translator of GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE. He was

of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spencer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families.[6] Spencer more than once insinuates, that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body;

natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, father of the first Lord Fairfax, and according to Wood, lived at Newhall, in the parish of Oteley, in the county of York. Neither the time of his birth or death has been ascertained. Beside his translation of Tasso's poem, which first appeared in folio in 1609, he left some pieces in manuscript, particularly twelve Eclogues, one of which was published in the MUSES' LIBRARY, 8vo. 1737. It is to be regretted that the rest should have been so long withheld from the publick.

[6] Mr. Pope appears to have been fond of this notion. He observed to Mr. Spence (as the latter informs us in his ANECDOTES,) that "Michael Drayton was one of the imitators of Spencer, and Fairfax another. Milton, in his first pieces, is an evident follower of Spencer too; in his famous ALLEGRO and PENSEROSO, and some others.

"Carew (a bad Waller,) Waller himself, and Lord Lansdown, are all of one school; as Sir John Suckling, Sir John Mennis, and Prior, are of another.

"Crashaw is a worse sort of Cowley; he was a follower too of Petrarch and Marino, but most of Marino. He and Cowley were good friends; and the latter has a good copy of verses on his death.—About his pitch were Stanley, (the author of THE OPINIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS,) Randolph, though rather superior, and Sylvester, though rather of a lower form.

and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spencer was his original; and many

" Cartwright and Bishop Corbet are of this class of poets; and Ruggle, the author of the COUNTER-SCUFFLE, might be admitted among them.—Herbert is lower than Crashaw, Sir John Beaumont higher, and Donne a good deal so."

It appears from Ruffhead's Life of Pope, that he once intended to write " a Discourse on the Rise and Progress of English Poetry, as it came from the Provencial Poets," and had classed them according to their several schools and successions in the following order:

" ÆRA I.

RYMER, 2d part, pag. 65, 66, 67, 77. Petrarch, 78. Catal. of Provençals. [Poets.]

1. School of Provence. { Chaucer's Visions. Romaunt of the Rose. Pierce Plowman. Tales from Boccace. Gower.—[*Read*—Chaucer's R. of the R. Visions of P. P.

2. School of Chaucer. { Lydgate, T. Occleve, Walter de Mapes, Skelton.

3. School of Petrarch. { Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sydney, G. Gascoyne, Translator of Ariosto's Comedy.

4. School of Dante. { Mirror of Magistrates, Lord Buckhurst's Induction, Gorboduck—[original of good tragedy; —Seneca his model].

ÆRA II.

SPENCER, Col. Clout, from the School of Ariosto and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from

5. School of Spencer, and from Italian Sonnets.
- W. Brown's Pastorals,
- Ph. Fletcher's Purple Island, Alabaster, Piscatory Eclogues,
- S. Daniel,
- Sir Walter Ralegh,
- Milton's Juvenilia. Heath. Habington.

Translators from Italian.
- Golding,
- Edw. Fairfax,
- Harrington.

6. School of Donne.
- Cowley, Davenant,
- Michael Drayton,
- Sir Thomas Overbury,
- Randolph,
- Sir John Davis,
- Sir John Beaumont,
- Cartwright,
- Cleiveland,
- Crashaw,
- Bishop Corbet,
- Lord Falkland.

- Carew, T. Carey, G. Sandys, in his Par. of Job, Fairfax, — in Matter, in Versification, — Models to Waller.
- Sir John Mennis, Tho. Baynal, — Originals of Hudibras."

Here are several mistakes. The first paragraph under Æra II. is unintelligible. We have no English poem by Alabaster. Golding, I believe, translated nothing from the Italian. Sir John Davies and Drayton wrote nearly as soon as Donne. Carew and T. Carey are the same person; and Thomas Carew, the person meant, had published nothing, when Waller wrote his first poem. There is no poet of the name of Baynal. The person meant, I suspect, was—Tho. *Randal*, in which way the name of

the GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE, which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.

But to return. Having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old English poet, Chaucer, in many things resembled him, and that with no disadvantage on the side of the modern author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them; and as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the honour of my native country, so I soon resolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning some of the Canterbury Tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means, both the poets being set in the same light, and dressed in the same English habit, story to be compared with story, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him. Or if I seem partial to my countryman and predecessor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few; and besides many of the learned, Ovid has almost all the beaux, and the whole fair sex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me, because I have adventured to sum up the evidence; but the readers are the jury, and their privilege remains entire, to decide according to the merits of the cause; or, if they please, to bring it to another hearing before some other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my discourse, (as thoughts, accord-

Randolph, the poet, was often written in the last century; and Pope might not have known that *Randolph*, whom he before mentioned, and Tho. *Randal*, were the same person.

ing to Mr. Hobbes, have always some connection,) so from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary,[6] but also pursued the same studies; wrote novels in prose, and many works in verse; particularly is said to have invented the octave rhyme,[7] or stanza of eight lines, which ever since has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at least assume the title of heroick poets. He and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at least in verse, before the time of Boccace, who likewise received no little help from his master, Petrarch; but the reformation of their prose was wholly owing to Boccace himself, who is yet the standard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phrases are become obsolete, as in process of time it must needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer,)[8] first

[6] Boccace was born in the year 1313, and consequently was about fifteen years older than Chaucer, who is supposed to have been born in 1328. Boccace died in 1375, and Chaucer in 1400.—Dante died in 1321, aged fifty-six. Petrarch was about nine years older than his scholar, Boccace, and died seventeen months before him.

[7] Boccace first introduced the octave stanza into Italy, but he was not the inventor of it, having adopted it from the French Chansons. See Pasquier, RECHERCHES, l. vii. c. 3; and Crescimben. ISTOR. VOLGAR. POES. vol. i. l. i. p. 65. 4to. 1731.

[8] "Short View of Tragedy," 8vo. 1693, p. 78. For

adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal, which was then the most polished of all the modern languages; but this subject has been copiously treated by that great critick, who deserves no little commendation from us his countrymen.[9] For these reasons of time, and resemblance of genius, in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own; which, whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge: and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators, that they would count fourscore and eight, before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number; a cripple in my limbs,—but what decays are in my mind the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgment I had, increases rather than dimi-

the position here referred to, Mr. Tyrwhitt has shewn there is no ground. See a note near the end of this Preface.

[9] Between 1693 and this time, our author and Rymer appears to have been reconciled. Here we find no *snarling*. See p. 275, n. 1.

nishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject; to run them into verse, or to give them the other harmony of prose: I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I writ it, or the several intervals of sickness: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question,—why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better?

With this account of my present undertaking, I conclude the first part of this Discourse: in the second part, as at a second sitting, though I alter not the draught, I must touch the same features over again, and change the dead-colouring of the whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing which savours of immorality or profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such intention. If there happen to be

found an irreverent expression, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verses through my inadvertency. If the searchers find any in the cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like counterbanded goods; at least let their authors be answerable for them, as being but imported merchandise, and not of my own manufacture. On the other side, I have endeavoured to choose such fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them some instructive moral; which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremost into sight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe conscience, that I had taken the same care in all my former writings; for it must be owned, that supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet, if they contain any thing which shocks religion or good manners,[1] they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without good sense, *versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.* Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing to my other right of self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my sense wire-drawn into blasphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer,[2] in

[1] Dr. Chetwood, in his Life of Virgil, informs us, that Waller "used to say, that he would raze any line out of his poems, that did not imply some motive to virtue."

[2] Jeremy Collier, author of the well-known tract entitled "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," &c. 8vo. 1698; which was answered by Congreve, Vanbrugh, Dennis, Dr. Drake, and

a late pleading against the stage; in which he mixes truth with falsehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the thread of my discourse with the first of my translations, which was the first ILIAD of

Dr. Filmer.—The character of Collier's writings has been delineated by Dr. Johnson in his Life of Congreve, with his wonted acuteness and energy:

"He was formed for a controvertist; with sufficient learning; with diction vehement and pointed, though often vulgar and incorrect; with unconquerable pertinacity; with wit in the highest degree keen and sarcastick; and with all those powers exalted and invigorated by the just confidence in his cause.

"Thus qualified, and thus incited, he walked out to battle, and assailed at once most of the living writers, from Dryden to Durfey. His onset was violent: those passages, which while they stood single had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited horrour; the wise and the pious caught the alarm, and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the publick charge.

"Nothing now remained for the poets, but to resist, or fly. Dryden's confidence, or his prudence, angry as he was, withheld him from the conflict; Congreve and Vanbrugh attempted answers. Congreve, a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security. His chief artifice of controversy is to retort upon his adversary his own words: he is very angry, and hoping to conquer Collier with his own weapons, allows himself in the use of every term of contumely and contempt: but he has the sword without the arm of Scanderbeg; he has his

Homer. If it shall please God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to translate the whole Ilias; provided still that I meet with those encouragements from the publick, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with some cheerfulness. And this I dare assure the world beforehand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleasing task than Virgil, though I say not the translation will be less laborious; for the Grecian is more according to my genius than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, sedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his

antagonist's coarseness, but not his strength. Collier replied; for contest was his delight; he was not to be frighted from his purpose or his prey.

"The cause of Congreve was not tenable: whatever glosses he might use for the defence or palliation of single passages, the general tenour and tendency of his plays must always be condemned. It is acknowledged with universal conviction, that the perusal of his works will make no man better, and that their ultimate effect is to represent pleasure in alliance with vice, and to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated.

"The stage found other advocates, and the dispute was protracted through ten years; but at last comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labours in the reformation of the theatre."

thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers and of expressions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him. Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined; so that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroick poetry; for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the second part of the ILIAS; a continuation of the same story, and the persons already formed. The manners of Æneas are those of Hector superadded to those which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulysses in the ODYSSES, are imitated in the first six Books of Virgil's ÆNEIS; and though the accidents are not the same, (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total barrenness of invention,) yet the seas were the same in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypso. The six latter books of Virgil's poem are the four-and-twenty ILIADS contracted; a quarrel occasioned by a lady, a single combat, battles fought, and a town besieged. I say not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly said in his just praise; for his episodes are almost wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling makes the tale his own, even though the original story had been the same. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to design; and if invention be the first virtue of an epick poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the second place. Mr. Hobbes, in the

Preface to his own bald translation of the ILIAS, (studying poetry as he did mathematicks, when it was too late,)[3] Mr. Hobbes, I say, begins the praise of Homer where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first beauty of an epick poem consists in diction; that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers. Now the words are the colouring of the work, which, in the order of nature is last to be considered: the design, the disposition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life, which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the first beauties that arise, and strike the sight; but if the draught be false or lame, the figures ill disposed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere: supplying the poverty of his

[3] When Hobbes published his translation of Homer, he was eighty-seven years old. "There are several passages in it, (Pope observed to Mr. Spence,) that if they had been written on purpose to ridicule that poet, would have done very well." ANECDOTES.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has made nearly the same observation.

language by his musical ear, and by his diligence.

But to return. Our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one cholerick and sanguine, the other phlegmatick and melancholick; that which makes them excel in their several ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes shew their authors: Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, etc.

Æneas patient, considerate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies; ever submissive to the will of heaven:

—— *quò fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur.*

I could please myself with enlarging on this subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have said, I will only draw this inference,—that the action of Homer, being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully: one persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the second book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he hastens from the ships, and concludes not that

book, till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in less compass than two months. This vehemence of his, I confess, is more suitable to my temper; and therefore I have translated his First Book with greater pleasure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleasure without pains. The continual agitations of the spirits must needs be a weakening of any constitution, especially in age; and many pauses are required for refreshment betwixt the heats; the ILIAD of itself being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to say of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the Golden Age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at least in their writings; it may be also in their lives. Their studies were the same,—philosophy and philology. Both of them were knowing in astronomy, of which Ovid's Books of the Roman FEASTS, and Chaucer's Treatise of the ASTROLABE, are sufficient witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearness; neither were great inventors: for Ovid

only copied the Grecian fables; and most of Chaucer's stories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predecessors. Boccace his DECAMERON was first published;[4] and from thence our Englishman has borrowed many of his Canterbury Tales. Yet that of PALAMON AND ARCITE was written in all probability by some Italian wit, in a former age, as I shall prove hereafter:[5] the Tale of GRISILDE was the invention of Petrarch;[6] by him sent to Boccace, from whom it came to

[4] The DECAMERON is thought to have been published complete in 1358. Chaucer, according to Mr. Tyrwhitt, began his CANTERBURY TALES after 1382; and they were not much advanced before 1389, when he was in his sixty-first year.

[5] Here our author is mistaken. The Tale of PALAMON AND ARCITE was also taken from Boccace, though not from the DECAMERON; as will be shewn hereafter.

[6] This is not accurately stated. "Chaucer (says Mr. Tyrwhitt) tells us in his Prologue, that he learned it from Petrarch at Padua; and this (by the way) is all the authority that I can find for the notion that Chaucer had seen Petrarch in Italy. It is not easy to say why Chaucer should choose to own an obligation for this tale to Petrarch rather than to Boccace, from whose DECAMERON, D. x. N. 10, it was translated by Petrarch in 1573 (the year before his death), as appears by a remarkable letter which he sent with his translation to Boccace. [Opp. Petrarch. p. 540—7. Ed. Bas. 1581.] It should seem too, from the same letter, that the story was not invented by Boccace, for Petrarch says, that it had always pleased him, *when he heard it many years before*, whereas he had not seen the DECAMERON till very lately." Introductory Discourse to the Cant. Tales. Tyrwh. Chaucer, iv. 155.

Chaucer. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA was also written by a Lombard author,[7] but much amplified by our

[7] Lollius, who is said to have been an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy; and our author has asserted in another place, that his performance on this subject was written in Latin verse; (see vol. i. p. 259,) but I suspect without authority.

It has already been observed (*ubi supra*, n. 1.) that Chaucer's TROILUS AND CRESSIDA was borrowed from a very rare poem in the octave stanza, written by Boccace, entitled IL FILOSTRATO, che tracta de lo innamoramento de Troylo e Gryseida, &c. and printed at Milan in 4to. in 1498 (of which there is only one copy known to be extant in England).—"This is evident (Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, CANT. TALES, iii. 311,) not only from the fable and characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English, which are literally translated from the Italian. At the same time there are several long passages, and even episodes, in the TROILUS, of which there are no traces in the FILOSTRATO. Of these therefore it may be doubted, whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, B. ii. 14; and in two passages he quotes his author by the name of Lollius, B. i. 394—421, and B. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the FILOSTRATO; but the former (in which the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch is introduced) is not. What he says of having translated *out of Latin*, need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called *Latino volgare* [See the quotation from the THESEIDA, Discourse, &c. n. 9]; and Lydgate [Prol. to Boccace]

English translator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themselves, as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures.—I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is so much less behind; and I am of the temper of most Kings, who love to be in debt, are all for present money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: besides, the nature of a Preface is rambling, never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice

expressly tells us, that Chaucer translated "a boke, which called is TROPHE

"In *Lombard* tonge, as men may rede and see."

"How Boccace should have acquired the name of *Lollius*, and the FILOSTRATO the title of TROPHE, are points which I confess myself unable to explain."

"Boccace, in his DECAMERON, (the same judicious critick remarks,) has made the same honourable mention of the FILOSTRATO as of the THESEIDA; though without acknowledging either for his own. In the introduction to the Sixth Day, he says, that "Dioneo insieme con Lauretta *di Troilo et di Criseida* cominciarono cantare," just as afterwards, in the conclusion of the Seventh Day, we are told, that the same "Dioneo et La Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme *d'Arcita et di Palemone*."

In the Royal Library at Paris there is a manuscript copy of Boccace's poem, with this title, *Philostrato, del' amorose fatiche di Troilo, per Gio. Boccaccio*. See Montfaucon's Bibl. Mss. t. ii. p. 793, and Quadrio, t. vi. p. 473.

of honest Montagne, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say.

Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE, THE COCK AND THE FOX, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our countryman the precedence in that part;[8] since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the MANNERS; under which name I comprehend the passions, and, in a larger sense,

[8] Chaucer in general, Mr. Tyrwhitt has remarked, "appears to have built his Tales, both serious and comick, upon stories which he found ready made;" nor do the two Tales here mentioned by our author afford an exception to the truth of this observation, for they were not, as Dryden supposed, of Chaucer's invention. "THE WIFE OF BATHES TALE seems to have been taken from the story of *Florent* in Gower, CONF. AMANT. b. i., or from an older narrative in the GESTA ROMANORUM, or some such collection, from which the story of Florent was itself borrowed. However that may have been, it must be allowed that Chaucer has improved the fable by lopping off some improbable, as well as unnecessary, circumstances; and the transferring of the scene from Sicily to the court of King Arthur, must have had a very pleasing effect, before the fabulous majesty of that court was quite obliterated." CANT. TALES, vol. iv. p. 151.

"THE TALE OF THE NONNES PRIEST is cited by Dryden, together with that of THE WIFE OF BATH, as of Chaucer's own invention. But that great poet was not very conversant with the authors of which Chaucer's

the descriptions of persons, and their very habits. For an example, I see BAUCIS and PHILEMON as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, and the very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark.[9] Yet even there

library seems to have been composed. THE WIFE OF BATHES TALE has been shewn above to be taken from Gower, and the Fable of the COCK AND THE FOX, which makes the ground of THE NONNES PREESTES TALE, is clearly borrowed from a collection of Æsopean and other Fables, by *Marie*, a French poetess, whose collection of *Lais* has been mentioned before." Marie wrote in the reign of St. Louis, about the middle of the thirteenth century. This fable, which consists of but thirty-eight lines, and which Mr. Tyrwhitt has copied from MS. Harl. 978. f. 76, furnishes (he observes) "a convincing proof, how able Chaucer was to work up an excellent tale out of very small materials." Ibid. p. 177.

[9] After stating very probable grounds for believing that the work of THE CANTERBURY TALES was not begun in 1382, and was not much advanced before 1389, Mr. Tyrwhitt adds, "They who believe the pilgrimage to have been real, and to have happened in 1383, may support their opinion by the following inscription, which is still to be read upon the Inn now called the Talbot, in Southwark: 'This is the Inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine Pilgrims lodged, in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383.' Though the present inscription is evidently of a very recent date, we might suppose it to have been propagated to us by a succession of faithful transcripts from the very time; but unluckily there is too good reason to be assured that the first inscription of this sort was not earlier than the last century. Mr.

too the figures of Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light; which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality.—The thoughts and words remain to be considered, in

Speght, who appears to have been inquisitive concerning this Inn in 1597, has left us this account of it in his Glossary, v. TABARD. 'A jaquet or sleevelesse coate, worne of times past by Noblemen in the warres, but now only by Heraults, and is called theyre coate of Armes in servise. It is the signe of an Inne in Southwarke by London, within the which was the lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the Hostelry where Chaucer and the other Pilgrims met together, and with *Henry Baily* their hoste, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath been much decaied, it is now by Master *J. Preston*, with the Abbot's house thereto adjoyned, newly repaired, and with convenient roomes much encreased, for the receipt of many guests.'

"If any inscription of this kind had then been there, he would hardly have omitted to mention it; and therefore I am persuaded it has been put up since his time, and most probably when the sign was changed from the Tabard to the Talbot, in order to preserve the ancient glory of the House, notwithstanding its new title. Whoever furnished the date, must be allowed to have at least invented plausibly."—C. T. iv. 124.

Mr. Warton observes, that there is an Inn at Burford in Oxfordshire, which accommodated Pilgrims on their road to Saint Edward's shrine in the Abbey of Gloucester. A long room, with a series of Gothick windows, still remains, which was their refectory. Leland mentions such another. ITIN. ii. 70." HIST. OF ENG. POET. ii. 397.

the comparison of the two poets, and I have saved myself one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered; and they are to be measured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described on such and such occasions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles, wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the Englishman to the Roman. Yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man who is ready to die for love, describe his passion like Narcissus? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit, in BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, who had a con-

ceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido: he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it; yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injustice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise, would by the same reason prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confess they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more simplicity, and followed nature more closely than to use them.

I have thus far, to the best of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the design nor the disposition of it; because the design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. —It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets[1] is sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beau-

[1] The poet alluded to is Cowley; on whom, in compliance with the fashion of the day, our author is lavish of encomium in his early discourses. In the present century, only two editions of this poet's works (complete) have been issued from the press, exclusive of the general republication of the English poets by the booksellers of London.

ties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer; and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet[2] at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth; for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*, if we may believe Catullus,[3] as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends,—it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the

[2] This adversative particle is here wholly superfluous, and renders the sentence inelegant.

[3] Our author's memory has here, I believe, deceived him. I cannot find any such observation in Catullus, as that mentioned in the text.

last edition of him ;[4] for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse, where we find but nine. But this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an errour, that common sense (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation,) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroick, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise.[5] We can only say, that he lived in

[4] Thomas Speght published the works of Chaucer in 1597, and again in 1602. His edition was reprinted in 1687, with some additions by the editor.

[5] The position here laid down has been so ably contested by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his excellent edition of THE CANTERBURY TALES, that I am persuaded, after perusing the following observations on the subject of Chaucer's metre, every judicious reader will be of opinion that our author had not sufficiently studied our ancient language, and was mistaken in this assertion.

" By far the most considerable part of Chaucer's works (says Mr. Tyrwhitt,) is written in that kind of metre which we now call the Heroic, either in distichs or in stanzas ; and as I have not been able to discover any instance of this metre being used by any English poet before him, I am much inclined to suppose that he was the first introducer of it into our language. It had long been practised in France, in the Northern as well as the Southern provinces ; and in Italy, within the last fifty

the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be

years before Chaucer wrote, it had been cultivated with the greatest assiduity and success, in preference to every other metre, by Dante, Petrarch, and Boccace. When we reflect that two of Chaucer's juvenile productions, the PALAMON AND ARCITE, and the TROILUS, were in a manner translated from the THESEIDA and the FILOSTRATO of Boccace, both written in the common Italian hendecasyllable verse, it cannot but appear extremely probable that his metre also was copied from the same original; and yet I cannot find that the form of his stanza in the TROILUS (consisting of seven verses) was ever used by Boccace, though it is to be met with among the poems of the King of Navarre, and of the Provençal Rimers. Whichever he shall be supposed to have followed, whether the French or Italians, it is certain that he coud not want in either language a number of models of correct and harmonious versification; and the only question will be, whether he had ability and industry enough to imitate that part of their excellency.

"In discussing this question we should always have in mind, that the correctness and harmony of an English verse depends entirely upon its being composed of a certain number of syllables, and its having the accents of those syllables properly placed. In order therefore to form any judgement of the Versification of Chaucer, it is necessary that we should know the syllabical value (if I may use the expression) of his words, and the accentual value of his syllables, as they were commonly pronounced in his time; for without that knowledge, it is not more probable that we should determine justly upon the exactness of his metres, than that we should be able to cast up rightly an account stated in coins of a

children, before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius and a

former age, of whose current rates and denominations we are totally ignorant.

" Let us consider a moment, how a sensible critic in the Augustan age would have proceeded, if called upon to examine a work of Ennius. When he found that a great proportion of the verses were strictly conformable to the ordinary rules of metre, he would, probably, not scruple to conclude that such a conformity must have been produced by art and design, and not by mere chance. On the other hand, when he found, that in some verses the number of feet, to appearance, was either deficient or redundant; that in others the feet were seemingly composed of too few or too many syllables, of short syllables in the place of long, or of long in the place of short; he would not, I think, immediately condemn the old bard, as having all at once forgotten the fundamental principles of his art, or as having wilfully or negligently deviated from them. He would first, I presume, enquire whether all these irregularities were in the genuine text of his author, or only the mistakes of Copyists: he would enquire further, by comparing the genuine text with other contemporary writings and monuments, whether many things which appeared irregular, were not in truth sufficiently regular, either justified by the constant practice, or excused by the allowed licence, of the age: where authority failed, he would have recourse (but soberly) to etymology and analogy; and if after all a few passages remained, not reducible to the strict laws of metre by any of the methods above mentioned, if he were really (as I have supposed him) a sensible critic, he would be apt rather to expect patiently the solution of his difficulties from more correct manuscripts, or a more

Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace. Even after Chaucer, there was a Spencer, a Harrington, a

complete theory of his author's versification, than to cut the knot, by deciding peremptorily, that the work was composed without any regard to metrical rules.

" I beg leave to pursue the same course with respect to Chaucer. The great number of verses sounding complete even to our ears, which is to be found in all the least corrected copies of his works, authorizes us to conclude, that he was not ignorant of the laws of metre. Upon this conclusion it is impossible not to ground a strong presumption, that he intended to observe the same laws in the many other verses which seem to us irregular; and if this was really his intention, what reason can be assigned sufficient to account for his having failed so grossly and repeatedly, as is generally supposed, in an operation, which every balladmonger in our days, man, woman, or child, is known to perform with the most unerring exactness, and without any extraordinary fatigue?

" The offences against metre in an English verse, as has partly been observed before, must arise either from a Superfluity or Deficiency of syllables, or from the Accents being improperly placed.

" With respect to the first species of irregularity, I have not taken notice of any Superfluities in Chaucer's verses, but what may be reduced to just measure by the usual practices of even modern poets. And this, by the way, is a strong proof of his real attention to metrical rules; for otherwise, if he had written without any restraint of that kind, a certain proportion of his deviations from measure must, in all probability, have been on the side of excess.

" But a great number of Chaucer's verses labour under

Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared.

an apparent Deficiency of a syllable or two. In some of these, perhaps the defect may still be supplied from Mss.: but for the greatest part I am persuaded no such assistance is to be expected; and therefore, supposing the text in these cases to be correct, it is worth considering whether the verse also may not be made correct, by adopting in certain words a pronunciation, different indeed from modern practice, but which, we have reason to believe, was used by the author himself.

For instance, in the genitive case singular, and the plural number of nouns, (which, as has been remarked above, in the time of Chaucer had the same expression,) there can be no doubt that such words as, *shoures*, ver. 1. *croppes*, ver. 7. *shires*, ver. 15. *lordes*, ver. 47, &c. were regularly pronounced as consisting of two syllables. Whenever they are used as monosyllables, it must be considered as a poetical licence, warranted however even then (as we may presume, from the natural progress of our language,) by the practice of inaccurate speakers in common conversation.

" In like manner, we may be sure that *ed*, the regular termination of the past tense and its participle, made, or contributed to make, a second syllable in the words, *perced*, ver. 2. *bathed*, ver. 3. *loved*, ver. 45. *wered*, ver. 75, &c. The first step toward reducing words of this form to monosyllables, seems to have been to shorten the last syllable, either by transposing the final letters, as in—*wolde*, ver. 144. *sayde*, ver. 763, &c. or by throwing away the *d*, as in—*coste*, ver. 1910. *caste*, ver. 2083, &c. In both these cases the words still remained of two syllables, the final *e* being sounded as an *e* feminine; but they were prepared to lose their last syllable by the easy licence of

I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the

changing an *e* feminine into an *e* mute, or of dropping it entirely, according to the modern practice.

" But nothing will be found of such extensive use for supplying the deficiencies of Chaucer's metre, as the pronunciation of the *e* feminine; and as that pronunciation has been a long time totally antiquated, it may be proper here to suggest some reasons for believing (independently of any arguments to be drawn from the practice of Chaucer himself) that the final *e* in our ancient language was very generally pronounced, as the *e* feminine is at this day by the French.

" With respect to words imported directly from France, it is certainly quite natural to suppose, that, for some time, they retained their native pronunciation; whether they were Nouns substantive, as, *hoste*, ver. 753. *face*, ver. 1580, &c.—or Adjectives, as, *large*, ver. 755. *strange*, ver. 13, &c.—or Verbs, as, *grante*, ver. 12756. *preche*, ver. 12327, &c. and it cannot be doubted, that in these and other similar words in the French language, the final *e* was always pronounced as it still is, so as to make them dissyllables.

" We have not indeed so clear a proof of the original pronunciation of the Saxon part of our language; but we know, from general observation, that all changes of pronunciation are usually made by small degrees; and therefore, when we find that a great number of those words, which in Chaucer's time ended in *e*, originally ended in *a*, we may reasonably presume, that our ancestors first passed from the broader sound of *a* to the thinner sound of *e* feminine, and not at once from *a* to *e* mute. Besides, if the final *e* in such words was not pronounced, why was it added? From the time that it has

editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the

confessedly ceased to be pronounced, it has been gradually omitted in them, except where it may be supposed of use to lengthen or soften the preceding syllable, as in —*hope*, *name*, &c. But according to the ancient orthography it terminated many words of Saxon original, where it cannot have been added for any such purpose, as *herte*, *childe*, *olde*, *wilde*, &c. In these therefore we must suppose that it was pronounced as an *e* feminine, and made part of a second syllable; and so, by a parity of reason, in all others, in which, as in these, it appears to have been substituted for the Saxon *a*.

"Upon the same grounds we may presume, that in words terminated, according to the Saxon form, in *en*, such as the Infinitive modes and Plural numbers of Verbs, and a great variety of Adverbs and Prepositions, the *n* only was at first thrown away, and the *e*, which became final, continued for a long time to be pronounced as well as written.

"These considerations seem sufficient to make us believe, that the pronunciation of the *e* feminine is founded on the very nature of both the French and Saxon parts of our language; and therefore, though we may not be able to trace the reasons of that pronunciation in all cases so plainly as in those which have been just mentioned, we may safely, I think, conclude with the learned Wallis, that what is generally considered as an *e* mute in our language, either at the end or in the middle of words, was antiently pronounced, but obscurely, like the *e* feminine of the French.

["This reasoning concerning the final *e*" (Mr. Tyrwhitt observes in a Note,) "is equally applicable to the same vowel in the middle of words. Indeed (as Wallis has

Second, and Henry the Fourth; and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's

observed, Gram. Ling. Ang. c. 1. § 2.) 'vix uspiam in medio dictionis reperitur *e* mutum, quod non ab origine fuerit finale.' If therefore it was pronounced while final, it would probably continue to be pronounced notwithstanding the addition of a syllable. If it was pronounced in *swete*, *trewe*, *large*, *riche*, it would be pronounced in *swetely*, *trewely*, *largely*, *richely*. [See ver. 123, and 3219, ver. 775 and 3692, ver. 2740 and 3034, ver. 1014 and 1913.] In another very numerous set of words (French verbals ending in *ment*) the pronunciation of this middle *e* is countenanced not only by analogy, but also by the subsisting practice in the French language. So Chaucer certainly pronounced the words *jugement*, ver. 780, 807, 820; *commandement*, ver. 2871, 2981; *amendement*, ver. 4183; *pavement* and *avisement*, ver. 4505, 6. Even Spencer in the same Canto (the 8th of B. v.) uses *atonement* and *avengement* as words of four syllables; [St. 21. 8.—30. 5.] and Wallis takes notice that the middle *e* in *commandement* was pronounced in his time.]

" The third kind of irregularity, to which an English verse is liable, is from the Accents being misplaced. The restoring of Chaucer's words to their just number of syllables, by the methods which have been pointed out above, will often be of signal service in restoring his accents also to their proper places; but further, in many words, we must be cautious of concluding too hastily that Chaucer accented the same syllables that we do. On the contrary, I am persuaded that in his French words he most commonly laid his accent according to to the French custom (upon the last syllable, or the last but one in words ending in *e* feminine), which, as is well known, is the very reverse of our practice. Thus in

time, I doubt, he was a little dipped in the rebellion of the Commons; and being brother-in-law

ver. 3. he uses *licoûr* for *liquour*: ver. 11. *corâges* for *coûrages*; ver. 22. again, *corâge* for *coûrage*; ver. 37. *resŏn* for *réason*; ver. 77. *viâge* for *vŏyage*; ver. 109, 10. *visâge—usâge* for *vísage*, *úsage*; ver. 140. *manére* for *mânner*; ver. 186. *laboûre* for *lâbour*; ver. 204. *prelât* for *prélate*; ver. 211. *langâge* for *lânguage*; ver. 212. *mariâge* for *mârriage*; ver. 216. *contrée* for *coúntry*; and so through the whole work.

" In the same manner he accents the last syllable of the Participle Present, as ver. 885, 6. *wedding—coming* for *wédding—cŏming*; ver. 903. *living* for *líving*; ver. 907, 8. *coming—crying* for *cŏming—cry'ing*; ver. 998. *brenning* for *brénning*, &c. and as he does this in words of Saxon as well as of French growth, I should suppose that the old Participle of the present tense, ending in *and*, was originally accented upon that syllable, as it certainly continued to be by the Scottish poets a long time after Chaucer. See Bp. Douglas, Virg. p. 18. ver. 18. *Spryngánd*; ver. 51. *Berând;* p. 27. ver. 49. *Fleând*; p. 29. ver. 10. *Seând.*

" These instances are all taken from the riming syllables, (where a strong accent is indispensably necessary,) in order to prove beyond contradiction, that Chaucer frequently accented his words in the French manner. But if he followed this practice at the end of his verses, it is more than probable that he did the same in the middle, whenever it gave a more harmonious flow to his metre; and therefore in ver. 4. instead of *vértue*, I suppose he pronounced, *vertûe;* in ver. 11. instead of *nâture*, *natûre;* in ver. 25. instead of *avénture*, *aventûre;* in ver. 46. instead of *hŏnour*, *honoûr*, &c.

" It may be proper however to observe, that we are not to expect from Chaucer that regularity in the dispo-

to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family, and was well with Henry the Fourth, when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant Prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer,[6] who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to

sition of his accents, which the practice of our greatest poets in the last and present century has taught us to consider as essential to harmonious versification. None of his masters, either French or Italian, had set him a pattern of exactness in this respect; and it is rather surprizing, that, without rule or example to guide him, he has so seldom failed to place his accents in such a manner, as to produce the cadence best suited to the nature of his verse." Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer. C. T. iv. 85—106.

I cannot conclude this long extract from the work of my late most learned friend, without recommending to the poetical student the whole of the Essay from which it is taken, as one of the most masterly pieces of criticism in the English language. The grammatical and metrical Analysis of the first eighteen lines of THE CANTERBURY TALES deserves to be particularly studied, previous to the perusal of any of the poems of the venerable bard.

[6] After the decease of Richard the Second, the true title to the crown was in the issue of Philippa, the only daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, *third* son of King Edward III. Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, married Philippa; and Edward, Earl of March, their grandson,

be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to posterity.

As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliffe,[7] after John of Gaunt, his patron; some-

dying without issue in 1424, the title to the crown devolved to his sister, Anne Mortimer, who marrying Richard, Earl of Cambridge, (son of Edward, Duke of York, fifth son of Edward the Third,) was mother to Richard, Duke of York, father of King Edward the Fourth.—Henry the Fourth was son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, *fourth* son of Edward the Third.

[7] Whatever might have been Chaucer's opinion concerning the doctrines of Wickliffe, no inference relative to that subject can be drawn from THE PLOWMAN'S TALE; for that piece, which first appeared in the edition of his works published in 1542, was not written by Chaucer.

"The only account, (says Mr. Tyrwhitt, *ubi supr.* p. 184. n. 32,) which we have of any Ms. of this tale, is from Mr. Speght, who says (Note prefixed to PLOWMAN'S TALE), that he had 'seene it in written hand in John Stowe's Librarie, in a booke of such antiquitie as seemed to have been written neare to Chaucer's time.' He does not say that it was among the CANTERBURY TALES, or that it had *Chaucer's name* to it. We can therefore only judge of it by the internal evidence, and upon that I have no scruple to declare my own opinion, that it has not the least resemblance to Chaucer's manner, either of writing or thinking, in his other works. Though

what of which appears in the TALE OF PIERCE

he and Boccace have laughed at some of the abuses of religion, and the disorders of ecclesiastical persons, it is quite incredible that either of them, or even Wickliff himself, would have railed at the whole government of the church, in the style of this PLOWMAN'S TALE. If they had been disposed to such an attempt, their times would not have borne it; but it is probable, that Chaucer (though he has been pressed into the service of Protestantism by some zealous writers) was as good a Catholick as men of his understanding and rank in life have generally been. The necessity of auricular confession, one of the great scandals of Popery, cannot be more strongly inculcated than it is in the following TALE OF THE PERSON.

" I will just observe that Spencer seems to speak of the Author of THE PLOWMAN'S TALE as a distinct person from Chaucer, though (in compliance, I suppose, with the taste of his age) he puts them both on the same footing. In the Epilogue to THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, he says to his book,—

Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the *Ploughman* plaid awhile.

" I know that Mr. Warton, in his excellent OBSERVATIONS ON SPENCER, v. i. p. 125, supposes this passage to refer to THE VISIONS OF PIERCE PLOUGHMAN; but my reason for differing from him is, that the Author of the Visions never, as I remember, speaks of *himself* in the character of a *Ploughman*."

Our author, I may add, in speaking of " the Tale of *Pierce* Plowman," seems to have confounded the work falsely ascribed to Chaucer (THE PLOWMAN'S TALE) with THE VISIONS OF (or *concerning*) PIERCE PLOWMAN, written by Robert (or William) Langland.

PLOWMAN, yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his CANTERBURY TALES. Neither has his contemporary, Boccace, spared them. Yet both those poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Canon, and his Friar, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satirical poet is the check of the laymen on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used; for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured. If he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his *scandalum magnatum* to punish the offender. They who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has de-

served the poet's lash, and are less concerned for their publick capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some sort parties; for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a King of England and an Archbishop of Canterbury;[8] one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of GOD's church; which ended in the murder of the Prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from post to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of enquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old;[9] and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that

[8] Henry the Second, and Thomas Becket, who was murdered at the altar of St. Benedict's church in Canterbury, by four gentlemen of the King's household, Dec. 29, 1172.

[9] Dr. James Drake, a physician, took a part against Collier in the contest relative to the entertainments of the stage, which was at this time at its height. The work here alluded to is entitled "The Ancient and Modern Stage surveyed, or Mr. Collier's View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage set in a true light;" 8vo. 1699, p. 348—354.

when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him: *prior læsit* is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure; reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests,[1] such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson;[2] such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him.

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his CANTERBURY TALES the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single

[1] Jeremy Collier and Luke Milbourne, each of whom had recently attacked our author.

[2] The character of the GOOD PARSON, from Chaucer, was suggested to our author by Mr. Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, as appears from a letter written by Dryden in July 1699; which may be found in vol. i.

character has escaped him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very phisiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta[3] could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them,) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say according to the proverb, that here is GOD's plenty. We have our forefathers and great granddames all before us,

[3] Baptista Porta wrote a treatise DE HUMANA PHYSIOGNOMIA, in four books, of which there have been many editions.

as they were in Chaucer's days: their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks, and Friars, and Canons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered.[4] May I have leave

[4] "THE GENERAL PLAN of THE CANTERBURY TALES may be learned in a great measure from the Prologue which Chaucer himself has prefixed to them. He supposes there that a company of Pilgrims going to Canterbury, assemble at an Inn in Southwark, and agree, that, for their common amusement on the road, each of them shall tell at least one tale in going to Canterbury, and another in coming back from thence; and that he who shall tell the best Tales, shall be treated by the rest with a supper upon their return to the same Inn. This is shortly the *Fable*. The CHARACTERS of the Pilgrims are as various as, at that time, coud be found in the several departments of *middle* life; that is, in fact, as various as coud, with any probability be brought together, so as to form one company; the highest and the lowest ranks of society being necessarily excluded. It appears further, that the design of Chaucer was not barely to recite the Tales told by the Pilgrims, but also to describe their journey, *And all the remenant of* their *pilgrimage* [ver. 726]; including, probably, their adventures at Canterbury, as well as upon the road. If we here add, that the Tales, besides being nicely adapted to the Characters of their respective Relaters, were intended to be connected together by suitable introductions, and interspersed with diverting episodes; and that the greatest part of them was to have been executed in verse; we shall have a tolerable

to do myself the justice, (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man,) may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such Tales of Chaucer, as savour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sumner, and above all, the Wife of Bath,[5] in the Pro-

idea of the extent and difficulty of the whole undertaking: and admiring, as we must, the vigour of that genius, which in an advanced age coud begin so vast a work, we shall rather lament than be surprized that it has been left imperfect.

"In truth, if we compare those parts of THE CANTERBURY TALES, of which we are in possession, with the sketch which has been just given of the intended whole, it will be found that more than one half is wanting. The Prologue we have, perhaps nearly complete, and the greatest part of the journey to Canterbury; but not a word of the transactions at Canterbury, or of the journey homeward, or of the Epilogue, which, we may suppose, was to have concluded the work, with an account of the Prize-supper and the separation of the company. Even in that part which we have of the journey to Canterbury, it will be necessary, in the following Review, to take notice of certain defects and inconsistencies, which can only be accounted for on the supposition that the work was never finished by the Author." Introductory Discourse, &c. C. T. iv. 118.

[5] Pope, however, afterwards ventured to modernize the Wife of Bath's Prologue, omitting some of the grosser

logue to her Tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able by this publick acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his Characters, before the CANTERBURY TALES, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross, in many of his novels:

> But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
> That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
> Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
> To tellen you hir wordes, and hir chere;
> Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely,
> For this ye knowen al so well as I,
> Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
> He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
> Everich word, if it be in his charge,
> *All speke he never so rudely, and so large:*

passages. THE REEVE'S TALE, and the Prologue containing the CHARACTERS introduced in the CANTERBURY TALES, are also supposed to have been clothed by Pope in a modern dress, though they were published in Lintot's Miscellany in 1712, under the name of Betterton, the player.

Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother;
He moste as wel sayn o word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have enquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very undecent to be heard, I know not what answer they could have made. For that reason, such Tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before.[6] Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English: as for example, these two lines, in the description of the Carpenter's Young Wife:

[6] Chaucer's numbers were defective, as our author represented them; but I have given the lines above quoted, as they are exhibited by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his accurate edition. Any poet may be made to appear inharmonious by being inaccurately printed. Our author gave the lines just as he found them in whatever copy of Chaucer he happened to possess; and certainly did not expend any of his time in examining or collating manuscripts. His remark—that these lines are scarce intelligible, shews how very slight his researches among our elder poets had been.

Winsing she was, as is a jolly col',
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answered some objections relating to my present work. I find some people are offended that I have turned these Tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving.[7] I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester[8] say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who having read him over at my Lord's request, declared he had no taste of him. I dare not advance my opinion against the judgment of so great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the decision to the publick. Mr. Cowley was too modest to set up for a dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old style, never examined into the depth of his good sense. Chaucer, I confess, is a rough diamond, and must first be polished ere he shines. I deny not likewise, that living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial things with those of greater moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great wits, be-

[7] The original copy here reads—*receiving;* but it was manifestly an errour of the press, and has been properly corrected in the modern editions.

[8] Philip Sydney, Earl of Leicester, to whom DON SEBASTIAN is dedicated. He died in March 1696-7. See vol. ii. p. 171.

side Chaucer, whose fault is their excess of conceits, and those ill sorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater,) I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have presumed farther in some places, and added somewhat of my own, where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true lustre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because, if I may be permitted to say it of myself, I found I had a soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same studies. Another poet, in another age, may take the same liberty with my writings; if at least, they live long enough to deserve correction. It was also necessary sometimes to restore the sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the errours of the press. Let this example suffice at present; in the story of PALAMON AND ARCITE, where the Temple of Diana is described, you find these verses in all the editions of our author:

> Ther saw I Dane yturned til a tree,
> I mene not hire the goddesse Diane,
> But *Venus* daughter, which that hight Dane. - - - [9]

[9] In Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition this line is printed rightly, [But *Peneus'* daughter, &c.] from the best Mss., which confirm our author's conjecture. In the preceding line,

which, after a little consideration, I knew was to be reformed into this sense,—that Daphne, the daughter of *Peneus*, was turned into a tree. I durst not make thus bold with Ovid, lest some future Milbourne[t] should arise, and say, I varied from my author, because I understood him not.

But there are other judges, who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary notion: they suppose, there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little less than profanation and sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good sense will suffer in this transfusion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My Lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death,) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him. Yet

(following a bad copy,) he had omitted the word *hire*, by which the metre was rendered defective.

[t] Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, who published in 1698 a volume of critical Notes on Dryden's Translation of the Pastorals and Georgicks of Virgil. He is called by Pope *the fairest of all criticks*, for having subjoined his own version of certain parts of that author, that they might be compared with that which he censured.

my reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first end of a writer be to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete, his thoughts must grow obscure:

Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

When an ancient word, for its sound and significancy, deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable veneration for antiquity to restore it. All beyond this is superstition. Words are not like landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed. Customs are changed, and even statutes are silently repealed, when the reason ceases, for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument,—that his thoughts will lose of their original beauty by the innovation of words,—in the first place, not only their beauty, but their being is lost, where they are no longer understood; which is the present case. I grant that something must be lost in all transfusion, that is, in all translations; but the sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible, and that but to a few. How few are there, who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less profit, and no pleasure. It is not for the use of some old Saxon friends, that I have taken these pains with him: let them neglect my version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes, who understand sense and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and sense is put into words which they

understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I lose in some places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myself; let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In sum, I seriously protest that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myself. I have translated some part of his works only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him. *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark. A lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scuderi,[2] who is as old as

[2] This venerable spinster, whose fruitful pen produced the GRAND CYRUS, CLELIA, IBRAHIM, and various other somniferous Romances, which our patient ancestors in the last century read with much delight both in French and English, died at Paris, about eighteen months after this Discourse was written, June 2, 1701, at the great age

Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal;[3] for how she should come to understand old English, I know not. But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who living in the same age with Chaucer, had the same ge-

of ninety-four. It may be presumed therefore, that this scheme, if it ever was projected by her, was not executed.

[3] Chaucer certainly was much indebted to both French and Italian writers. His ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE is professedly a translation of LE ROMAN DE LA ROSE, a poem consisting of 22734 verses, written by William of Lorris, and John of Meun. THE REVES TALE was founded on an old Fabliau, or Conte, of an anonymous French rhymer. THE MAN OF LAWES TALE has been traced to an original in *Romans*, or French; and THE FRANKELEINS TALE to a French translation of a *lay* or poem originally composed in Armorican Bretagne, and in the Armorican language. See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. 144—150. It should be remembered too, that a French prose translation of Boccace's THESEIDA (from which Chaucer formed his PALAMON AND ARCITE,) was published in the fifteenth century. Mademoiselle de Scuderi therefore might have derived some assistance in her projected work from old French poetry and prose; but I

nius, and followed the same studies. Both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother-tongue. But the greatest resemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar style, and pleasing way of relating comical adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that nature.[4] In the serious part of poetry the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's side; for though the Englishman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled; so that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the stories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though prose allows more liberty of thought, and the expression is more easy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at disadvantage. I desire not the reader should take my word; and therefore I will set two of their Discourses on the same subject in the same light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest, pitched on the WIFE OF BATH'S TALE; not daring, as I have

believe there is no ground for supposing that the works of our venerable English bard were ever translated into that language.

[4] The pieces copied from Boccace are SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO, THEODORE AND HONORIA, and CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

said, to adventure on her Prologue, because it is too licentious. There Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful Knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her. The crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his aversion, endeavours to win his affection by reason, and speaks a good word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the sullen bridegroom. She takes her topicks from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and ugliness, the vanity of youth, and the silly pride of ancestry and titles, without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had closed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and translated some more of his Fables; and by this time had so far forgotten the WIFE OF BATH'S TALE, that when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the story of Sigismonda: which I had certainly avoided, for the resemblance of the two discourses, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other stories, the noble poem of PALAMON AND ARCITE, which is of the epick kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the ILIAS or the ÆNEIS. The story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of

time, as taking up seven years at least: but Aristotle has left undecided the duration of the action, which yet is easily reduced into the compass of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought, for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whose laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this story was of English growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for casually looking on the end of his seventh GIORNATA, I found Dioneo (under which name he shadows himself), and Fiametta (who represents his mistress, the natural daughter of Robert, King of Naples), of whom these words are spoken: "*Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d'*Arcita, *e di* Palemone;" by which it appears that this story was written before the time of Boccace: but the name of its author being wholly lost,[5] Chaucer is now become an

[5] This is a mistake. The work alluded to by Boccace was one written by himself, and was entitled THESEIDA; a piece so extremely scarce, that it is little known even in Italy. The only genuine copy of it in England is, I believe, that which belonged to the late Dr. Askew, and is now in the possession of Earl Spencer. It is a poem in the octave stanza, consisting of above ten thousand lines, which Chaucer reduced to a little more than two thousand. The first edition of the THESEIDA was without date, and under the mistaken title of AMAZONIDE; but it was soon afterwards reprinted in folio at Ferrara, in 1475. Of this poem Mr. Tyrwhitt has given a correct analysis, C. T. vol. iv. p. 132—141: "from which it

original; and I question not but the poem has received many beauties by passing through his

is evident that Chaucer was obliged to Boccace for the plan and principal incidents of the KNIGHTES TALE."

" To whom Boccace was obliged, (says this most judicious critick,) is a more difficult subject of enquiry. That the story was of his own invention, I think is scarce credible. He speaks of it himself as *very ancient* [Lett. alla Fiametta. *Biblioth. Smith. App.* p. cxii]: 'Trovata una antichissima Storia, e al più delle genti non manifesta, in latino volgare, acciochè più dilettasse e massimamente a voi, che già con sommo titolo le mie rime esaltaste ho ridotta.' He then tells her that what is related under the name of *one* of the two lovers, and of Emilia, is very similar to what had actually passed between herself and him; and adds—'Se forse alcune cose soperchie vi sossono, il voler bene coprire ciò che non era onesto manifestare, da noi due in fuori, e 'l volere la storia seguire, ne sono cagione.' I am well aware, however, that declarations of this kind prefixed to fabulous works are not much to be depended on. The wildest of the French Romances are commonly said by the authors to be translated from some old *Latin* Chronicle of St. Denys. And certainly the Story of PALEMONE AND ARCITA, as related by Boccace, could not be *very ancient*. If it was of Greek original, (as I rather suspect,) it must have been thrown into its present form, after the Norman Princes had introduced the manners of Chivalry into their dominions in Sicily and Italy.

" The poem in modern Greek political verses DE NUPTIIS THESEI ET EMILIÆ, printed at Venice in 1529, is a mere translation of the THESEIDA. The author has even translated the Prefatory Epistle addressed by Boccace to the Fiametta." C. T. iv. 141.

In a poem of such antiquity as THE KNIGHTES TALE of

noble hands. Besides this Tale, there is another, of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF,[6]

Chaucer, which, Mr. Warton observes, exhibits the first conspicuous example of the heroick couplet in our language, "we are surprized to find numbers so nervous and flowing; a circumstance which greatly contributed to render Dryden's paraphrase of it one of the most animated and harmonious pieces of versification in the English language." - - - - "Chaucer has eminently shewn his good sense and judgment in rejecting the superfluities, and improving the general arrangement of the story. He frequently corrects or softens Boccacio's false manners; and it is with singular address he has often abridged the Italian poet's ostentatious and pedantick parade of ancient history and mythology." HIST. OF E. P. i. 367, and vol. ii. EMENDATIONS, &c. Sign. e. 2.

[6] Mr. Tyrwhitt, after having shewn that the received notion of Chaucer's having been a follower of Alain Chartier, is erroneous, adds—"I will just take notice of another opinion, (which has been propagated upon as little foundation,) that Chaucer imitated the Provençal poets. Mr. Rymer, who, I believe, first made the discovery, speaks only of his having borrowed from their *language* [View of Trag. p. 78], but Mr. Dryden found out, that he copied *after their manner*; particularly his Tale of THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF. [Pref. to Fables.] Mr. Warton also thinks that THE HOUSE OF FAME 'was originally a Provencial composition.' [Hist. of Eng. Po. vol. i. p. 389. 458.]

"How far Chaucer's *language* was borrowed, has been considered already, in the ESSAY, &c. Part i. I will only add here, that I have not observed in any of his writings a single phrase or word, which has the least appearance of having been fetched by him from the South

with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the reader.

of the Loire. With respect to the *manner* and *matter* of his compositions, till some clear instance of imitation be produced, I shall be slow to believe that in either he ever copied the poets of Provence, with whose works, I apprehend, he had very little, if any, acquaintance."—C. T. Append. Pref. p. xxxv.

Mr. Warton, in the EMENDATIONS and ADDITIONS subjoined to his second volume (published in 1778,) after acknowledging that he had "advanced a contrary doctrine, at least by implication," thus qualifies his former assertion.—"I here beg leave to explain myself on a subject materially affecting the system of criticism that has been formed on Chaucer's works. I have never affirmed, that Chaucer imitated the Provencial bards; although it is by no means improbable that he might have known their tales. But as the peculiar nature of the Provencial poetry entered deeply into the substance, cast, and character, of some of those French and Italian models which he is allowed to have followed, he certainly may be said to have copied, although not immediately, the *matter* and *manner* of these writers. I have called his HOUSE OF FAME originally a Provencial composition. I did not mean that it was written by a Provencial troubadour; but that Chaucer's original was compounded of the capricious mode of fabling, and that extravagant style of fiction, which constitute the essence of the Provencial poetry. As to THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE, which Dryden pronounces to have been composed *after their manner*, it is framed on the old allegorizing spirit of the Provencial writers, refined and disfigured by the fopperies of the French poets in the fourteenth century. The ideas of these fablers had been so strongly imbibed, that

As a corollary to this Preface, in which I have done justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself; not that I think it worth my time to enter the lists with one Milbourne, or one Blackmore,[7] but barely to take notice, that such men there are, who have written scurrilously against me without any provocation. Milbourne, who is in orders, pretends amongst the rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an adversary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own translations of Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in print,) he prefers the version of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the same compliment; for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby. That, you will say, is not easily to be done; but what cannot Milbourne bring about? I am satisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the

they continued to operate long after Petrarch had introduced a more rational method of composition."

[7] In the original copy we find here, only *one M.* and *one B.*; which was implicitly copied in most of the subsequent editions. By whatever motives of delicacy the suppression of these gentlemen's names originally may have been dictated, it is now certainly unnecessary.

worst poet of the age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me; but upon my honest word I have not bribed him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of his pamphlet. It is true, I should be glad if I could persuade him to continue his good offices, and write such another critique on any thing of mine; for I find by experience he has a great stroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken some pains with my poetry; but no body will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the church, (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts,) I should have had more sense, if not more grace, than to have turned myself out of my benefice by writing libels[8] on my parishioners. But his account of my manners and my principles, are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatick patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two Poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the dead; and therefore peace be to the *manes* of his

[8] This seems to allude to some event in the life of Milbourne, the particulars of which I have not been able to recover. He was beneficed, I believe, at Yarmouth, in Norfolk.

ARTHURS.[9] I will only say that it was not for this noble Knight that I drew the plan of an epick poem on King Arthur, in my Preface to the translation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus:[1] yet from that Preface he plainly took his hint; for he began immediately upon the story, though he had the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but, instead of it, to traduce me in a libel.[2]

[9] Blackmore's PRINCE ARTHUR, an heroick poem in ten books, (strange to tell) passed through two editions in folio, in 1695; and a third was printed not long afterwards. KING ARTHUR, an heroick poem in twelve books, made its appearance in folio, in 1697. This indefatigable maker of verses produced afterwards two other epick poems, entitled ALFRED, and ELIZA; and CREATION, a philosophical poem, in seven books. It is a singular circumstance, as Dr. Johnson has observed, that Blackmore's first work was an heroick poem.

[1] Æn. v. 406.

[2] This libel, Dr. Johnson thought, was Blackmore's SATIRE AGAINST WIT, published in 1700; in which he has severely censured the impurities of Dryden's plays. But I doubt whether that Satire preceded the publication of the FABLES, which, I believe, were issued from the press early in *February* 1699-1700.—If they preceded Blackmore's poem, the following passage of the Preface to PRINCE ARTHUR, in which our author is evidently pointed at, must have been the *libel* here alluded to:

"Some of these Poets, to excuse their guilt, alledge for themselves, that the degeneracy of the age makes their

I shall say the less of Mr. Collier,[3] because in many things he has taxed me justly; and

lewd way of writing necessary: they pretend the auditors will not be pleased, unless they are thus entertained from the stage; and to please, they say, is the chief business of the poet. But this is by no means a just apology: it is not true, as was said before, that the poet's chief business is to please. His chief business is to instruct, to make mankind wiser and better; and in order to this, his care should be to please and entertain the audience with all the wit and art he is master of. Aristotle and Horace, and all their criticks and commentators, all men of wit and sense agree, that this is the end of poetry. But they say, it is their profession to write for the stage; and that poets must starve, if they will not in this way humour the audience: the theatre will be as unfrequented as the churches, and the poet and the parson equally neglected. Let the poet then abandon his profession, and take up some honest, lawful calling, where joining industry to his great wit, he may soon get above the complaints of poverty, so common among these ingenious men, and lie under no necessity of prostituting his wit to any such vile purposes as are here censured. This will be a course of life more profitable and honourable to himself, and more useful to others. And there are among these writers *some, who think they might have risen to the highest dignities in other professions, had they employed their wit in those ways.* It is a mighty dishonour and reproach to any man that is capable of being useful to the world in any *liberal and virtuous* profession, *to lavish out* his *life and wit in propagating vice and corruption of manners*, and in battering from the stage the strongest entrenchments and best works of religion and virtue. Whoever makes this his choice, when the other was in his power, may he go off

I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of

the stage unpitied, *complaining of neglect and poverty, the just punishments of his irreligion and folly!*"

The tenour of Dryden's observations in the text inclines me to think, that this was the passage which he had in view. Instead, says he, of acknowledging me as his benefactor, *as he ought to have done in the preface to his* ARTHUR, *which was founded on a hint of mine*, he [*there*] had the baseness to traduce me in a libel. Blackmore, I believe, took his revenge in the SATIRE AGAINST WIT; and Dryden retaliated in the following admirable lines in the Prologue to the PILGRIM, written by Fletcher, and revived a short time before our author died, for his benefit. It should be remembered, that in addition to his two poems, the city Knight had early in the year 1700 produced A Paraphrase on the Book of JOB, and versified some of the Psalms; and in the Preface to his KING ARTHUR had told his readers, that his former poem was composed in less than two years "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional uncertain hours, as the business of his profession would afford him; the greatest part of it being written in Coffee-houses, and in passing up and down the streets, because he had little leisure elsewhere to apply to it."

"Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees,
In either of our Universities;
Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
Because he played the fool, and writ three books.
But if he would be worth a poet's pen,
He must be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot;
His man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
Is just the proverb,—and as poor as Job.

obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen

One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But ARTHUR was a level, JOB's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet still he kept in sight;
But here, he founders in, and sinks down-right.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But what, if after all, this godly geer
Is not so senseless as it would appear?
Our Mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Catcalls the Sects, to draw them in again.
At leisure hours, in epick song he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;
Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day
To get himself a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we should arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;
A Pedant, Canting Preacher, and a Quack,
Are load enough to break one ass's back.
At last, grown wanton, he presumed to write,
Traduc'd two Kings, their kindness to requite;
One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the Knight."

[3] See p. 596. n. 2.

in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his glosses; and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty. Besides that, he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, "the zeal of GOD's house has eaten him up;" but I am sure it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding. Perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbish of ancient and modern plays: a divine might have employed his pains to better purpose, than in the nastiness of Plautus and Aristophanes, whose examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some pleasure. They who have written Commentaries on those poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained some vices, which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us. There is more bawdry in one play of Fletcher's, called THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance. Are the times so much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the

amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cause of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have some of them answered for themselves;[3] and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier so formidable an enemy that we should shun him. He has lost ground at the latter end of the day, by pursuing his point too far, like the Prince of Condé, at the battle of Senef:[4] from immoral plays to no plays, *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia.* But being a party, I am not to erect myself into a judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels, that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourne are only distinguished from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy:

——— *Demetri, teque, Tigelli,*
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

[3] Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Dennis.

[4] The battle of Senef, in Flanders. in which the Prince of Condé was opposed to the Prince of Orange, was fought on the 11th of August, 1674. Condé, not content with having defeated the rear-guard of the enemy, in attempting to destroy the remainder of the Prince of Orange's army, who had left his flank exposed as he decamped, lost a great number of men. The contest was so bloody, that in a circumference of six miles, twenty-seven thousand dead bodies were buried. Each of the Generals claimed the honour of the victory.

We are now arrived to the conclusion of our Author's Prefatory Disquisitions, after having travelled with him through all the various regions of Criticism for near forty years. With what vivacity and vigour his last composition, of that kind, was written, we have just seen; and of the spirit and elegance with which the old Bard could address a beautiful woman in his sixty-ninth year, the following harmonious verses prefixed to PALAMON AND ARCITE, *(the last he ever wrote except the* SECULAR MASQUE, *and the Prologue and Epilogue to the* PILGRIM,) *afford a very pleasing proof. I shall therefore subjoin them as a kind of* Envoy *to this Collection of his Prose Works.*

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.[5]

MADAM,

THE Bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song;
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse:
He match'd their beauties where they most excel;
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.

Vouchsafe, illustrious ORMOND, to behold,
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes, that sparkled like your own.

If Chaucer, by the best idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set,
And then the fairest was Plantagenet;
Who three contending Princes made her prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the Noblest Order gave the name.

[5] This lady, as has been already mentioned, was a daughter of Henry, Duke of Beaufort. She was born at Beaufort House near Chelsea, in 1665, and died in the year 1733. She and the Duke had recently visited his estate in Ireland, in a private capacity, to which our author refers in this poem. The Duke of Ormond afterwards went to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, in June 1703.

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests, and extend your own.
As when the stars in their etherial race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
At certain periods they resume their place;
From the same point of heaven their course advance,
And move in measures of their former dance:
Thus, after length of ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the sphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonick year.

O true Plantagenet, O race divine!
(For beauty still is fatal to the line,)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you:
Or had you liv'd, to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the Knight;
And conqu'ring Theseus from his side had sent
Your gen'rous Lord, to guide the Theban government.

Time shall accomplish that; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.

Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And sure presage your future sway declar'd:
When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand,
And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land.
The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.

Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, adored,
In you, the pledge of her expected Lord,
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandsire known to fame:
Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command,
The sturdy kerns in due subjection stand,
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.

At your approach, they crowded to the port,
And, scarcely landed, you create a court:
As ORMOND's harbinger,[6] to you they run;
For Venus is the promise of the Sun.

The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wiped all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompense your beauty brought.

As when the Dove, returning, bore the mark
Of earth restored to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relicks of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And GOD advanc'd his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restor'd;
The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim'd the new accord.

When at your second coming you appear,
(For I foretel that Millenary year,)

[6] The Duchess of Ormond went to Ireland in autumn 1697, and the Duke followed soon afterwards.

The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store:
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.

Heaven from all ages has reserved for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or, if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison but their own.

Now in this interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories, and your past,
This pause of power 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn.
While England celebrates your safe return;
By which you seem the seasons to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
The Dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The world was dry'd; and she return'd no more.

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness,[7] to that northern air;
Rest here awhile, your lustre to restore,
That they may see you as you shone before:
For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Thro' some remains and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his Prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.

Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' enquiry, where disease could enter in;

[7] She was at this time, (Nov. 1699,) probably just recovered from a fever.

How those malignant atoms forced their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey?
Where every element was weigh'd so well,
That Heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it weak;
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And forced from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your Lord, like young Vespasian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd;
And I prepared to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.

Your angel sure our Morley's [4] mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolemy:
Or Heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So liked the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.
Or, by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
And for that end, preserved the precious mould,
Which all the future ORMONDS was to hold;

[8] Dr. Christopher Love Morley, one of the College of Physicians.

And meditated in his better mind
An heir from you, who may redeem the failing kind.

Blest be the Power, which has at once restored
The hopes of lost succession to your Lord;
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me!

O, daughter of the rose,[9] whose cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning, and the Milky Way;
Whose face is Paradise, but fenced from sin,
For GOD in either eye has placed a cherubin;

All is your Lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flow'rs:
Such works of old Imperial Dames were taught;
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.

The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your ORMOND nothing but a son;[1]
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

[9] The Duchess is here addressed as a descendant of the Plantagenets.

[1] Her son, Thomas, Earl of Ossory, had died at eight years old, in 1694. She never bore another son.

THE END.

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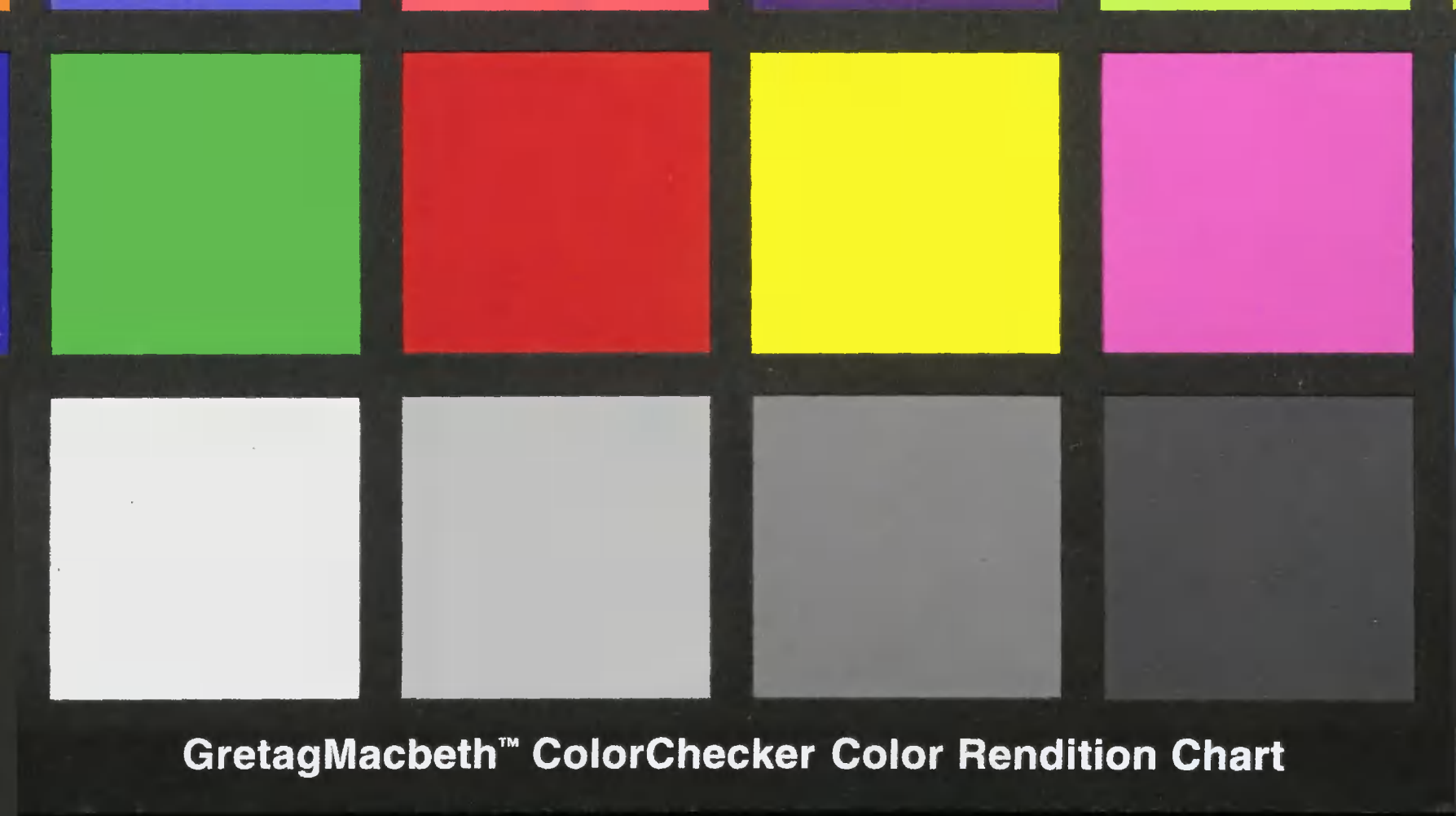
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